

The Book of Random Knowledge, Vol. II



Lotus Jacobæus. Black-Flower'd Lotus.

Class and Order.

Diadelphia Decandria.

Generic Character.

Legumen cylindricum strictum. Alæ sursum longitudinaliter conniventes. Cal. tubulosus.

Specific Character and Synonyms.

LOTUS Jacobæus leguminibus subternatis, caule herbaceo erecto, foliolis linearibus. Lin. Syst. Veg. 601.

LOTUS angustifolia, flore luteo purpurascente, infulæ S. Jacobi. Comm. hort. 2. p. 165. t. 83.

This species of Lotus has been called black-flower'd, not that the flowers are absolutely black, for they are of a very rich brown inclined to purple, but because they appear so at a little distance; the light colour of the foliage contributes not a little to this appearance.

"It grows naturally in the Island of St. James; is too tender to live abroad in England, so the plants must be kept in pots, and in the winter placed in a warm airy glass cafe, but in the summer they should be placed abroad in a sheltered situation. It may be easily propagated by cuttings during the summer season, and also by seeds, but the plants which have been two or three times propagated by cuttings, seldom are fruitful." Miller's Gard. Dict.

It continues to flower during the whole of the summer; as it is very apt to die off without any apparent cause, care should be taken to have a succession of plants from seeds, if possible.

Proclamation 5845

by Ronald Reagan

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Delivered on 9 August 1988.

By the President of the United States of America

A Proclamation

Last year, crime left its mark on one in four American homes, a sobering reminder that, despite recent heartening progress against criminals and the causes of crime, particularly drug abuse, much remains to be done to ensure for ourselves and our children the safety of our homes, our neighborhoods, and our communities. It is an unfortunate fact that the scourge of crime continues to occupy the head of the list of national problems crying out for immediate action.

Those who have experienced the pain, the loss, the sense of violation and frustration that accompany crime know that defeating it requires more than tougher laws and surer punishments-though tougher and surer they are. Truly effective law enforcement demands our reliance on one of our great historical strengths as a Nation: the willingness of our people to band freely together, in local communities, in defense of lives, homes, and property.

Local crime watch committees, in cooperation with law enforcement officers and the appropriate government agencies, can make a real difference in crime rates. As McGruff the anti-crime dog, the familiar national symbol of crime prevention, would put it: They take a bite out of crime. But the benefits of such citizen groups do not stop there: Their work teaches children respect for law, reinforces community values, and encourages the kind of individual responsibility that makes for healthy, creative neighborhoods peopled by safer and happier citizens.

The growth of these committees is truly encouraging. Today over 19 million Americans participate in neighborhood watch programs, keeping an eye out for crime near their homes, reporting suspicious activity to the police, and providing escorts to elderly or vulnerable citizens.

And for the last several years, millions of Americans have joined in the highly visible "National Night Out," an evening sponsored by the National Association of Town Watch in which families spend the period from 8 o'clock to 9 o'clock p.m. on their front porch or lawn as a way of saying to potential criminal predators: "You had better think twice, because in this community neighbors look out for each other." This worthwhile event has been extended this year to 10 o'clock.

The Congress, by Senate Joint Resolution 294, has designated August 9, 1988, as "National Neighborhood Crime Watch Day" and has authorized and requested the President to issue a proclamation in observance of this event.

Now, Therefore, I, Ronald Reagan, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim August 9, 1988, as National Neighborhood Crime Watch Day.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this ninth day of August, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eighty-eight, and of the Independence of the United States of America the two hundred and thirteenth.

RONALD REAGAN

[Filed with the Office of the Federal Register, 4:27 p.m., August 10, 1988]

←Ronald Reagan's Presidential Proclamations



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The Raven Mocker (1918)

by Hugh Pendexter

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From Adventure magazine, Sep 3, 1918

"When the Raven Mocker flew over a dwelling it was a sign of death—so said the Cherokees. And the superstitious whites cowered in their Virginia forts whenever the bird of ill omen appeared."

THE RAVEN MOCKER

by Hugh Pendexter

Author of "The Skidi Feed the Evening Star," "A New Keeper of the Wampum," etc.

DOWN the Great War Trail that threaded all the country east of the Mississippi together in peace and war sped Yanegwa, "Big Bear," returning from the home of the Iroquois to the Upper Towns of the Cherokee Nation on the Tennessee. The Upper Towns had expected an embassy of old and experienced warriors to undertake the mission in this Autumn of 1738. But in the great council held at Echota, the capital and peace town, the priests spent a day in studying the great talismanic crystal and reported it was always the figure of the young warrior that floated to the top. So he "went to the water" to purify himself by bathing. For ten days he drank the peace medicine and then got eagle feathers.

Having completed these preliminaries, the belt was put around him and his talk tied up in a bundle, and he set forth with instructions to proceed, if need be, to the ancient home of the Mohawks in the far North, near the place where the sky vault was constantly rising and falling to crush those who

presumed to venture beyond the horizon's rim.

It had not been necessary for him to visit the Mohawk country, however, as representatives of that tribe were gathered at the Great Council Fire of the Five Nations at Onondaga, the League's seat of government. It was the proudest moment of his life when he addressed that illustrious assemblage, Mohawk, Onondaga, Seneca, Oneida and Cayuga. No warrior's triumph could equal his thrill of joy as he produced the bag his talk was in and opened it.

When he made the symbolic fire of dry elm, the light of which should be a beacon to all tribes, he felt close kinship with the gods. When he stripped the white hickory bark, that the fire might be moved on it from place to place and illumine all dark corners of the league, the approbation of the silent warriors stole over him like incense. With impressive dignity he presented the wampum, showing one dish and one spoon, signifying all tribes should eat together in amity. With great eloquence he proclaimed his people's desire to bury the hatchet so deep no warrior of either nation could ever dig it up again.

In concluding he had said:

"Blood has been spilled and must be wiped up clean. Bones have been scattered and must be collected and buried and covered with white bark. Come fearlessly to the Eldest Brother of the Nation (Echota) and you will always find the white benches in place and the great white peace pipe with its seven stems leaning against them. The white wampum now hangs between the Iroquois and my people. The talk I have given I leave with you to give to other tribes, who shall come to learn what means the fire I have lighted."

And he received peace belts in return and set out for home, conscious he had done well and stood high in the esteem of the fierce Northern tribes, kinsmen and ancient enemies of the Cherokee.

His exaltation abided with him till he crossed the Potomac. Now that he was nearing home and bringing momentous news to the elders each eager stride should have added to his climax of joy. But as he pressed on through the blazing glory of Autumnal woods he was dismayed to find a vague unrest disturbing his mind. The War Trail, which his eloquence and bearing had turned into a Path of Peace, began to oppress him. The red blush of the maples suggested blood. He sought to diagnose this morbid fancy, and instantly imagination began working and hinting at an unknowable yet impending evil.

Such a mental attitude was preposterous, reason told him—unless it be the malignant work of a wizard or witch. That it might be the natural reaction from a too long sustained pitch of thought never entered his calculations. White men as well as red believed in witches and demons. The very fact such notions could enter his head at such a time was proof positive some malicious agency was working against him. But wizards and ghosts usually work through a human medium, and there came a day when he completely surrendered to the strange obsession and left the trail and doubled far back to satisfy himself the Iroquois had not broken the faith by sending warriors after him.

Ordinarily such a fear would be absurd, for the talk given and received at Onondaga was sacred. He was as safe among the Five Nations as in his own home. But evil spirits work through unsuspected channels, and the instinct to guard against a stealthy menace was overwhelming. A second incredible situation developed when he discovered he was confused as to his exact whereabouts.

Such a ridiculous predicament could only result from the work of the Little People, who live in hollow trees and caves and whose malice is confined to befuddling tried warriors. He found the trail at sunset

and camped for the night, still undecided as to which particular demon the Little Folks were allied with. As he brooded over the enigma a star left its position and streamed away to the horizon, showing it was no star at all, but a Fire-Panther. What it boded he could not imagine.

Early next morning he was afoot, the calm of the never-ending forest pressing upon him like the walls of a tent. The occasional chatter of a tree-squirrel only accented the silence. Once a chipmunk ran up to him and he saluted it gravely and accepted it as a sign of good luck. For the Chipmunk was friendly to man. He was clawed by a bear in a council of the animals because he had dared to speak a good word for men, and his stripes are a constant reminder of that loyalty.

Far above the forest crown sounded the faint 'dugalu dugalu dugalu of the white-breasted geese migrating south: Big Bear envied them for their ease and swiftness of flight and the wide spaces through which they traveled with never a fear of an ambush.

As he followed his trail of yesterday he marveled at the careless marks his moccasins had left. Now he was moving like a shadow and often examined the priming of his gun. The lofty sentiments expressed at Onondaga seemed to be far back in the past. He had his bag of peace talk and white wampum, but they were powerless to oust the suspicion that some evil was stalking him. Once a wolf startled him by crossing the trail. He raised his gun and all but fired before recognizing the gray streak. He was very glad his eyes had not completely tricked him, for wolves are the watch-dogs of Kanati, the Lucky Hunter, and it spoils a gun to shoot at one.

Midday found his superstitious mind taking a new twist; he was loath to advance, although he had not reached the point where he had quit the trail to double back. The consciousness of danger no longer emanated from the rear, and, seemingly, there was no logic in his tarrying. He recognized this, but decided some sort of an ambush awaited him down the trail. If he waited a bit the ambush would be lifted.

So again he camped with only half a day's journey completed, and that night Wauhuhu, the screech owl, began talking, and with feminine persistency shouted the same message over and over without giving him an opportunity to ask any questions. Other night-birds, through whom the ghosts talk, joined in and derided him, but he could discover no clue. A priest would have learned the truth from them.

On resuming his journey in the morning he took a new tack with his mind. He firmly told himself—

"I will think of nothing but my Sister, Little Feather, who dances like the sunbeams and sings like the red bird."

And so long as he crowded his mind with thoughts of Little Feather and her winsome sweetness he was at peace.

But concentration has its limits, and he found himself declaring he was not afraid of any enemy he could see. Nor did he fear death. It was the inexplicable that disturbed him and weakened his blood. He wondered if by chance he had eaten the flesh of a timid animal while among the Iroquois. He knew he would be what he ate. He had seen warriors become slow and clumsy because they partook of waka, the cow.

ALL these meditations were abruptly terminated as through an opening in the forest the sun cast a

vertical spear of light into the trail, and caused his gaze to become fierce and objective. The dazzling light brought out in strong relief the signs of a trail entering the war path from the west. The marks were fresh and it was following the trail he had made two days back. By doubling toward the north he had unwittingly placed the tracker before him. He quickened his pace to maintain his advantage.

Doubtless it was a Shawnee, that tribe being implacable in their hate since the Cherokee drove them north of the Ohio and wrested the Kentucky country from them. This evidence of a tangible foe turned Big Bear into a man-hunter.

Here was the explanation of his unwillingness to advance a full day's journey yesterday. The Fire-Panther was this stealthy assassin. With his mind satisfied on these points he shifted his gun to his left hand and drew his ax. He preferred the ax, although it came from the store-room of Bridge, the trader, who had debauched many young braves of the nation with his strong rum. Only one fear now remained; that the newcomer would discover where he left the trail and understand his quarry was behind, not before, him. But the next bend in the ancient path brought him in sight of the tracker.

He glided noiselessly forward, his ax upraised, and sharply yelled—

"Ku! (Now!)"

With a snarl the figure straightened and wheeled, and Big Bear was nonplussed to recognize a Cherokee from the Lower Towns, who had taken to living at the white man's fort near the Cherokee settlement on Big Pigeon River.

"The Whistler!" exclaimed Big Bear, his arm falling to his side. "Did you think you were following a Shawnee?"

The Whistler came toward him, saying—

"It is Yanegwa, returned from the Great Council Fire of the Iroquois."

Big Bear smiled amiably. The Whistler was very welcome, for his presence proved the Fire-Panther was a liar and that Wahuhu had nothing but old woman's talk to tell. Some evil spirit had sought to trap him and had failed. Yet he could not resist jibing—

"The Whistler has lived with the whites so long and drank so much of their strong water his eyes have grown dim, or he would have known a Shawnee would not leave a trail a cow could follow."

The Whistler drew back his lips in a little snarl, his eyes glowing. He knew his kinsmen viewed him with contempt because of his continued association with the whites. But English rum was fiery and had bought many a better man than he. As he drew very close Big Bear caught the taint of his breath and stepped back. The delinquent's presence seemed to poison the cool, clean woods.

"I knew I was following Yanegwa's trail," said the Whistler, advancing.

Big Bear laughed.

"Were my people troubled about me? Did they send the brave Whistler to find me? Why was he bending over my tracks as though following a war trail?"

"He followed Yanegwa to kill him!" hissed the Whistler, striking with his knife.

Although taken completely off his guard Big Bear's instinct of self-preservation asserted itself automatically. The ax he was replacing in his belt was jerked upward a few inches and the knife glanced from the flat side of the head.

Instantly the two clinched, clutching each other's right wrists. Much rum and soft living, however, had made the Whistler flabby, and as they fell to the ground Big Bear secured the advantage. Even then he would have spared his assailant, thinking him bereft of his senses; but as he loosened his grip the knife leaped upward. At the cost of a slashed wrist Big Bear caught it and violently forced it downward.

Coughing hideously, and done for, the Whistler relaxed. In sorrow and disgust Big Bear stared at the crumpled figure. Far overhead came an eery sound, the note of a raven "diving," and not at all resembling the raven's usual cry. Both Indians recognized it as the voice of Kalanu Ahyeliski, the Raven Mocker, that terrible wizard or witch that hovers over the sick and dying to rob them of life. It usually flies through the heavens in fiery-shape and all other witches and demons scatter at its approach; jealous yet afraid of it. It was no Fire-Panther that Big Bear had seen, but the Raven Mocker hurrying to be in at a death.

"Kalanu Ahyeliski!" gasped the Whistler, staring wildly up into the forest tops. "Keep it away!"

"I have no medicine," shivered Big Bear.

"Stay with me, or the Mocker will eat my heart. If you stay it may keep away. If you bury me quick it can not get me."

"I have no medicine," repeated Big Bear, fighting mightily to overcome his impulse to flee.

"You come from a great peace talk; that may be medicine. You have floated in the magic crystal; that must be medicine."

"I can not help you," shuddered Big Bear.

For he knew the Raven Mocker, being invisible, even then might be standing at his side. He expected to behold the Whistler's body leap into the air as the demon seized it.

"Stay!" panted The Whistler. "Bridge sent me—to kill you. Little——"

The death-rattle cut him short.

Dazed by the horror of it all Big Bear could only remember that the Raven Mocker could not violate a grave. He frantically scooped out a hollow in the forest mold and covered up the dead man. Then he ran as though pursued by a legion of demons. Not till far into the night did his mind clear and permit him to think connectedly. The Whistler's dying words had lodged fast in his brain and now demanded attention. He reviewed them and found them incredible. Why should Bridge, autocrat though he was, seek the life of a bearer of belts, a man he had scarcely seen? Yet how could a man in his death throes and while the Raven Mocker crouched at his side speak with a forked tongue?

IT WAS early evening when Big Bear halted at the Big Pigeon and gazed long at the Great Smoky range. One peak in particular had his reverence, Kuwahi, "the mulberry place." There, White Bear, chief of all the bears, lived near the enchanted lake of Atagahi, where wounded bears went to bathe and be cured of their hurts. The Cherokee knew that beyond their physical structure there was little difference between animals and men. In fact, the bear was part human as shown by his habit of standing erect.

In the old days they had worked and lived together. Like the Indians the animals had their tribes and elected chiefs. They had their town houses, where they held councils. They shared with man the same destiny in the Twilight Land of Usunhiyi.

On the lower slopes a ribbon of red was crawling upward, writhing like a gigantic snake, where the women and children were burning the dead leaves to get the nuts underneath. Big Bear had been homesick for such sights ever since traveling to the North country. No water could ever taste like the water from the Big Pigeon, no nights so mellow and starry as those over the Great Smoky. And yet the mumbled words of a would-be assassin had poisoned Big Bear's home-coming.

The sinister problem was ever worrying him. He had nothing Bridge could want. The trader was a friend of officers at the fort and gambled and drank with them and loaned them money. He had nothing in common with the Cherokee Nation, his relations being confined to exchanging poor guns and strong rum for dressed deerskins and other articles of barter.

Big Bear had seen him many times, a heavily-built man showing the effects of gross living. But he did not believe Bridge knew him by sight. The trader seldom visited the Cherokee towns these days, having reached a plane of affluence. He had a plantation and trading-house near the fort and transacted his business there. Much of his time was spent in carousing with the officers. No; it could not be as The Whistler had said. The Whistler had lost his reason from fear of the Raven Mocker. He had spoken crazy words.

Determined to accept this conclusion Big Bear resumed his journey, eager to be welcomed by Little Feather. As he ran up the river path he discerned a tall figure approaching at a swift pace. Anywhere between the Ohio and Savannah he would have recognized that loping gait; and he joyously called out:

"The Path-Killer! I come, Yanegwa."

The Path-Killer fairly skimmed over the trail to embrace him, but Big Bear's heart grew cold with a premonition of disaster as his sworn friend gripped him by the shoulders and spoke never a word of welcome.

"What is it?" whispered Big Bear, pushing his friend back and seeking to read his face through the gloom.

"I prayed the mighty Adawehi would tell you. I can not. Ask me of those you love and I will answer. But it takes the life out of me," choked The Path-Killer.

"Little Feather?" muttered Big Bear, the fingers of death squeezing his heart.

The Path-Killer took his arm and swung him about and pointed to the west, where a faint touch of pink

was left behind by the sun.

"She is there," he whispered.

"She has gone to Usunhiyi," moaned Big Bear.

"To Usunhiyi—'Where-It-Is-Ever-Growing-Dark'— The Twilight Land."

"When did she die?"

"Seven nights ago. Little Feather! Little Feather!" And with a groan of anguish the Path-Killer stretched out his arms to the spirit land, where go the dead.

"She was well when I went away. What sickness came to our people?"

The Path-Killer became a warrior, burning for vengeance, as he harshly replied: "She fell or jumped off the high ledge near the fort while escaping from Bridge, the trader. He stole her and took her to his house but she escaped. He and his men gave chase."

"Bridge—sent me—to kill you. Little——"

Big Bear now understood The Whistler's dying words.

He held up his ax and kissed the blade and in a calm voice asked—

"Who were with Bridge?"

"Two officers and two of his workmen. I have killed the workmen. The others are hard to get at."

"May the Raven Mocker be near when they die, which must be very soon," prayed Big Bear over the ax.

"I have stalked them close, but they either stay at the fort or shut themselves up at the plantation," sighed the Path-Killer. "They know something is on their trail. They dare not go about. The council would send a force against them but I made the chiefs wait till you could come."

"It is not work for any but Yanegwa, her brother, and the man whose wife she was to be. There shall never be white wampum between me and the white settlers."

THE trader always had considered Indians as inferior animals; to be exploited for gain, or exterminated if they got in the way. That they experienced the gamut of human emotions never entered his head. Little Feather, an uncommonly attractive Indian girl, had appealed to his brutal fancy the moment his bloodshot gaze beheld her. She had repulsed his brusque advances. But possession had simply meant the taking; so he called in two of his officer cronies to participate in the lark, and gave orders to his henchmen. That the wench should spoil his sport by escaping and falling or jumping to her death was a fault he should always hold against the whole Cherokee Nation. He declared as much over his glass as he sat with his friends and discussed the tragedy.

The finding of one of his employees dead the day following the girl's death turned him into a fiend and he swore in horrible oaths the punishment he would mete out. The discovery of the second dead body ten hours later suggested that some one had started a system of accumulative revenge and weakened his ferocity. He was not accustomed to meet those who struck back.

He drank much raw rum in brooding over the second death and had worked himself into a mental state bordering on a panic when his two friends rode over from the fort to take action on the double killing. They were for calling out the soldiers and raiding the town. But Bridge dissented.

"That would start another war and stop my profits," he moodily grunted. "Keep quiet. I'll see some of the headmen and fix it up. It'll cost a pretty bale of cloth, but better that than to stir up the whole nation."

"Perhaps they've let enough blood to square it," hopefully suggested Finsin, a rat-eyed heir of a wealthy planter.

"Two dead men ought to be enough for any Injun woman on the continent," growled Bursen, whose impudence and daring supplied the place of a rich father. "Curse them for a devilish breed! If the Government would pay a decent price for their hair we'd clean them up inside a year. Massachusetts has been paying a hundred pounds for a scalp. Godfrey! What pickings! Put that price on down here, Bridge, and I'll have pounds to your shillings and pay what I owe you to boot."

Bridge studied his glass morosely as he said:

"Wish it could be settled without a fuss. Got to have Injuns to make profits. You'd better quarter a score of your soldiers over here. My men are getting silly—some of them got Injun women who fill them up with their —— ghost yarns."

"I'll detail some men for outpost duty here," readily agreed Bursen. Then raising his glass he mockingly cried, "Speaking of ghosts, here's to the hussy that was fool enough to prefer the river to your caresses."

"Don't!" shouted the trader. "That is; I'm unstrung."

"I should say you are," jeered Finsin, eying him in surprise. "What's a dead Injun?"

Bridge rose and examined the fastenings of the heavily-barred shutters. He was conscious of his companions' curious scrutiny as he returned to the table and fell into his chair.

"I'm shut up here alone except when you chaps call," he muttered. "Gits on my nerves—that and the rum. Can't help hearing the Injun women's talk—creepy."

"As to what?" urged Bursen, winking at his companion.

Bridge started to pour out a drink, paused and spilled the liquor on the table and raised a hand for attention. It was a weird night sound.

"Owl," mumbled Finsin. "Think it was a war-whoop?"

"The wench come back to haunt you," maliciously suggested Bursen.

"Neither ghosts nor war-whoops can make my hand shake like that," hoarsely assured Bridge, holding up his heavy hand and studying the twitching fingers. "What'n —— do you suppose causes that? I ain't drunk. Ever hear them Injun yarns about the Raven Mocker?"

Bursen laughed loudly and demanded—

"Who hasn't?"

He affected to speak in huge disgust, yet his glance traveled toward the window.

"They have a pleasant trick of eating the heart of the dying. Medicine-men coil the great invisible serpent 'round the house to keep them out. Even that isn't a sure remedy."

"Get two serpents," advised Finsin with a maudlin grin.

"Some things about their medicine we whites don't understand," grunted Bridge.

"Some things about their Raven Mocker their priests don't understand," added Bursen. "In coiling the serpent the priest must leave an opening between the head and tail where you can go in and out. Otherwise the medicine isn't any good. And there's nothing to stop the Raven Mocker from entering through the gap. I've listened to that rot ever since I came to the Colonies."

"I'm in no mood to talk about it," mumbled Bridge. "Let's have the cards."

"I thank you, but no," refused Bursen, rising and bowing with exaggerated politeness. "Your amiable mood, worthy friend, would give you ——able luck. And I can't afford to lose any more just at present. Wish they'd offer a decent scalp bounty so us poor devils could get in funds. I'm for the fort. Coming, Finsin?"

Finsin looked longingly at the bottle. Bridge urged him to stay all night, but, not relishing to return alone in the morning, he muttered an oath and staggered to his feet. Bridge hurriedly gulped down a drink and swore he would accompany them and look for a game at the fort, but a recurrence of the night-cry suddenly dampened his enthusiasm and he gruffly bade them good night from the table.

After they had gone he felt uneasy and even imagined something was watching him through the oak shutters. He knew such spying was impossible but the notion persisted till he rang for his superintendent to keep him company. The superintendent eagerly assailed the bottle, content to sit in silence while his master brooded over the stubbornness of the Indian character.

"Why the devil don't you say something?" he finally roared. "Where's The Whistler?"

"Dead," was the laconic reply.

"Dead?" faintly screamed Bridge, bouncing to his feet.

"Lor', sir! I didn't 'low you'd be interested. He's only a Injun," meekly replied the superintendent. "Found dead on the Big War Trail. Been buried but some wild things had dug him out."

Bridge sank limply into his chair and endeavored to make his voice sound natural as he said—

"Prob'ly a Shawnee raiding band caught him."

The superintendent shook his head emphatically, saying:

"He had his hair. No Shawnee would 'a' left that. Seems to have been killed by his own knife, jest like he done for hisself. Mebbe he did."

"He didn't bury himself," whispered Bridge, wiping the water from his forehead. "What do the Cherokee think?"

The superintendent shifted uneasily; then retorted.

"They's a crazy lot. Wouldn't send a party out to scout around—seem to think the witches done it. Killed him and buried him so the Raven Mocker couldn't git him. They believe all the witches and devils are scared of the Raven Mocker and hate it so they'll bury a man jest out of spite. Now I 'low ____"

"Shut up that cursed babbling!" cried Bridge, thumping the table. "Has Yanegwa got back yet?"

"Not yet, sir. He's overdue, too. The Path-Killer went to meet him. Path-Killer was sweet—erhum."

"Go on!"

"Well, he was sweet on Yanegwa's sister." This very apologetically.

"Huh!" exclaimed Bridge, his eyes' glistening. Leaning over the table he hissed, "Fifty pounds for the Path-Killer's head. But it must be done quickly."

"Money's good as earned if he ever shows up," eagerly assured the superintendent, "I'll look for him in the morning. Hark! Some one's coming." And he rose and stepped to the window and threw open the shutter before Bridge could stop him.

Several of the servants were huddled in front of the house holding pine-knot torches. Down the trail beyond the cleared ground a voice was softly chanting. The night, the dancing shadows cast by the torches, the fear in his own mind, caused the trader to shiver as though cold. Yet he could not summon the will power to order the shutter closed. He had to stand there and glare out into the darkness and witness what was to happen. The chanting was scarcely audible, no words being distinguishable. Low and monotonous it kept on, drawing nearer and nearer. Then two vague shapes broke through the darkness and into the rim of the torch zone and came ambling up the driveway.

With a shrill laugh of relief the superintendent informed them:

"The officers, sir, merry from drink. I could tell their hosses anywhere. They've come back to make a night of it. They've stopped singing."

The horses made for the lights and the familiar doorway. The men below began exclaiming in horror and amazement as the torches revealed dead men lurching across the withers of their mounts. As they

lifted them to the ground and straightened them out under the window Bridge gave a low cry of abject terror.

The superintendent feebly cried:

"Dead and not scalped—waistcoats cut to ribbons! Oh, Lor'! No witches was 'round to bury 'em in time!"

A DELEGATION of chiefs from Lima the Cherokee town visited the fort and petitioned that a band of soldiers be sent with their young men after the marauding Shawnee to punish them for slaying The Whistler and the two officers. The commander assented and dispatched a body of scouts to cooperate with the warriors. But Bridge was confident no Shawnee would be overtaken on the Great War Trail.

So he remained closely guarded in his house, fear and rum his hourly companions. His superintendent obtained a small number of soldiers to reinforce the plantation guards, and these made merry in the cook-house or boisterously patrolled the grounds at night. The trader sat at the table, sometimes dozing off, more often awake and clutching the bottle and a pistol, and quaking at every sound. The days passed and nothing happened. Inquiries made through the Indian women frequenting the plantation elicited no news of Yanegwa or the Path-Killer. Their tribesmen believed both had been killed, said the women.

The superintendent accepted this theory. The two had been slain by the same warrior, or band, that killed The Whistler and the officers. The Shawnee had hoped to escape suspicion by refraining from scalping their victims. Probably there were but very few in the Shawnee band, and they hoped to hide in the cane and hills and pick off a victim now and then. Two Mohawk braves once remained hidden near one of the Lower Towns for a space of four moons and stealthily killed till the nation believed it to be the work of witches.

Satisfied the Path-Killer was dead the superintendent quietly murdered an Indian, represented it was Little Feather's lover, and collected his fifty pounds. Never had the trader paid out money so willingly. He was convinced Big Bear was dead, and the passing of the Path-Killer to the Twilight Land rolled a mighty load from his heart. With brutal jocosity he remarked, after paying over the blood-price—

"The three of them can talk things over."

"No doubt but what Big Bear's dead," murmured the superintendent.

The trader's eyes took alarm, and he said—

"If he ain't I'll give a hundred pounds for his head."

"I'll fetch in the heads of the whole nation at that rate," cried the superintendent.

HIDDEN in a small cave near some falls on the Big Pigeon, where the voice of the Thunderers spoke to them day and night in wise council, Big Bear and his friend essayed to devise a plan whereby they could come upon the trader when he was alone. Night after night they reconnoitered the house seeking an entrance. To avoid the drunken soldiers was child's play, but to gain admission to the trader's living-

quarters without a great display of force seemed to be impossible.

There were times when they could have slain at a distance, providing their medicine was strong. These opportunities came each day when the trader stepped to the front door and whistled for his favorite horse. The intelligent animal was allowed to run free, his master's signal always bringing him to the house on the gallop. It was the one trait in the trader's brutal make-up that savored of humanism; he loved the horse.

These were the only Occasions when he showed himself, and never then except as he was surrounded by his men and the soldiers. A long shot might bring him down, but such an anonymous killing would not satisfy the Cherokee. Both had sworn on Big Bear's ax that the trader should know his slayer and the cause of his death.

"It is talked in the village that he is killing himself with fear," said the Path-Killer.

"Fear is good but he must not die alone," replied Big Bear. "I would not have him die by his own hand. Little Feather's death was clean. His must be bloody."

"When he leaves the house we will follow and catch him unguarded," consoled the Path-Killer.

"But he never leaves his house. Each day I fear to hear he has killed himself, or died quietly in bed."

"He must leave some day. He will grow weary of being alone and will start for the fort. He will whistle to his horse and mount it and dart away with his men behind him. Some day he will come to the door, dressed for the trail. We must always be ready to follow."

"My brother speaks medicine words," softly exulted Big Bear. "He will watch the house tonight alone while I find the horse and make friends with him."

"Adawehi helps us!" cried the Path-Killer, his gaze lighting with inspiration. "May your medicine be mighty enough to call the horse to us when his master would ride him to the fort!"

Big Bear shook his head, saying:

"The priests might do it. The old people could do it, but not Yanegwa. He who can drive the Raven Mocker away could do it, but Yanegwa is only a warrior."

"Yanegwa's medicine is strong enough to drive the trader from his house," the Path-Killer insisted. "One of the corn women told me last night he is afraid of the Mocker. He does not believe it was a Shawnee who killed the officers. He believes it was a Mocker. All his men know his fears."

"He hired The Whistler to kill me," murmured Big Bear, his eyes blank as he groped for the big idea. "It was The Whistler who taught him to call his horse by whistling. He fears the Raven Mocker. Ku! I know it now. Our medicine shall drive him into the open. I, Yanegwa, who carried the bundle of peace talk to the Five Nations, say it!"

STRANGE talk was whispered about the plantation, much of which seeped into the master's apartment and set him to shivering. It was said many Raven Mockers were hovering 'round the place. Their cries

could be heard each night. Some life must soon go out to attract such numbers of the wizards. Lesser witches and devils, in the shape of black clouds, had been seen retreating over the Great Smoky Mountains, frightened from their mediocre mischief by the Mockers.

"Such —— rot," mumbled Bridge, after pumping his superintendent about the cook-house gossip. "Keep them women off the plantation. What's the matter with you? You look silly 'round the gills."

"It's their ghost yarns, sir. It's all I've heard for a week."

"The Path-Killer's spirit after you, eh?" And the trader grinned wolfishly in thinking he had a companion in fear. "What do those women say about the priests keeping the Raven Mockers away? Not that there's anything in it. Yet we don't understand just what the priests can do."

"They coil a big serpent about a house, but have to leave an opening between the head and tail——"

"Shut up! Bursen was talking that guff—the night he was done for. Curse this country and its silly tales! Get things ready for me to go to the fort."

"Hoke can run things while we're gone," eagerly suggested the superintendent, who believed a trip to the fort might ease his thoughts of the Indian he had murdered.

"While we're gone?" scoffed the trader. "Who the devil are you, anyway? Drinking out the same bottle don't make us equals, my man. You'll stick here."

After the superintendent sullenly took his departure the trader outlined his plans. He would hire a new superintendent, and then go North and keep clear of the witch-ridden country. He regretted he had not gone to the fort before. Cautiously unfastening the shutters he peered out at the west and whispered:

"Usunhiyi. Where-It-Is-Always-Growing-Dark—I didn't send the little fool there. Besides, we were all drunk."

That night employees, soldiers and hangers-on heard a Raven Mocker over the house; not one voice, but many. There was no sleep in the help's quarters; there was no sleep in the master's apartment. The weird cries circled the plantation, now sounding in the depths of the forest, now calling from the tilled fields and out-houses. And toward morning it rang with ear-splitting violence close to the shuttered window and brought the trader to his feet, the dew of death on his flabby face. Sunrise found him fully dressed but helpless from liquor.

He came to his senses late in the afternoon and remembered the experiences of the night. He could not pass through such another night. Shaking and trembling he dragged himself from bed and rang for the superintendent.

"I'm leaving for the fort as soon as I can get my papers in order. Have the soldiers ready and six of my best woodsmen."

"Shall the men catch your hoss?"

"They'd have a fine run for it. I'll call the horse when I'm ready. Git out!"

The Twilight Land had reluctantly surrendered its last bit of gold and the steel-blue of the mountains had changed to sullen gray before the trader finished arranging his papers. Bursen's I. O. U.'s went into the flames as worthless, but Finsin's were saved on the chance his father might pay. Stars gleamed and the dusk was stalking up from the river when the trader descended to the hall and made sure his guard was ready and waiting. As he opened the outer door a nerve-racking cry came from the direction of the Cherokee town. The men heard it without their usual ribald jest.

The trader raised a silver whistle and blew a signal. The Mocker called again, this time much nearer. In a panic lest the evil voice get between him and the fort Bridge whistled a second time and prolonged the call. A crackling of underbush and the whinny of his horse answered, and his fear that some harm had befallen the animal subsided. Now the horse was cantering across a field. Once mounted, with the trail open before him, Bridge vowed he would defy the devil himself to overtake him. He snatched up the bridle and saddle from the horse block and called impatiently to the horse. The animal whinnied and pranced about, but seemed reluctant to approach.

"Stand back with those torches! You frighten him," Bridge yelled to the soldiers who held lighted pine-knots.

The guard drew off to one side. The horse sprang forward like a bolt. What next happened was never described the same by any two of the onlookers. When the steed raced up to the block Bridge caught him about the neck and lifted the bridle. Then he gave a startled yell and seemed to vault across the animal's withers. Back to the woods galloped the horse.

Some of the men swore they heard the trader cry out the name of Yanegwa. Others were equally positive he shouted the name of Little Feather, who had died to escape him. Only on one point did they agree: that his horse carried him to the edge of the wood and that, inasmuch as his heart was torn out before they could gain his side, a Raven Mocker must have got him.

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Loeschhorn, Albert by Clarence Eddy

A Dictionary of Music and Musicians (1900) edited by George Grove

LOESCHHORN, Albert, was born June 27, 1819, in Berlin, where he still resides. He was a pupil of Ludwig Berger, and subsequently studied at the Royal Institute for Church Music in Berlin, where since 1851 he has been teacher of the pianoforte. The title of Royal Professor was conferred upon him in 1868. For many years he carried on concerts of chamber music at Berlin with eminent success. He has done great service for the advancement of classical music, and by his conscientious and thorough discipline as a teacher many of his pupils have also distinguished themselves. He is most widely known through his numerous studies for the pianoforte, although he has published a long list of other worthy compositions.

LA BELLE AMAZONE.
Pièce caractéristique.

Allegro moderato.
A. Luchemburg Op. 27.

PIANO.

marcato.
sempre staccato.
pizzicato.

marcato.

Fin.

Propriété de l'Éditeur.
S. 007.
S. 008, chez Th. Stehlansky.

PREHISTORIC ART IN AMERICA.

By the Marquis de NADAILLAC.

Popular Science Monthly Volume 24 April 1884 (1884)

Prehistoric Art in America by Jean-François-Albert du Pouget

THE world of science was astonished a quarter of a century ago by the discovery made in the caves of Vézère, France, of works of art executed by the prehistoric troglodytes. The specimens consisted of representations of mammals, birds, fishes, and of man himself, sculptured in relief or engraved upon elephants' tusks, bears' teeth, the shoulder-blade of a reindeer, the long bones of deer, or on stones or beach-pebbles, and included the huge cave-bear, the mammoth with its heavy mane and upturned tusks, the seal, the crocodile, and the horse. These drawings, the first efforts of man, are crude in shape, but suggestive of vital action. One of the stag-horns, engraved with representations of reindeer and fishes, is almost a masterpiece. The deer are following one another, and one of them has turned to look back, doubtless so as to see her fawn; the heads are all drawn in profile and without foreshortening, as in the Egyptian paintings and sculptures; sometimes the lines are light, at other times they are cut deeply to bring out certain parts. By a curious caprice the artist, after having completed his first design, has put fishes in all the vacant spaces, and they too are wonderfully truthful. M. Massenat has discovered, at Laugerie Basse, a piece of reindeer-horn about ten inches long, on which was plainly engraved an aurochs running from a young man who is about to shoot an arrow at it. The animal has its head down with its horns in a position of menace, expanded nostrils, and tail raised and curved, all being signs of terror and irritation. The man is naked and has a round head, with coarse hair, which is brought up over the top of his head, and an obvious beard on the chin. His whole physiognomy expresses joyousness and the excitement of the chase. The women have flat breasts and prominent hips. One of them, very hairy, is drawn between the legs of a deer, and wears a collar around her neck. Unfortunately, her head is wanting.

A considerable number of engraved stones and bones have been brought to light in the excavations of the cave of Thayngen, Switzerland. Among them is a reindeer, standing with its head inclined toward the ground, and drawn with a precision showing a really remarkable acquaintance with the form of the animal. The artist had attained such perfection that observers were at first tempted to ask if they had not been invited to look at one of the archaeological frauds that have unhappily become so common. But the excavations had been watched with unremitting care; the witnesses of the discovery were honorable men of science; the calcareous deposit of more than a yard thick had been taken up under their eyes; there were found in the cave reproductions of animals which had disappeared centuries ago—the musk-ox, for instance; and the engraving was so faithful that it could have been made only from nature. It was necessary, then, to surrender to the evidence. Away back in the quaternary ages, in the midst of the hardest conditions of life, of the struggle for existence, and of incessant conflicts against the great pachyderms, the bears, and the feline animals that swarmed around him, man already had the feeling or the instinct of art. He tried to draw the likenesses of the animals he saw and of the trees that shaded the cave he lived in; and the productions of his industry, found again after so many ages, are all the more interesting from the fact that the extemporizing artist had, to assist him in his work, only some wretched flints or roughly-sharpened bones. The inquiry whether these discoveries made in the west of Europe are verified in other countries, and whether this art-feeling was innate in man and has characterized him always and everywhere, is one of much interest. The excavations in Asia and Africa are still too few, and the discoveries that have been made there are of too little importance, to warrant the drawing of serious conclusions respecting those quarters. We must, then, turn to America, where eminent archaeologists and enthusiastic collectors have eagerly studied all that relates to the past of the

human race. With the aid of their publications and the photographs they have distributed with rare liberality, we are able to follow the ancient populations in their migrations from the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific, to study their habits and their progress, and to show that among them also art was born at a very early epoch, and that it grew up with the generations.

It has now been ascertained that man lived in America during the quaternary ages, contemporaneously with the mastodons and the huge edentates and pachyderms, which had no other resemblances with the mammals of the Eastern continents than those of size. Like their contemporaries in Europe, the primitive Americans wandered in the solitary wilderness, and disputed with animals for the prey on which they fed and the caves that sheltered them, having for weapons of offense and defense only the flints that lay at their feet. Their barbarism appears to have been lower than that of the troglodytes of Europe, and to have been destitute of all artistic feeling and taste for ornament. Ages passed, the duration of which we can not compute; the quaternary animals disappeared, and man became sedentary; and he has left as evidences of his long abode in the same place the heaps of refuse exemplified in the shell-mounds and kitchen-middens of the Atlantic coast, the Gulf of Mexico, the banks of the Mississippi and the Amazon, the Pacific coast, and Tierra del Fuego. Excavations made at several points have brought out hatchets, knives, harpoons, and tools of every shape, of stone, bone, and horn, all bearing witness to a backward social condition, fragments of carbonized wood, bones of animals, and fish-bones, all having evidently been accumulated by men who knew nothing of agriculture and lived by hunting and fishing. Occasionally a few shards of pottery have been found among the remains, made of clay mixed with pounded shells, fashioned by hand, and dried in the sun. Sometimes plaited vines or canna-stems have been impressed on the wet parts, or lines have been scratched on the vessel with the point of a shell or a flint. These are the first efforts at ornamentation, and are singularly like those of the most ancient potteries of Europe. Ornaments designed for the decoration of the person are more rare than the potteries. We can only cite a few bears' or cats' teeth and shells bored for the purpose of being hung from the neck, except in the sambaquis or kitchen-middens of Brazil, where a few figures of fishes and idols in gold and silver have been found in very ancient deposits of guano.

We can form only the most imperfect estimates of the dates of these remains. Geological evidences give no definite clew. The growth of trees over the kitchen-middens may fix dates previous to which they certainly existed, but when we have admitted the five or six centuries it took the trees from the time the wind wafted the seed to the spot, how are we to compute the number of generations of plants that were required to furnish the soil on which they could grow? One point only is ascertained, and that is that no bones of quaternary animals have been met under the kitchen-middens, and, with the exception of the figures we have mentioned, no metallic objects. The remains must, then, have been accumulated between the period of the disappearance of the larger animals and the time when the metals came into habitual use. Must we say, then, that during that long series of ages no artistic tendency revealed itself in man? Yes, if we judge by the individual objects that have been collected; no, if we attribute to that epoch the pictographs, or the figures, scenes, hieroglyphics, or rebuses, as we might call them, which are painted, engraved, and sculptured on the cliffs, the sides of caves, the boulders, and erratic rocks, or wherever a vacant space may have been offered to the artist. Men have at all times with a childish vanity endeavored to delineate their migrations, their contests, their hunts, and their victories. Egypt has transmitted its ancient history to us on granite; the rocks of Scandinavia still wear the likeness of the Vikings' vessels; and those around the lac des Merveilles, near Nice, bear pictures of men extremely primitive in design; curious engravings have been noticed in Algeria; the Bushmen, who are among the most degraded populations of the globe, have drawn on stone, with wonderful fidelity, their hunting scenes and their loves; and the rock-paintings of New Zealand, the work also of a barbarous race, but evidently superior in execution to the scratches of the Bushmen,

have been described before the London Society of Anthropology. These are isolated facts, though curious ones; but in the two Americas the number of pictographs and the extent of surface they cover give them an exceptional importance. The desire, not only to reproduce striking events, but also to give precision to their sense by conventional signs, by graphic strokes, or by hieroglyphics or phonetic or symbolical characters, is one of the most remarkable traits of the different races that have succeeded each other on the new continent. Although the initial date of these engravings is unknown, we can nevertheless affirm that they continued to be executed through many ages, and that while the most ancient ones ascend to remote epochs, in some instances these historic drawings only a little while preceded the arrival of the Europeans. Pictographs are especially abundant in the regions that formerly constituted Spanish America: in Nicaragua, near the extinct volcano of Masaya; in the United States of Colombia, on the banks of the Orinoco; and in Venezuela, where in consequence of their antiquated condition they will soon cease to be distinguishable. The rocks of Honduras are covered with sharply-cut designs; the conquistadores, in 1520, remarked similar works in the Isthmus of Darien; and in the State of Panama entire cliffs were charged with hieroglyphics that might afford matter for very interesting studies. In the Sierra Nevada, between Columbus, Nevada, and Benton, California, are hosts of figures of men and animals and uninterpretable signs. About twenty miles south of Benton, the road follows a narrow defile, bounded on both sides by nearly perpendicular rocks, and these are covered with figures in respect to which no clew exists as to the people that designed them.

Pictographs are little less numerous in Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado—in parts of the country which, though now desolate, were formerly inhabited by a considerable population. The glacier-polished bowlders of the valley of the Gila River have figures that may be compared with those of Thuringia. On the banks of the Mancos and the San Juan, and in the deep canons stretching up toward the east, the figures are visible at dizzy heights, some deeply engraved, others drawn in red or white. Among them is a procession of men, animals, and birds with long necks and legs, all going in the same direction. Two of the men are standing on a sledge drawn by a deer, while others direct the march of the drove. The artist evidently intended to represent a migration of his tribe. In another pictograph on the banks of the San Juan, among figures of strange forms and of drawing incorrect but full of movement and life, may be recognized a number of flint hatchets, exactly similar in pattern to the symbolical hatchets that are cut on the megaliths of Brittany. At another spot, a cliff is covered, for a space of more than sixty square feet, with figures of men, deer, and lizards; and M. Bandelier has seen, near the ruins of Pecos, pictographs, the high antiquity of which is attested by the degree of effacement they have undergone. They represent the tracks of men or children, a human figure, and a tolerably regular circle. On the banks of the Puerco and the Zuni, two of the affluents of the Colorado Chiquito, designs have been remarked having the appearance of hieroglyphics, but their significance is unknown, and we can not even affirm that they had any. The cliffs near Salt Lake in Utah are adorned with sculptures, among which are human figures of the natural size, cut in a hard rock more than thirty feet above the ground. All together show an amount of labor of which the Indians are incapable, and a sum of difficulties which they could not have overcome; and the height at which some of the sculptures appear allows the supposition that some geological phenomenon, perhaps a depression of the lake, may have occurred since they were executed. Many drawings on stone have also been observed in the eastern parts of the United States.

Pictographs to which we are disposed to accord a great antiquity are to be seen on the sides of caves in Nicaragua. Some grottoes in the mountains of Oajaca also bear witness to the labor of man, in the shape of coarse paintings in red ochre. Among them is frequently repeated the imprint in black of a human hand. This imprint, which is probably borrowed from some myth, seems to have played a great part in America. It is found reproduced in regions very remote from one another, standing out on the potteries, sometimes in red on a black ground, sometimes in black on a red ground. In our own days it

is occasionally found in use among Indians as a totem or coat-of-arms.

All that we have just said bears witness to a still primitive condition of art. The men who executed the works, barbarous as they seem to have been, were capable of rising higher. This is proved by works of a manifestly later epoch. Guatemala, the ancient land of the Quiches and the Cakchiquels, abounds in ruins. Bas-reliefs, statues, and monoliths covered with arabesques to the height of twenty feet, meet the traveler frequently. At Quirigua, a small port on the Bay of Honduras, a statue of a woman has been found, footless and handless, with a crowned idol on its head; excavations by the side of it have brought to light a tiger's head in porphyry. At Santa Lucia Cosumalhuapa, at the foot of the Volcan de Fuego, among the cyclopean stones and the statues of tapirs and caymans, lie colossal stone heads, of a strange type, hitherto unknown. Two of these heads wear the immense ear-rings peculiar to the ancient Peruvians, and a head-dress similar to the Asiatic turbans. Farther on are bas-reliefs in hard porphyry, larger than nature, representing personages as odd in conception as in execution, and mythological scenes that have no relation to any known form of worship. The most interesting bas-relief represents a human sacrifice. The principal personage is a priest; he is naked and, according to the custom of the Aztec priests, wears a garter around his left leg; only the left foot is shod. The head-dress is a crab. One hand holds a flint, doubtless the sacrificial knife, while the other hand grasps the head of the victim to be slain. On a second plane, two acolytes are carrying human heads. One of them is a skeleton, a sinister symbol of death. Its head is of a simian shape, mingling the grotesque with the terrible. To cite more similar facts would merely involve unpleasant repetitions. We shall only add, then, that the figures are of a grinning aspect and a repulsive ugliness. The ancient American races did not seek for the beautiful, or, rather, did not comprehend it as we do, who have been taught by the immortal creators of the high art of Greece.

We have just occasion to be surprised when we think of the time that was required to execute these works, and consider what inefficient mechanical means the artists had to use. They had to detach blocks of hard stone by means of wretched tools of quartzite and obsidian, and to saw granite and porphyry with agave-fibers and emery. A coarse outline design indicated the part to be removed. The labor was executed either by sawing partly through the stone and deftly breaking off the fragment, or by pecking it away with a flint-point. Lastly, the surface of the planes was rubbed with flat stones or polishers to remove the traces of the chippings. Other processes also appear to have been employed. The artist drew his figure in coarse tracings, and covered with ashes the lines he desired to bring out in relief. The whole surface was then heated with fire; the parts which were subjected to the direct action of the flames were decomposed, and left hollow places, while those that were protected by the ashes remained intact.[1]

For finishing his work, the sculptor had nothing better than a flint-point or a copper chisel,[2] the only tools in use, for iron was unknown. He was obliged, in order to execute those colossal figures and the bas-reliefs which now make such an impression of astonishment upon us, to cut with those imperfect tools in a very hard rock to a depth of three or four centimetres. The fact of the performance of a labor of such length is a certain indication of the infancy of the society in which it was done, where man had not yet learned to appreciate the value of time.

The region of the piedras pintadas (painted stones) in South America extends from Guiana to Patagonia. They are found in the wilds of Brazil and La Plata as well as in the more civilized districts of Peru and Chili, and they betray everywhere a remarkable analogy. In the solitudes of Pará and Piahy, Brazil, are numerous intaglio-sculptures, executed by unknown peoples; they represent animals, birds, and men, in various attitudes. Some of the men are tattooed; others wear crowns of feathers; and the picture is finished off with arabesques and scrolls. At la Sierra da Onça are drawings

in red ochre, isolated and in groups, without apparent order, and the rocks of the province of Ceara and those of Tejuco are covered with tracings not unlike those on the rocks of Scandinavia. Humboldt describes intaglios on the right bank of the Orinoco, representing the sun and moon, pumas, crocodiles, and serpents, ill-formed figures defined most frequently by a simple outline and declaring little advancement in art. Nevertheless, since they are cut in the hardest kind of granite, it is impossible to attribute them to the barbarous tribes that inhabited the country at the time of the arrival of the Europeans. These tribes were incapable of executing works of this kind, and even of comprehending any art, however crude it may appear to us. Who, then, were the peoples to whom we can attribute the painted stones? What was their origin? The illustrious German traveler tells us nothing that can diminish our ignorance on this point.

There are mentioned as among the works in the country of the Chibchas, in the United States of Colombia, a stone probably designed for sacrificial purposes, and sustained by caryatides, a jaguar sculptured at the entrance to a cave near Neyba, and gigantic llamas. In the land of the allied tribe of the Muisca, the granitic and syenitic rocks are adorned with colossal figures of crocodiles and tigers, guardians doubtless of the images of the sun and moon, the supreme gods of the South American natives. All of these figures are coarsely executed, and betray, like the North American figures, an extreme absence of taste and an absolute inability to reproduce objects faithfully.

Abundant examples occur on the Pacific coast of an art which we can best compare with that of Guatemala. A granite block near Macaya, known as the Piedra de Leon, is covered with sculptures which all are agreed are very ancient. The most important group represents a face-to-face struggle of a man and a puma. The figures suggest movement, and the man and the animal appear to be really struggling. Near the little city of Nepen may be seen a colossal serpent; a short distance from Arequipa, trees and flowers; farther on, bisons with bored noses are wearing movable rings cut in the same stone. At the Pintados de las Rayas, geometrical figures, circles, and rectangles, the meaning of which can not be defined, take the place of figures from life. In the province of Tarapacá, considerable surfaces are covered with figures of men and animals mostly fairly good specimens of work, and with a kind of characters arranged vertically. The lines are from twelve to eighteen feet long, and each character is quite deeply engraved. This is not an isolated instance. Inscriptions very much worn have been found near Huara, and between Mendoza and La Punta, Chili, is a large pillar on which letters have been imagined analogous in some respects with the Chinese alphabet. These evidences are very vague, and, however well disposed to discover in them the beginnings of graphic art, we can not as yet found so important a conclusion upon them.

The use of colors was certainly known to the Americans from the most remote antiquity. The ochres, soot-black, and lime doubtless furnished them their first coloring elements, and there was nothing in the idea of using these pigments above the most primitive conceptions. Experiment induced a rapid progress, and men learned to extract vegetable colors from leaves, fruits, roots, stems, and seeds. A coloring-matter was also borrowed, like the Tyrian purple, from seamollusks. The Peruvians and the Mexicans knew how to place the colors upon their cloths. The goods were then exposed to the action of the light, and tints varying from a delicate rose-color to a dark violet were obtained. The colors were so well fixed that they were not even modified by the decomposition of dead bodies. In the collection of cloths from the Peruvian huacas at the museum of the Trocadéro, in Paris, wrappings of mummies that have been buried for centuries still retain the primitive color on their time-eaten threads.

The Mexicans probably obtained the remarkably brilliant coloring of their pictographs by somewhat analogous processes. These pictographs, manuscripts of which only a smaller number have reached us, embrace the history of the country, its national traditions, the genealogies of its kings and nobles, the

rolls of provincial tributes, the laws, the calendar, religious festivals, and the education of the children—a complete summary, in fact, of all that concerns the manners, customs, and life of the people. They were painted in various colors on cotton cloth, on prepared skins, or on a strong and tough paper made from the fibers of the agave. At times the artist depicts scenes from real life; at other times he records facts by means of hieroglyphical, symbolical, or phonetic characters, conventional signs that have been handed down for generations, and on which innovation is prohibited. Another series of pictures illustrates the education of children and their food and punishments. The father teaches his son to carry burdens, to steer a canoe, or to manage the fishing-tackle. The mother instructs her daughter in domestic duties; she sweeps the house, prepares tortillas, and weaves cloths. These pictures present the distinct outlines and bright colors which the Americans sought first of everything. Evidently we must not ask them for models of decorative painting. Their complete ignorance of proportions and the laws of perspective demonstrates that their art was the exclusive product of their own genius, or of the instinct of their race, and that they had not been subject to any foreign influence.—Translated for the Popular Science Monthly from the Revue des Deux Mondes.

Mr. Wiener saw the natives excavating an irrigation canal in the valley of Chicama de Sausal, through a rock which stood in the way. The workmen piled ashes along the line of the edges of the canal, covered them with dried manure and burned it. After eight days they succeeded in forming by this process a channel through a granite rock containing a vein of basalt 1·20 metre wide, 0·80 metre deep, and 2·30 metres long.

There has been found near Quito a chisel that was used in working the large blocks of trachyte employed in paving the roads of the Incas' empire. It weighed 198 grammes. The surface was worn, the edge was nicked, and the head appeared to have been hammered upon, all indicating that it had been subjected to long use. An analysis of a piece of it by M. Damour gave ninety-five parts of copper, a little more than four parts of tin, and slight traces of iron, lead, and silver.

PREVENTIVE INOCULATION. (I.)

By Dr. W. M. HAFFKINE.

DIRECTOR-IN-CHIEF, GOVERNMENT PLAGUE RESEARCH LABORATORY, BOMBAY.

Project Gutenberg's The Popular Science Monthly, June-July, 1900, by Various

It was due to certain particularly favorable circumstances that the first ideas on preventive inoculation were gathered from observations on smallpox patients. Such circumstances were presumably the following:

- a. It is a disease which attacks epidemically, in a short time and within a small area, large numbers of people, thus permitting of easy comparisons and suggesting conclusions from the facts observed.
- b. Its fatality is comparatively small, so that after each outbreak a large number of convalescent persons remain alive to serve as objects for future observation and comparison.
- c. These convalescents are marked and are thus easily distinguishable from the rest of the population who have not been attacked, and even the severity of the disease they have gone through is, so to say, written down on their faces and bodies.
- d. The disease is easily communicable, owing to the infectious matter appearing on the surface of the

patient's body in the pustules.

It was easy, therefore, to notice in this case, as was indeed very early done in the East, that a person who has gone through one attack, as shown by his pitted face, very rarely suffers even during severe subsequent epidemics. Smallpox, like other epidemic diseases, breaks out in some years in very fatal, in others in milder forms. It is admissible that by a mixed process of thought and faith an impression insensibly gained ground that it was lucky to have been touched by the smallpox deity—of course, not in years when that deity appeared in terrifying mortality. Accordingly, in times of mild outbreaks people would not be¹¹⁶ very careful in avoiding infected persons, and would even seek their company so as to get infected from them. The practice of intentionally rubbing one's skin with a pustule, or with bits of it, from an attacked person, must have been a subsequent stage.

Such or a similarly gradual development of ideas may explain why it is impossible to fix a date or place for this discovery, which indeed goes back to the darkness of antiquity. Research points to its practice among the Chinese and Hindus in very ancient times. The Chinamen induced a mild attack by inserting a crust from a smallpox pustule into the nostrils. The Hindus, on the contrary, used the fluid pus, which they inoculated under the skin of the arm. In either case, in the course of a week, the inoculated was attacked by some slight preliminary symptoms followed by an eruption, sometimes profuse, sometimes scanty, and then the disease would run its ordinary course. The only difference between an attack caused by inoculation and that caused by natural infection was, as a rule, the milder nature of the former, especially when the matter for inoculation was taken from a notoriously mild case. The result, however, was by no means certain. A mild form of an infectious disease may be due either to the virus being of a weak nature; and then such a virus would be the desired one for inoculating persons seeking artificial protection; or else the mildness of the case may be due to the patient himself being of a resistant organization, in which case, though exhibiting mild symptoms himself, he may be harboring an intense form of contagion, apt to cause a severe outbreak when transferred to other less resistant persons. Many plans were consequently adopted to secure with more certainty a mild artificial infection. Some of these were directed to the treatment of the patient preparatory to inoculation, others to the preparation of the infectious matter in order to attenuate its virulence. The Brahmans, who were the operators in India, in addition to selecting material from patients with a mild form of the disease, were accustomed not to employ the pus at once, but to keep it wrapped up in cotton wool for a period of about twelve months, and thus to weaken its power. They inoculated in the early part of the year, at the time when smallpox prevailed, and the practice they used was to moisten with water a bit of cotton wool prepared in the previous outbreak, to place it on the arm of the person to be inoculated, and to prick the arm, through the wool, over an area of about the size of a twenty-five cent piece. In a few days a vesicle would appear at the seat of the inoculation, which later on developed into a pustule and eruption. Notwithstanding these precautions, great variation in the results was observed, and many succumbed to the operation; but those that passed through it safely were proof against further attacks.

Besides the personal risk to the inoculated, the illness produced¹¹⁷ in them was infectious to others, and unprotected persons coming in contact with the inoculated were likely to get infected from them. The latter result was largely avoided by the practice adopted by the Brahmans of inoculating all the inhabitants of a family or village at the same time. The benefits secured under the above precautions were considered far to outweigh the risks of inoculation.

With the extension of smallpox westward the system of artificial protection spread toward Europe through the intermediary of travelers and merchants. The Arabs and Turks appreciated its benefits at an early date. The slave dealers supplying the bazaars and harems of Constantinople adopted the system to protect against disfigurement their Circassian and other live stock. In the early part of the eighteenth

century the method was made known to the English practitioners by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the wife of the English ambassador at Constantinople, who had her two children inoculated according to the Turkish system. Curiously enough, it was soon afterward discovered that a similar method was in practice among the peasants of some of the districts in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, and had long been known there as 'buying the smallpox.' When inoculation was given a more extensive trial it was found, in England as in the East, that the effect of it was decidedly beneficial, but fraught with danger. At first one in every fifty of those operated upon succumbed to the consequences of inoculation. By improved methods the mortality was gradually reduced to one in a thousand; but the most serious danger lay in the spread of infection to healthy persons. The precaution of inoculating whole groups of inhabitants at one time, or of keeping the inoculated apart from the healthy, as had been practiced by the Brahmans ages ago, was overlooked, and the result was often disastrous to the community.

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It was at this time that Jenner achieved great progress and threw a vast amount of new light on the question. As is well known, he started from a belief that existed in the west of England, that cowpox was a bovine form of smallpox, and that the milkers who attended on cows suffering from that disease and who became infected with the eruptions on the teats and udders, passed through a mild illness, which rendered them immune against smallpox. Jenner determined to put this tradition to the test, and succeeded in establishing, by a few accurate and well-planned experiments, a series of most important facts.

He showed, first, that cowpox could be artificially given to the cow by infecting it with virus from a smallpox patient, and that the disease thus produced was transferable by inoculation from cow to cow.

He showed further, that by having been bred in the tissues of the cow, the virus lost its intense infective properties for man. When the matter from an artificially infected animal was transferred by inoculation to a human being, it produced at the seat of its insertion a discrete vesicle, which was not followed by a general eruption, as would often be the case with the original smallpox virus.

Though the illness thus induced was not infectious in the sense that it would not be communicated spontaneously from person to person, it could be so transferred artificially by inoculating patients with the lymph from a ripe human vesicle.

When transferred from cow to cow or from man to man the matter preserved unchanged the same property of producing the mild inoculation vesicle, harmless to the patient and to his surroundings; and thus a matter for inoculation was obtained of invariable strength, what was called later on, by Pasteur, 'virus fixe.'

The last and the most essential property which Jenner demonstrated to belong to the substance in question was the following: A man who had been inoculated with that substance could afterward be with impunity infected with a virus taken direct from a smallpox patient; the inoculation would be either abortive altogether or the effect much milder than in a man not so prepared. Jenner concluded from this most striking result that the inoculation with the matter cultivated by him in the cow would protect a man forever against contamination with smallpox, and he called that matter 'vaccine,' or cow lymph.

Jenner's experiments produced an immense impression throughout the world, and inoculation according to his system, which was called 'vaccination,' was rapidly applied to large numbers of

people. When outbreaks of smallpox occurred in the midst of vaccinated communities, observations began to come in as to the actual effectiveness of the method in protecting against the disease.

These observations proved that the system possessed an undoubted and exceedingly high beneficial effect, though the following two restrictions had to be imposed upon the originally conceived expectations:

1. The protection was not absolute. In every outbreak of smallpox a number of patients were and are met with who are attacked, generally mildly, but also in some cases fatally, though they had undergone a successful vaccination, some even at a comparatively recent date before the attack. Only the proportion of such patients to the whole of the vaccinated community is very markedly smaller than the proportion of attacks in the non-vaccinated; and also the severity of the attack, as well as the proportion of deaths to attacks, is in the vaccinated much smaller.
2. This favorable difference between the outbreaks among vaccinated and non-vaccinated is maintained not for life, but for a limited number of years, and disappears gradually, and at length altogether, unless the individuals be revaccinated. Observation has shown that the period during which the protective effect of vaccination lasts extends over from three to seven years.

Vaccination very rapidly displaced inoculation, and spread to every part of the civilized world. The results have been dwelt upon in innumerable books and pamphlets. At present great outbreaks of smallpox have become very rare, at least in the civilized part of the world, and there is a tendency to forget or ignore the devastations they used to cause.

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The first successful attempt in extending the system of inoculation to other diseases was made only after the discovery of the fact that 'infection' is caused by living animal or vegetable parasites, capable in the majority of cases of being cultivated and bred in artificial media outside the animal body. Pasteur found that he was able to effect protection against disease similar to vaccination against smallpox by the use of such artificially bred micro-organisms.

It may be interesting to relate that this important discovery was made unintentionally, and represents one of those happy 'accidents' which occur to those who diligently search. Pasteur had been working with cultures of chicken-cholera microbes, an extremely fatal form of virus when it is introduced into fowls and small birds. It so happened that one of his cultures was left forgotten in the incubator when work was stopped for the vacation. On the return of Pasteur and his assistants the experiments were continued. When the bottle was discovered, thinking that the microbes might have been exhausted or dead from long starvation, Pasteur tried to make what is called a fresh culture of them, by inseminating a sample from the old bottle into a freshly prepared nutritious broth. The microbes were not dead, and multiplied and grew luxuriantly; but when they were injected into a fowl they caused only a transient and non-fatal disease. To make a fresh start, Pasteur took some old blood, which he had drawn a long time previously from a chicken-cholera fowl and preserved in a cupboard in the laboratory in a sealed-up tube, and made a culture with the material that was in that tube. The culture thus obtained killed fresh fowls as usual, but when it was injected into the bird that had resisted the first culture it resisted this injection also. Pasteur, who excelled all men I ever knew in his ability of quickly analyzing and discerning true connections between facts, required no further hints. Others might perhaps have dwelt on the peculiarity of the fowl that happened to resist the injections, or on some other circumstances. Pasteur relinquished this and other suggestions at once, and thought of the microbe. The fact that old specimens of microbes may become impotent when injected into animals was known to him, and was

readily explained by the vitality of such microbes being lowered¹²⁰ or exhausted by starvation. But, then, such a microbe when transferred into a fresh medium, if not dead, generally regains its vigor, and after that, when inoculated into an animal, it produces its usual effect. The remarkable circumstance about the culture left in the incubator was that even when it was transferred into a fresh medium and its vitality renewed, it remained still impotent. Pasteur concluded from this that an infectious microbe possesses two distinct properties: one, which it shares with any other living being—viz., vitality—which may be weakened or strengthened according to the conditions of life and food; and another, which he considered as its ‘virulence,’ its power of causing diseases, which may be also weakened or strengthened by special means, but which is quite independent of ‘vitality.’

The lucidity of thought of which Pasteur made proof on this occasion was magnificent. Later researches confirmed and explained these facts with a singular completeness, and now the idea, as is always the case, looks simple and self-evident. One must remember that at that time Pasteur had every reason to believe that disease is caused by the mere fact of a foreign micro-organism of a given species penetrating and settling down to live in the system of a man or animal. Its capability of living there, i. e., its vital properties, seemed all that was necessary for causing disease. It was only later that it was found that pathogenic microbes cause diseases by producing so-called toxins or poisonous substances distinct from their own bodies and separable from them. The process may be illustrated by a comparison, for instance, with a cobra or any other animal producing a special venom. By starvation or some other treatment the vitality of the cobra may be temporarily weakened. When it obtains fresh food again and gets generally in good condition, it recovers, without its ability of producing venom having been in any way impaired. On the other hand, a snake may be by an operation deprived of its fangs and power of secreting poison without its health and strength being in the least affected. Pasteur at once asserted that in a similar way it was possible by starvation to weaken a breed of microbes without their virulence being diminished, and, on the other hand, to deprive them of their power of producing disease without impairing their vitality, though what the above power consisted in he did not know. He called the latter result attenuation of a virus. An attenuated virus in his meaning is therefore a special breed of pathogenic microbes which can be maintained, by suitable breeding, in best conditions of health, but which has lost either partially or entirely its power of producing poison and disease.

Pasteur extracted from the few experiments related above a further most-important conclusion—viz., that such an attenuation was due to and could be produced artificially by the effect of oxidation. This he deduced from the fact that the microbes in the sealed-up tube had not¹²¹ lost their virulence, while those forgotten in the open bottle in the incubator and exposed to the access of air had done so. Oxidation proved indeed to be one of the most general methods of artificially producing attenuated virus, to which method later on were added others—the effect of light, of chemicals, of passage through certain animals, etc.

And, of course, the last and crowning conclusion was that an ordinary, susceptible fowl that has undergone the injection with an attenuated culture becomes immune against a culture which kills other fowls; and that conclusion, in the particular circumstances under which Pasteur was working, proved to be true.

Pursuing the new line of research, Pasteur demonstrated that a protection similar to that obtained against smallpox and chicken cholera could be secured also against anthrax, a disease which, by the destruction it caused among sheep and cattle, was entailing heavy loss on the farmers of France. After a long series of experiments he prepared two specimens of virus, different in strength, but both weaker than the natural contagion, and worked out the proportions in which sheep, horses and cows could be safely injected first with the weakest virus and then with the virus of the somewhat greater strength,

after which they became capable of withstanding the strongest anthrax infection.

In honor of Jenner, who was the first to discover the way of preparing a virus of a fixed strength safe to be used for the preventive treatment of men, Pasteur proposed that all such artificially bred, so to say, domesticated forms of microbes be called vaccines, while the word virus be reserved for a contagion growing in nature in a natural condition, or taken direct from an infected individual. The French distinguish between 'vaccin,' which is used as a generic term in Pasteur's sense, and 'vaccine,' which name they reserve for smallpox vaccinia lymph. The word 'vaccination' has been also extended to designate inoculation with artificially vaccinated virus, while the word 'inoculation' is used for the injection of a natural, not vaccinated virus, taken direct from a patient. The latter distinction is, however, not yet strictly maintained in English literature, nor in the subsequent pages of this paper.

Pasteur gave a memorable demonstration of the efficiency of his method of anthrax vaccination. At Pouilly-le-Fort, in the midst of an assemblage of scientists, delegates of agricultural societies, government officials, landlords, farmers and representatives of the press, he performed the following experiment: Sixty sheep were taken; ten of these were put aside, twenty-five were vaccinated with the two attenuated anthrax vaccines at an interval of twelve days, and twenty-five were left untouched. Twelve days afterward the two groups of twenty-five sheep were inoculated with virulent anthrax; and the result was that at the next visit the twenty-five unvaccinated and one vaccinated¹²² pregnant female were found dead, while twenty-four out of the twenty-five that had been vaccinated were perfectly well, and exhibited during the whole time they were kept under observation the same degree of health as the ten sheep that had been put aside for comparison.

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An impetus was given by these discoveries to researches having for their object the protection of men against infectious diseases. The most important of these researches was Pasteur's own into the nature of hydrophobia and rabies, and the way of inoculating against that disease. This was followed a few years later by the preparation of a prophylactic against cholera.

Inoculation against hydrophobia was rendered possible by the discovery of the fact that the rabies or hydrophobia virus is found in a pure condition, free from other microbes, in the nervous centers of animals. The material for inoculation is prepared from such nervous matter, the virulence of which is rendered fixe, as will be mentioned below.

The cholera microbe, which was subsequently named comma bacillus, was discovered by Koch in 1883, in the intestinal contents of cholera patients. Two years later cholera broke out in Spain, and Dr. James Ferran, a Spanish physician, began inoculating men with living cultures of comma bacillus taken from patients attacked with the disease. The procedure in its essential features corresponded to the pre-Jenner method of inoculation. The failure to fix the strength of the virus used for treatment rendered the method subject to the same uncertainty as that which was connected with inoculation with smallpox virus taken direct from patients. It was impossible to predict the effect of the injections. Comma bacilli taken from cholera patients may, under cultivation, show themselves extremely virulent, or, on the contrary, extremely mild. There are specimens which, when injected into a Guinea pig, even in an insignificant dose, will prove fatal to it, and there are others which will appear harmless when given in a dose seventy times greater. The immediate effect, and the protection caused by the inoculation, must, of course, vary accordingly. The attempt made by Ferran caused great interest, and a number of scientific commissions were sent to Spain from different countries of Europe to study the results of his work. They could, however, come to no conclusion, and the treatment speedily lost its position. Only some seven years later a method was found of fixing the strength of the cholera virus. I was connected

with this stage of the work, and it may perhaps present some interest to the reader to relate the way in which the problem was solved, and to show how gradual is the development of ideas by which results in laboratory investigation are arrived at.

It has been mentioned already that the virulence of microbes changes¹²³ under the influence of different agents in Nature—heat, light, chemicals. When a virus is first obtained from a patient or outside a patient its preceding history, its antecedents, the conditions under which it lived before, are extremely variable. Jenner's method of cultivating the smallpox virus by transferring it from calf to calf secured for that virus uniform conditions of life, and its strength could thus be maintained unchanged for an indefinite length of time. Pasteur, in the preparation of hydrophobia vaccine, followed the same plan, and found in the successive inoculation from rabbit to rabbit a method of propagating the hydrophobia virus in a uniform condition. But attempts made to cultivate in a similar way the comma bacillus by transferring it from animal to animal failed.

The most susceptible animals for the cholera microbe are Guinea pigs. There are two principal methods of ingrafting upon them the virus: Koch's method of administering it through the mouth and leaving it to develop in the intestines of the animal, and Pfeiffer's of injecting it, not into the intestines, but into the abdominal or peritoneal cavity, where the intestines are lodged, by introducing there the virus with a hypodermic needle not allowed to penetrate into the intestines themselves. But by neither of these methods could the microbe be cultivated in an unbroken series of animals, as it became gradually weakened and soon lost its power of affecting such animals. For the purpose in question, cultivation in the peritoneal cavity had the advantage that in a healthy individual the peritoneum is free from other microbes, whereas in the intestines there are always present a large number of micro-organisms which interfere in variable ways with the growth of the particular microbes.

But when one inoculates the peritoneal cavity of a Guinea pig with a dose of cholera microbes sufficient to cause a fatal disease, it is found, when the animal dies, that the microbes have died also. Thus, the attempt to ingraft the virus from a first animal to a subsequent one is checked at the very beginning. This initial difficulty was overcome by merely giving to the first animal a dose larger than was necessary to cause a fatal effect. The animal then succumbs more rapidly, and the microbes have no time to disappear. At the post-mortem examination there is found, in the peritoneal cavity, a small amount of exudate liquid which contains large numbers of those microbes alive. When, however, that exudate is injected into the peritoneal cavity of a second animal that animal does not succumb to the infection, or even if it succumbs one finds that the microbes have again disappeared in this second animal. By starting with, a still larger initial dose one may have three, perhaps four, successive animals affected by the virus, but it invariably ends by being weakened, and finally dies out.

¹²⁴ In trying to obviate this result I found, perhaps contrary to expectations, that the exudation liquid should be exposed to the air for a few hours before it is injected into a subsequent animal. This result was contradictory to the effect which Pasteur had found to be exercised by atmospheric oxygen on the virulence of microbes, and it requires at least some provisional explanation. The microbes of cholera differ from a certain number of other microbes in that they stand in need of a free and abundant access of air for growing and multiplying quite satisfactorily. They are deprived of this condition in the peritoneal cavity of an animal. It is possible, therefore, that a certain opposition between the maintenance or development of virulence on the one hand, and a lowering in vitality on the other, takes place while they are cultivated there, and a respite must be given them between each successive 'passage' through the Guinea pig by leaving them for a time in the free atmosphere. Be that explanation true or not, the result is that under such conditions the successive animals inoculated with the virus do succumb, and even in a shorter and shorter time, after the inoculation, the microbe apparently

undergoing under such a treatment a progressive increase in virulence. A similar development up to a certain stage was observed by Pasteur when transferring the rabies virus from rabbit to rabbit. The last difficulty that presented itself was the following: The exudation liquid which is found in the peritoneal cavity post mortem varies in quantity; sometimes it is inconveniently large and diluted; sometimes, on the contrary, so scanty that it becomes difficult to collect and transfer it to another animal. I found that this variation stands in connection with the size of the animal, so that a diluted exudation fluid can be concentrated by injecting it into a small animal, while a too much concentrated exudate is rendered more dilute by transferring it to an animal of a larger size.

Thus, by the initial use of more than a fatal dose, by alternating cultivation in an animal with exposure to air, and by attention to the size of the animal employed, a material was obtained which, as mentioned, increased in intensity from the first and proved fatal to animals in a shorter and shorter time after inoculation. Later the virus reached a stage when it killed a Guinea pig of three hundred and fifty grammes weight in eight hours. After that, in each further inoculation the time of eight hours remained stationary, showing that the virus has reached the condition of a 'virus fixe.' These experiments were conducted by me in the Pasteur Institute, in 1889 to 1893, simultaneously on the cholera microbe and on the bacillus of typhoid. The two exhibited a number of common features in their nature, and the results as above detailed for the cholera microbe were found valid for the typhoid bacillus also.

Starting from the 'virus fixe' obtained as above, a method of double¹²⁵ inoculation was worked out, one with an attenuated virus prepared from the 'virus fixe,' and another with the latter itself. The two 'vaccines,' when inoculated successively into Guinea pigs, protected them against all possible forms of cholera infection. The vaccines were cultivated on a solid medium, and when the crop of microbes was ready at the end of some twenty-four hours, they were washed off the surface of the medium and used as a kind of medicinal plant. It was found that the substances contained in the microbes preserved to a great extent their immunizing properties even when the microbes were killed by some delicate processes not affecting considerably their chemical constitution. The washings could, therefore, be prepared in dilute solutions of carbolic acid, and employed in the form of preserved vaccines. In 1892 and in the beginning of 1893 I made a series of experiments in Paris, in Netley, in London, in Cambridge, and in Calcutta, with these carbolized cholera vaccines, which had been preserved in sealed tubes for a period of six to seven months, and it was possible to show the protective effect of the method on animals as conclusively as Pasteur had done in the demonstration at Pouilly-le-Fort with anthrax. For the inoculation in man, however, I decided to use at first only unaltered living vaccines, as much more promising than the dead ones, especially from the point of view of the durability of the effect.

PREVENTIVE INOCULATION. (II.)

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In a previous paper I reviewed briefly the history of preventive inoculation and described the results of my attempts to secure a 'virus fixé' in the case of cholera. It will be remembered that the two vaccines finally obtained protected guinea pigs successfully against all possible forms of cholera infection.

It was now necessary to ascertain whether the same protection could be given to man which was observed in animals. For this purpose it was essential to first of all prove the perfect harmlessness of the operation. This was established by very careful observations of medical men and scientists who were inoculated in Europe soon after the results of the above investigations were published. The

inoculation causes a rise of temperature and general discomfort, which lasts one or two days, and some pain at the seat of the injection, which disappears in a few days. The fever and discomfort induced are, on the whole, shorter in duration, though often more intense, than those caused by vaccination against smallpox. The effect disappears within a few days and the individual returns to his usual condition of health.

The next and all-important stage was to devise an experiment or a series of experiments on man so as to test the efficiency of the method against cholera attacks. This part of the investigation could only be done in a cholera-stricken country, where opportunities would arise of comparing the incidence of the disease in inoculated and uninoculated. Such opportunities are limited. Except in certain parts of India and China, cholera appears in localities unexpectedly and does not last long. In the places where the disease is endemic the cases are scattered over large areas. These features rendered the demonstration of the effect of the vaccine a matter of particular difficulty. In 1893 I went to India, and in the course of a year inoculated some twenty-three thousand people in the northern parts of the country; but no cholera appeared in their midst to show whether the vaccine was of value or not. In the spring of 1894 the inoculations were introduced into Bengal, and, with the assistance and co-operation of Prof. W. J. Simpson, of King's College, London, at that time Health Officer of Calcutta, and of his staff, efforts were made to induce the inhabitants of the bustees of Calcutta to get themselves inoculated. These bustees are isolated villages consisting of groups of mud huts inhabited by the poorer class.²⁴¹ Owing to the consumption of water from the ponds or tanks belonging to these villages, the inhabitants of the bustees are subject to periodic visitations of cholera. It was in one of these bustees that the first observation was made as to the effect of the cholera vaccines.

The spring is essentially the cholera season in Calcutta. About the end of March two fatal cases of cholera and two cases of choleraic diarrhoea occurred in Katal Bagan Bustee, in a population grouped around two tanks. This outbreak led to the inoculation of one hundred and sixteen persons in the bustee out of about two hundred. After the inoculation there occurred nine more cases of cholera, seven of which proved fatal, and one case of choleraic diarrhoea. All the ten cases occurred among the uninoculated portion of the inhabitants, which formed the minority, none of the inoculated suffering. The results were more interesting when analyzed in detail. Some of the cases had occurred in families in which some of the members had been inoculated and others not, and the disease selected the non-inoculated members, sparing the inoculated. Thus, in one house six members out of eight had been inoculated. The attack, a fatal one, occurred in one of the remaining two. In another house eleven members out of eighteen were inoculated. The eleven members remained free while four out of seven not inoculated were attacked.

Upon these observations the Calcutta municipality felt encouraged to vote funds for the continuance of the inoculations in an experimental farm, and appointed for that purpose a special staff. In 1896 the result of two years' observations were embodied by the health officer in a report to the Calcutta Municipal Corporation. It recorded a most satisfactory state of affairs. During the time under observation some eight thousand persons were inoculated. Cases of cholera occurred in seventy-seven huts in which some members of the family had been previously inoculated and others not. Comparing the incidence of the disease in the two groups, a striking advantage was found to be with the inoculated. I made an analysis of the cases according to the time which had elapsed between inoculation in each of these huts and the occurrence of cholera in them, and the following results were found. During the first four days after inoculation, apparently before the vaccine had time to produce its full protective effect, there were proportionately 1.86 times fewer deaths among the inoculated than among the non-inoculated members of the families. In a second period, extending from the fifth to the four hundred and twenty-ninth day—i. e., for fourteen months—there were 22.62 times fewer deaths among the

inoculated; while in the last period—that is, between the four hundred and thirtieth and seven hundred and twenty-eighth day after the inoculation—there were only 1.54 fewer deaths among the inoculated, the immunity having evidently gradually disappeared. The net²⁴² result was that for two years after inoculation, including the periods of incomplete protection, there was a reduction in mortality of 72.47 per cent among the inoculated; or in other words, in houses in which inoculations were performed and in which cholera subsequently occurred there were, even from the day of inoculation, before the full effect of it could be produced, eleven deaths among the non-inoculated to only three among the inoculated. Eight lives out of every eleven were saved.

At the end of my first cholera campaign, in August, 1895, there were altogether 31,056 natives of India, 125 Eurasians, 869 Europeans of the civil population, 6,627 native officers and sepoys, and 294 officers with 3,206 men of the British troops stationed in India, in all 41,787 people, who had submitted to inoculation. Observations instituted among them, especially among prisoners, soldiers and coolies in tea estates, with regard to whom detailed records could be kept, went to confirm the results as detailed above. In order to lengthen, if possible, the period of immunity, the plan was formed of inoculating stronger vaccines and in higher doses. The inoculations are now carried on in a Government laboratory, in Purulia, Bengal, chiefly among the people emigrating to the cholera districts of Assam, and there is no doubt that in the course of time a marked effect upon the prevalence of cholera in those districts will be produced and valuable theoretical data will be obtained.

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There was one noticeable feature about the results of the inoculation against cholera which early attracted my attention, and this was that while the number of attacks and the absolute number of deaths was strikingly influenced by the operation, the proportion of deaths to those attacked did not appear to be changed. The case incidence was effectively checked, but the ‘case mortality’ was not reduced. The inoculation diminished the chances of an attack of cholera—that is, the chances of the cholera virus penetrating into the tissues of a man; but if it so happened that the patient was attacked and the virus found an entrance and started growing in the system notwithstanding the inoculation, the latter would not assist in mitigating the severity of the symptoms or reducing the fatality of the disease. In analyzing this result further, it seemed to me permissible to assume that the vaccine protected against the cholera microbes themselves, but did not protect against their poisonous products, which are the cause of the actual symptoms.

This interpretation of the facts found support in a set of laboratory experiments by Professor Pfeiffer and Dr. Kolle, of Koch’s Institute, in Berlin, who showed that the blood serum of animals and persons inoculated with the cholera vaccine, as practiced in India, acquired an²⁴³ intense power of destroying cholera microbes, but exhibited no properties capable of counteracting the effect of their toxic products—no ‘antitoxic properties’. Combined with those of previous experimenters these results tended to prove that two kinds of immunity could be produced separately, and it became incumbent to devise a plan which would secure not only a lowering of susceptibility to the disease, but also a reduction in the case mortality.

For that purpose it seemed rational to attempt the treatment with a vaccine containing a combination of bodies of microbes, together with their toxic products. I intended to test this plan experimentally in the cholera districts; but, plague having broken out in Bombay, the Government of India commissioned me to inquire into the bacteriology of that disease, and I determined that the knowledge gained in the cholera inoculations should be applied and tested in the preparation of a prophylactic against the new epidemic.

The experiments I had in view involved manufacturing a material on a large scale, and operating on it for weeks continuously. To do this it was essential to find a way of recognizing plague growth with certainty, so as to enable the officers engaged in the manufacture to control the process and know exactly when they were handling the proper stuff, and when an admixture and invasion of extraneous growth took place. When this was solved, a drug was prepared by cultivating the plague microbe in sterilized broth, to which a small quantity of clarified butter or of cocoanut oil had been added. The plague bacilli attach themselves to the drops of butter or oil floating on the surface, and grow down into the depth of the liquid, forming a peculiar threadlike appearance. While doing so they secrete toxic matter, which is gradually accumulated in the liquid; at the same time a large amount of microbial growth comes gradually down from the surface of the liquid and collects at the bottom of the flask. When shaken up the whole represents the desired combination of the bodies of microbes and of their toxic products. The process is continued for a period of five to six weeks. As the microbes of plague had been very little studied before, and as their exact effect on the human system was unknown, I decided not to use for the treatment living microbes, but to use at least at first 'carbolized' vaccines, though the result of the treatment might be less favorable or less lasting than that which could be expected from living vaccines. The microbes in the above plague growth were accordingly killed by heating them at a temperature ranging from 65° to 70° C., and then mixed with a small proportion of carbolic acid, to prevent the drug from subsequent contamination and decomposition. The dose of the prophylactic was regulated by measuring up the quantity to be injected. The requisite amount is determined by the degree of fever which it produces. The febrile²⁴⁴ reaction varies in different individuals, but a temperature reaching 102° and above in at least thirty per cent of those inoculated has been found to indicate a good material. In the cholera, rabies and smallpox vaccines, the microbes being employed in a living state, it was essential to fix the strength of the vaccine, for otherwise it was impossible to predict the behavior of the microbe when injected into the system. In the case of the plague prophylactic the activity of the microbes is arrested before it is inoculated, and the effect can be regulated, as mentioned above, by simply measuring up the doses in the same way as is done with any chemical drug.

The expectation formed when devising the plan for the plague prophylactic has been very fortunately justified, and an advance on the results from the cholera vaccines was obtained; but I can not yet say certainly whether this favorable result is indeed due to the particular provisions which I had made for obtaining it.

The effect of the plague prophylactic was first tested at the Byculla Jail, in Bombay, when the epidemic reached that establishment. From the first day after the inoculation till the end of the outbreak there were in the jail twelve cases and six deaths among one hundred and seventy-two uninoculated inmates, and two cases, with no deaths, among one hundred and forty-seven inoculated. A year later, almost exactly a similar result was observed when the plague attacked the so-called Umarkhadi Common Jail, in Bombay. In this case after the inoculation there were ten cases and six deaths among one hundred and twenty-seven uninoculated inmates, and three cases, with no deaths, among one hundred and forty-seven inoculated. These and other observations show that the vaccine for the plague begins to exercise its effect within some twenty-four hours after inoculation; that it is useful even in the case of persons already infected; that it is therefore applicable at any stage of an epidemic. Numerous further observations were soon collected on the working of the system.

At the small village of Uudhera, of the Baroda feudatory state, where plague broke out, inoculation was applied to a half of each family, the other half remaining uninoculated. After that there were twenty-seven cases and twenty-six deaths among sixty-four uninoculated, and eight cases, with three deaths, among seventy-one inoculated of the same households, the proportionate difference in mortality being

over eighty-nine per cent. There followed observations on a far larger scale, demonstrating that the mortality of the inoculated, compared to that of the non-inoculated, was on an average between eighty and ninety per cent less. Sometimes this reduction reached ninety per cent. In the Punjab, in a village called Bunga, there occurred, in two hundred and eighty-one not inoculated, ninety-seven cases of plague and sixty-five deaths, while among seventy-four inoculated there²⁴⁵ were six cases, but no deaths. In Bangalore, among 80,285 of the inhabitants not inoculated, there were 2,208 deaths from plague, while among 23,537 inoculated there were only 108. The observations at Lanowli, Kirkee, Daman, Hubli, Dharwar, Gadag, in the Bombay Presidency, gave the same results. At Hubli over forty-two thousand inhabitants out of some fifty thousand were inoculated. In Bombay city, out of a population of 821,764, 157,256 have now undergone the inoculation. The work proceeds here at present at the rate of one thousand to eleven hundred inoculations a day.

From plague hospitals the returns show that among those of the attacked who were previously inoculated the mortality is reduced to less than one half of that among patients who were not inoculated. The property of reducing the case mortality thus appears to belong to the plague prophylactic in an unmistakable degree.

* * * * *

By the anti-cholera and anti-plague inoculation the methods of preventive treatment by means of cultivated bacteria and their products have been rendered, so to say, a part of the daily policy in human medicine. The usefulness and practicability of those methods have become clearly apparent, and steps have been taken to extend further the field of their application. On the ground of the experiments made with the typhoid bacillus in the Pasteur Institute in 1889-'93, and of the results obtained from the anti-cholera inoculation in India, I was able to induce Professor Wright, of the Pathological Laboratory in Netley, whom I initiated in 1892 in the principles and technique of anti-cholera inoculation, to start a campaign of similar operations against typhoid among the British troops. The latter are stationed at different times of their service very nearly in all parts of the world, and yearly pay a very heavy tribute to that disease. The medical officers in charge of these troops pass through a course of training at Netley, and Professor Wright had rendered excellent services in connection with the cholera inoculations, by disseminating the knowledge of them among the probationers of the school. It seemed to me expedient, therefore, to start the typhoid inoculation also through the staff and pupils of that school. The following plan as to the preparation of the vaccine, and the way of carrying out the inoculation, was laid before Professor Wright. The typhoid bacillus was to be brought to a fixed stage of virulence by the inoculation in the peritoneal cavity of Guinea pigs, according to the exact rules prescribed for the anti-cholera inoculation. Once the virus was fixed, it was to be cultivated for twenty-four hours on a solid medium, and a first vaccine prepared by carbolizing that virus. As, however, the durability of the effect of carbolized vaccine alone was not known, this was to be followed up by the injection of a dose of the fixed living virus.

²⁴⁶ The inoculation was first to be made on volunteers among the physicians on probation at Netley; then on volunteers among the young officers of the army on the eve of their departure for the tropics; and then, with the approval of the military authorities, on volunteers among private soldiers. At the end of 1895, during my visit to England, I obtained from Sir William Mackinnon, then Director-General of the Army Medical Department, permission for Professor Wright to start the work upon the plan above detailed; and the first inoculations, in the way described above, were done in the middle of 1896. Soon after that, Pfeiffer and Kolle, recognizing the same similarity between the cholera and typhoid microbes, and pointing out that the results obtained by us in India were likely to be repeated when applying the method to typhoid, proposed and started a similar series of inoculations.

When the inoculation against plague was begun, and observation showed that dead vaccines alone were apparently sufficient to produce satisfactory results, a second inoculation with living virus appeared less urgently necessary; and as the effect of such an inoculation, which Professor Wright very courageously tried first on himself, seemed troublesome, it was decided to do for the time being the second inoculation also with the carbolized virus. Similarly, the plan which was adopted for the plague inoculation, of cultivating the vaccine in a liquid, instead of a solid medium, and of using cultures of several weeks' duration, has been subsequently adopted in the typhoid inoculation also.

Many thousands of British soldiers and civilians have already undergone the inoculation in question. The latter was done partly with vaccines cultivated on a solid medium, according to the older plan, and partly with vaccines prepared according to the plague inoculation method. The results so far observed are encouraging, and, I hope, will shortly be improved considerably. At the last Harveian dinner in London, Surgeon-General Jameson, Director-General of the Army Medical Department, summarized the results of the observations in India, where, among several thousands of young soldiers, the most prone to the disease, the incidence of typhoid since their inoculation was 0.7 per mille, while among the older, more resistant, not inoculated soldiers, the incidence was during the same period just double that. A large proportion of the force now on service in the South African campaign have been inoculated, some before embarking and others on their way out.

* * * * *

Such is the position of preventive inoculation, as applied, so far, to human communities. The very success of these operations is now apt to create some sort of feigned or earnest alarm, and one meets at present with the question, What is going to happen to our poor²⁴⁷ body if we are to be inoculated against all diseases? and with this other one, How do you expect us to make a living if you try to keep all of us alive? The humorous form of these questions usually permits of their dropping out of the conversation without a reply. The earnest answers are, however, obvious. The efforts of the bacteriologists in combating diseases are at present directed to a twofold aim: their prevention, by a prophylactic treatment, and their cure. The advantage of a curative treatment is that it is to be applied to a relatively small number of persons, to those who actually fall victims to an attack; while that of the preventive treatment is in the greater certainty with which safety and protection are secured by it. The relative position of the two treatments will, in practice, differ in different diseases—namely, according to the prevalence and fatality of a given disease, and according to the merits of the two treatments as they stand at the time. In diseases in which the risks of being attacked are smaller, or the consequences of an attack less serious, or for which a very effective and sure curative treatment has been discovered, the majority of people will prefer to wait for an actual attack rather than to undergo the discomfort of a preventive treatment; in diseases, on the contrary, in which the chances of being attacked are great, or in which the fatality is higher, the sequelæ of an attack more serious, and for which a successful and not very troublesome preventive treatment has been found, large numbers will undergo preventive inoculation. But, even in the latter case, a mutual co-operation between the two methods will exist always, as there will always be a number of people, either among those who have neglected to protect themselves by inoculation, or among those in whom the inoculation has proved unsuccessful, who will fall victims to an attack and require the benefits of a curative treatment, be those at the time little or great.

The answer to the second question is of course to be expected rather from the politico-economist, the wise administrator, the civilian, than from the bacteriologist. In any case it is clear already that if we are ever to be told that we must thin our ranks, we shall prefer not to leave the task in the hands of the indiscriminating microbe, but to have some voice in the matter ourselves. Inoculation marks only the conquest of another force which henceforth we shall be glad to control.

Bombay, India, March, 1900.

Pressensé, Edmond Dehault de

1911 Encyclopædia Britannica, Volume 22

WikiSource

See also Edmond de Pressensé on Wikipedia; and our 1911 Encyclopædia Britannica disclaimer.

PRESSENSÉ, EDMOND DEHAULT DE (1824-1891), French Protestant divine, was born at Paris on the 7th of January 1824. He studied at Lausanne under Alexander Vinet, and at Halle and Berlin under F. A. G. Tholuck and J. A. W. Neander, and in 1847 became pastor in the Evangelical Free Church at the chapel of Taitbout in Paris. He was a powerful preacher and a good political speaker; from 1871 he was a member of the National Assembly, and from 1883 a senator. In 1890, he was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences. Pressensé laboured for the revival of biblical studies. He contended that the Evangelical Church ought to be independent of the power of the state. He died on the 8th of April 1891.

He founded in 1854 the *Revue chrétienne*, and in 1866 the *Bulletin théologique*. His works include: *Histoire des trois premiers siècles de l'église chrétienne* (6 vols. 1856-1877; new ed. 1887-1889), *L'Église et la révolution française* (1864; 3rd ed., 1889), *Jésus-Christ, son temps, sa vie, son œuvre* (against E. Renan, 1866; 7th ed. 1884), *Les Origines, le problème de la connaissance; le problème cosmologique* (1883; 2nd ed. 1887). See T. Roussel, *Notice sur la vie et les œuvres de Pressensé*

(1894).

The Gateless Gate (1228) by Mumon, translated by

Nyogen Senzaki and Paul Reps

Koan number 2 out of 49 in this work (published 1228, translated 1934)

Once when Hyakujo delivered some Zen lectures an old man attended them, unseen by the monks. At the end of each talk when the monks left so did he. But one day he remained after they had gone, and Hyakujo asked him: "Who are you?"

The old man replied: "I am not a human being, but I was a human being when the Kashapa Buddha preached in this world. I was a Zen master and lived on this mountain. At that time one of my students asked me whether or not the enlightened man is subject to the law of causation. I answered him: 'The enlightened man is not subject to the law of causation.' For this answer evidencing a clinging to absoluteness I became a fox for five hundred rebirths, and I am still a fox. Will you save me from this condition with your Zen words and let me get out of a fox's body? Now may I ask you: Is the enlightened man subject to the law of causation?"

Hyakujo said: "The enlightened man is one with the law of causation."

At the words of Hyakujo the old man was enlightened. "I am emancipated," he said, paying homage with a deep bow. "I am no more a fox, but I have to leave my body in my dwelling place behind this mountain. Please perform my funeral as a monk." Then he disappeared.

The next day Hyakujo gave an order through the chief monk to prepare to attend the funeral of a monk. "No one was sick in the infirmary," wondered the monks. "What does our teacher mean?"

After dinner Hyakujo led the monks out and around the mountain. In a cave, with his staff he poked out the corpse of an old fox and then performed the ceremony of cremation.

That evening Hyakujo gave a talk to the monks and told them this story about the law of causation.

Obaku, upon hearing the story, asked Hyakujo: "I understand that a long time ago because a certain person gave a wrong Zen answer he became a fox for five hundred rebirths. Now I want to ask: If some modern master is asked many questions and he always gives the right answer, what will become of him?"

Hyakujo said: "You come here near me and I will tell you."

Obaku went near Hyakujo and slapped the teacher's face with his hand, for he knew this was the answer his teacher intended to give him.

Hyakujo clapped his hands and laughed at this discernment. "I thought a Persian had a red beard," he said, "and now I know a Persian who has a red beard."

Mumon's comment: "The enlightened man is not subject." How can this answer make the monk a fox? "The enlightened man is one with the law of causation." How can this answer make the fox emancipated?

To understand this clearly one has to have just one eye.

Controlled or not controlled?

The same dice shows two faces.

Not controlled or controlled,

Both are a grievous error.

O'Meara, Barry Edward

Dictionary of National Biography, 1885-1900, Volume 42

by William Wallingford Knollys

Sister Projects.sister projects: [Wikipedia article](#), [Wikidata item](#).

O'MEARA, BARRY EDWARD (1786–1836), surgeon to Napoleon I, born in Ireland in 1786, was the son of Jeremiah O'Meara, a 'member of the legal profession,' by Miss Murphy, sister of Edmund Murphy, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, and rector of Tartaraghan, co. Armagh. He is supposed to have been a descendant of the Irish medical family, of which Dermot Meara [q. v.] was a member (cf. Cameron, *Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland*, p. 6). The statement has been repeated that he was educated at Trinity College, and at the Royal College of Surgeons, in Dublin; but his name is not borne upon the registers of either society, and it is more probable that he studied surgery in London. He entered the army in 804 as assistant-surgeon to the 62nd regiment, served with it in Sicily and Calabria, and in General Fraser's expedition to Egypt in 1807, and was senior medical officer to the troops which held the fortress of Scylla. After the conclusion of the expedition of 1807, he was second in a bloodless duel at Messina in Sicily between two military officers, one of whom was O'Meara's old schoolfellow; and owing to the intervention of Lieutenant-colonel Sir John Stuart, who was resolved to suppress the practice of duelling, O'Meara and his principal, who was the challenger, were both ordered to leave the

service. Subsequently O'Meara became assistant-surgeon on board H.M.S. Victorious (Captain Sir John Talbot), and later was surgeon successively on board the *Espiègle*, the *Goliath*, and the *Bellerophon* when it received Napoleon in 1816. In both the *Goliath* and the *Bellerophon* he served under Captain Maitland [see Maitland, Sir Frederick Lewis], who spoke highly of him. During the passage from Rochefort to Plymouth Bonaparte was attracted by his power of speaking Italian, and, when his own surgeon, Menges, declined to follow him into exile, he asked that O'Meara should be allowed to accompany him to St. Helena as his medical attendant. The admiralty readily permitted him to join the emperor. Napoleon seems to have felt little confidence in his medical skill, but treated him with greater friendliness than was agreeable to Montholon, Las Cases, and other members of his suite.

O'Meara had foreseen that his position might become delicate and difficult. Lowe wished him to act to some extent as a spy upon his prisoner, and to repeat to him the private conversations of the emperor. He recommended that O'Meara's stipend should be raised from 366l. to 520l. per annum, and for some time their relations were cordial. But Lowe soon detected O'Meara in several irregularities, for which he reprimanded him with asperity. O'Meara retaliated by withholding his reports of Napoleon's conversations. The breach rapidly widened, and O'Meara lent himself with increasing readiness to Napoleon's policy of exasperation. Lowe asked the government to recall O'Meara. Lord Bathurst at first declined, but in May 1818 evidence of O'Meara's intrigues reached him from a source other than the governor's despatches, and in July O'Meara was dismissed from his post. He carried with him from the island an autograph note from Napoleon, dated 25 July 1818, which ran: 'Je prie mes parens et mes amis de croire tout ce que le docteur O'Meara leur dira relativement à la position où je me trouve et aux sentimens que je conserve. S'il voit ma bonne Louise, je la prie de permettre qu'il lui baise la main.' Upon his arrival in England he despatched, on 28 Oct. 1818, a letter to the admiralty, insinuating that Napoleon's life was not safe in Lowe's hands. The admiralty, by way of reply, informed O'Meara on 2 Nov. that his name had been erased from the list of naval surgeons. There seems no doubt that his conduct throughout was that of an indiscreet partisan, or rather puppet, of Napoleon; and his diagnosis of his patient's case as one of liver disease induced by the malignity of the climate was falsified by Napoleon's subsequent death from a disease which is not affected by climate (Arnott, *Napoleon's Last Illness*).

O'Meara's attitude rendered him extremely popular with a large party in England, and Byron, in his 'Age of Bronze,' thus mentioned the incident of his dismissal:

*The stiff surgeon who maintained his cause
Hath lost his place and gained the world's applause.*

O'Meara subsequently attached himself to the opposition, and espoused the cause of Queen Caroline. Moore the poet, writing in 1820 in his 'Journal,' says that O'Meara devoted himself to the queen's business, and collected her witnesses, &c., at her trial. He also became an active member of the Reform Club, joining the first committee in 1836, and was a warm adherent of Daniel O'Connell.

O'Meara had commenced a pamphlet war against his enemy Lowe by the anonymous publication in 1817 of 'Letters from the Cape of Good Hope,' of which a French version appeared two years later. This was written in reply to Dr. William Warden's 'Letters written on board the *Northumberland* and at St. Helena,' 1816. In 1819 an attempt to vindicate Lowe's position was made in an anonymous pamphlet (assigned to Theodore Hook), 'Facts illustrative of the Treatment of Napoleon Bonaparte,' which was criticised severely in the 'Edinburgh Review' (xxxii. 148–70). Later in the year O'Meara published 'An Exposition of some of the Transactions that have taken place at St. Helena since the appointment of Sir Hudson Lowe as Governor,' in which he replied to the anonymous pamphlet. His

'Exposition' was well received, and in 1822 he produced an expanded version as 'Napoleon in Exile; or a Voice from St. Helena. The Opinions and Reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his life and government, in his own words,' 2 vols. 8vo. This work created a great sensation, and it soon reached a fifth edition, while a French translation appeared in three volumes between 1822 and 1825. Its most valuable feature was an account of Napoleon's outspoken conversations with O'Meara; but the chapters that chiefly rendered it popular were those that pitilessly denounced the treatment meted out to Napoleon by Lowe and the government. Croker in the 'Quarterly Review' (October 1822, xxviii. 219–64), and Christopher North in 'Blackwood's Magazine' (xiv. 172), in reviewing it, assailed O'Meara furiously; while the 'Edinburgh' for June defended him with equal warmth (xxxvii. 164–204).

Lowe did not take any steps to defend his character from O'Meara's embittered attacks till, in Hilary term 1823, he applied for a rule for a criminal information. He was then informed that his case was 'lost in point of time,' and he was dissuaded from indicting O'Meara, or bringing an action for damages against him. But Lord Bathurst advised Lowe to draw up a full vindication of his government at St. Helena, and publish it with other documents. This counsel Sir Hudson did not follow, but, instead, wearied the government with applications for redress. It was not until 1853 that the publication of William Forsyth's 'Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, from the Letters and Journals of Sir Hudson Lowe,' proved that O'Meara had overstated his case, and was largely inspired by bitter personal feeling against Lowe. Besides a few pamphlets, O'Meara's only further publication was some 'Observations upon the Authenticity of Bourrienne's "Memoirs"' (1831). He left in manuscript a journal kept at St. Helena, which he bequeathed to Mr. Mailliard of Bordentown, New Jersey, formerly Joseph Bonaparte's private secretary. He died on 3 June 1836 at his house in Edgware Road, of erysipelas in the head, contracted, it was said, by attending one of O'Connell's meetings. Many relics of Napoleon, including a tooth extracted by O'Meara, which fetched seven guineas and a half, were sold at the sale of his effects on 18 and 19 July.

O'Meara was twice married. He became, in 1823, the third husband of Theodosia, daughter of Sir Edward Boughton of Lawford, Warwickshire. She first married, in 1777, Captain John Donellan, who was hanged at Warwick in 1781 for poisoning her brother, Sir Theodosius Edward Allesley Boughton. Her second husband was Sir Egerton Leigh, bart. (d. 1818), by whom she had one son and three daughters. She died in 1830 (Gent. Mag. 1830, pt. ii. p. 179). Kathleen O'Meara [q. v.], the granddaughter of O'Meara, is noticed separately.

[Las Cases' *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*, pt. vi. p. 370; 'Napoleon à Sainte-Hélène,' *Rapports Officiels du Baron Sturmer*; Firmin-Didot's *La Captivité de Sainte-Hélène d'après les Rapports du Marquis de Montchenu*, 1894; Thiers's *Hist. de l'Empire*, 1879, iv. 678, 681; Alison's *Hist. of Europe*; Moore's *Corresp.* vol. iii.; Fagan's *Reform Club*, pp. 27, 30, 35; *Annual Register*, 1836; Gent. Mag. 1836, pt. ii. pp. 219, 434; Allibone's *Dict.*; *Brit. Mus. Cat.*; information kindly given by Charles M. Tenison, esq., of Hobart, Tasmania; and see art. Lowe, Sir Hudson.]

THE STOLEN HEIRESS:

OR THE
Salamanca Doctor Outplotted.

A
COMEDY.
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Drawn from:

THE
WORKS
OF THE CELEBRATED
Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

VOLUME ONE

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Printed for J. KNAPTON, C. HITCH and L. HAWES,
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M.DCC.LXI.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. PRINCE.

_ Our Author fearing his Success to Day,_
_ Sends me to bribe your Spleen against his Play,_
_ And if a Ghost in_ Nelly's _Time cou'd sooth ye,_
_ He hopes in these that Flesh and Blood may move ye,_
_ Nay, what is more, to win your Hearts, a Maid!_ _
_ If ever such a Thing the Play-house had._
_ For Cold and Shade the waxen Blossom's born,_
_ Not to endure the Regions of the Sun,_
_ Let every Beau then his Applause begin,_
_ And think the Rarity was born for him:_
_ Your true-bred Knights for fancy'd Dames advance,_
_ And think it Gallantry to break a Launce,_
_ And shall a real Damsel e'er be found_ _
_ To plead her Cause in vain on_ English _Ground,_
_ Unless that dreadful Prophecy's begun,_
_ In which Seven Women are to share----one Man!_ _
_ But thanks my Stars that Danger I disown,_
_ For in the Pit, I see 'tis--one--to one._ _

And while the Fair can all their Rights enjoy,_
We'll keep our Title up to being Coy,_
So let your Praise be noisy as your Wine,_
And grant your Favours, if you'd purchase mine._

* * * * *

A SONG design'd to be sung by Mr. DOGGET.

The Man you Ladies ought to fear,_
Behold and see his Picture here._
With Arms a-cross, and down-cast Eyes_
Thus languishes, and thus he dies,_
Then gives his Hat a careless Pull,_
Thus he sighs, and thus looks dull,_
Thus he ogles, thus he sneers,_
Thus he winks, and thus he learns._
This, this is he alone can move,_
And this the Man the Ladies love._

THE

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. DOGGET.

You have seen what Scholar is in Cap and Gown,_
Before his Breeding's polish'd by this Town:_
'Tis not enough, that he can Hebrew speak,_
Greek, Latin, Chaldeac, and Arabick;
He may perform his Task in Church and School,_
Ne'er drop a Word, that is not Grammar-Rule._
Run through the Arts; can each Degree commence,_
Yet be a Freshman still, to Men of Sense._
Tho' the learn'd Youth, can all the Sages quote,_
Has Homer, Hesiod, and the rest by Wrote;_
Yet what's all this to Picquet, Dress or Play?_
Or to the Circle, on a Visiting-Day?_
A finish'd Beau; for such fine things I have seen,_
That heretofore, has of some College been:_
But that Despising, nothing now retains, }
For Learning is a Thing requires Brains; }
And that's a Perquisite the Gentleman disdains. }
The Great Dull Ass, from breaking Head of Priscian;

_ Hither he comes, and writes approv'd Physician._
 _ The Noise of Chariot brings the Patients in;_
 _ Grant them Patience, that Physick for their Sin._
 _ Well then----_
 _ Since Learning's useless, I'll the Task defy;_
 _ Practice to Ogle, Flatter, Swear and Lye;_
 _ For that's the Way the Ladies Hearts to gain,_
 _ Burn all my Books; my Studies are but vain:_
 _ To gain their Looks, each Shape and Dress I'll try;_
 _ Smile when they Smile; and when they Frown, I Die.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Governor of _Palermo_, _Mr._ Bowman.
Count Pirro, _Nephew to the Governor_, _Mr._ Griffith.
Gravello, a Sicilian _Lord, Father to_ }
Lucasia, } _Mr._ Freeman.
Larich, _his Brother_, _Mr._ Fieldhouse.
Lord Euphenes, _an old Sicilian General_, _Mr._ Arnold.
Palante, _Son to Euphenes, but unknown_ }
in Love with Lucasia, } _Mr._ Powel.
Clerimont, _his Friend_, _Mr._ Baile.
Eugenio, _Son to Gravello in Disguise_ }
under the Name of Irus, } _Mr._ Booth.
Alphonso, _formerly an Officer under_ }
Euphenes, } _Mr._ Knap.
Francisco, _in Love with Lavinia_, _Mr._ Pack.
Sancho, _a Pedant, bred at Salamanca_, }
design'd by Larich, _a Husband for_ } _Mr._ Dogget.
Lavinia, }
Tristram, _his Man_, _Mr._ Lee.
Rosco, _Servant to Count Gravello_, Mr. Bright.

WOMEN.

Lucasia, _Daughter to_ Gravello, _in_ }
 Love with Palante, } _Mrs._ Barry.
 Lavinia, _Daughter to_ Larich, _in Love_ }
 with Francisco, } _Mrs._ Prince.
 Laura, _Woman to_ Lucasia, } _Mrs._ Lawson.

The SCENE _in_ PALERMO.

THE STOLEN HEIRESS:

OR, THE

SALAMANCA DOCTOR Outplotted.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Count Gravello _and_ Rosco.

Gravello. ROSCO!

Rosco. My Lord.

Grav. Hast thou divulg'd the News that my Son died at _Rome_?

Rosco. Yes, my Lord, with every Circumstance, the Time, the Place, and Manner of his Death; that 'tis believed, and told for Truth with as much Confidence, as if they had been Spectators of his End.

Grav. That's well, that's very well, now _Rosco_ follows my Part, I must express a most unusual Grief, not like a well-left Heir for his dead Father, or a lusty Widow for an old decrepit Husband; no, I must counterfeit in a far deeper Strain; weep like a Parent for an only Son: Is not this a hard Task? Ha, _Rosco_?

Rosco. Ah, no, my Lord, not for your Skill; in your Youth your Lordship saw Plays, conversed with Players, knew the fam'd _Alberto_.

Grav. 'Tis true, by Heav'n, I have seen that Knave paint Grief in such a lively Colour, that for false and acted Passion he has drawn true Tears, the Ladies kept Time with his Sighs, and wept to his sad Accents as if he had truly been the Man he seem'd, then I'll try my Part, thou hast still been privy to my Bosom Secrets; know'st Wealth and Ambition are the Darlings of my Soul; nor will I leave a Stratagem unessay'd to raise my Family. My Son is well and safe, but by Command from me he returns not this three Months. My Daughter, my _Lucasia_, is my only Care, and to advance her Fortune have I fram'd this Project; how dost like it, _Rosco_, ha!

Rosco. Rarely, my Lord, my Lady will be now suppos'd the Heir to all your vast Revenues, and pester'd with more Suitors than the _Grecian_ Queen, in the long Absence of her Lord. You'll have the Dons, Lords and Dukes swarm about your House like Bees.

Grav. My Aim is fix'd at the Rich and Great, he that has Wealth enough, yet longs for more, Count _Pirro_, the Governor's Heir and Nephew, that rich Lord that knows no End of his large Fortunes, yet still gapes on, for Gold is a sure Bait to gain him, no other Loadstone can attract his Iron Heart, 'tis proof against the Force of Beauty, else I should not need this Stratagem, for Nature has not prov'd a Niggard to my Daughter.

Rosco. To him, I'm sure, she's play'd the Step-Dame, I much fear
Lucasia will not relish such a Match.

Grav. Ha! not relish it! has she any other Taste but mine, or shall she dare to wish ought that may contradict my Purpose--But hold, perhaps you know how she's inclin'd, you may be confederate with her, and manage her Intrigues with that Beggar _Palante_, who is only by Lord
Euphene's Bounty, my mortal Enemies, kept from starving.

Rosco. Who I, my good Lord? Heav'n knows, I have learnt by your Lordship's Example, always to hate the Poor, and like the Courtier, never to do ought without a Bribe.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, Count _Pirro_, to wait upon your Lordship.

Grav. Conduct him in. [_Exit. Serv._] Now _Rosco_, to my Couch; if my Plot takes, I'm a happy Man.

Enter Count Pirro.

Pirro. Is your Lord asleep?

Ros. I think not, my Lord, but thus he lies, Heav'n knows when this Grief will end--My Lord, my Lord, the Count of _Pirro_.

Grav. I pray your Lordship pardon me, at this Time I'm not fit to entertain Persons of your Worth.

Pir. Alas! my Lord, I know your Grief.

Ros. Ay, 'twas that brought his good Lordship hither.

Pir. You have lost a worthy, and a hopeful Son, but Heav'n that always gives, will sometimes take, and there's no Balsam left to cure these

Wounds but Patience; there's no disputing with it, yet if there were, in what could you accuse those Pow'rs, that else have been so liberal to you, and left you to bless your Age a beauteous Daughter.

Ros. Now it begins to work. [_Aside._

Pirro. Your Blood is not extinct, nor are you Childless, Sir, from that fair Branch may come much Fruit to glad Posterity; think on this, my Lord.

Grav. I know I should not repine, my Lord, but Nature will prevail, I cannot help reflecting on my Loss; alas, my Lord, you know not what it is to lose a Son; 'tis true, I have still a Child, Heav'n has now confin'd my Care to one, to see her well bestow'd shall be the Business of my Life--Oh! my _Eugenio_.

Ros. Egad, he does it rarely. [_Aside._

Pirr. How shall I manage, that he may not suspect my Love to his Daughter proceeds from his Son's Death, [_Aside._] I was just coming to make a Proposal to your Lordship as the News reach'd my Ear, I much fear the Time's improper now to talk of Business.

Grav. Pray Heaven it be the Business I wish; were my Grief more great, if possible, yet would I suspend it to hear my Lord of _Pirro_.

Ros. Cunningly insinuated. [_Aside._

Pirro. Your Lordship is too obliging.

Grav. Not at all, pray proceed, my Lord.

Pirro. It was, my Lord, to have ask'd the fair _Lucasia_ for my Wife.

Ros. So he has swallow'd the Bait. [_Aside._

Grav. As I could wish. [_Aside._

Pirro. 'Twas not out of any Consideration of her present Fortune, my Lord, I hope you'll not believe, since I designed it e'er I knew _Eugenio_ dead. I wish he may believe me. [_Aside._

Grav. If 'twas, my Lord of _Pirro_ does deserve it all, nor would I wish my Child a better Match. But 'tis too soon to treat of Marriage after such a Loss.

Rosco. Dear Sir, consent to this good Lord, so will your Care be over, and hopeful Grandsons make up poor _Eugenio_'s Loss.

Grav. What would you have me think of Joy and Death at once, and mingle the Grave and Marriages together.

Pirro. If you'll consent, my Lord, a private Marriage may be had, and so dispense with the usual Solemnities of Joy. If you refuse me, I shall think you slight my Claim.

Grav. That Argument alone prevails: No, I will never give the Count of _Pirro_ Cause to doubt of my Esteem.

Rosco. Consider, my Lord, she's an Heiress, that may set bold desperate Youths on rash Attempts; and tho' they know _Sicilian_ Laws gives Death to him that steals an Heiress, yet I'll not warrant her Safety till to-morrow Night.

Pirro. He's in the right, my Lord.

Grav. Away, and call her, tho' she's disorder'd with her Griefs. Now thou hast rais'd another Fear, and my poor Heart trembles for _Lucasia_, as it for _Eugenio_ bleeds. [_Ex._ Rosco.

Pirro. Within my Arms she shall be safe and happy, the Governor, my noble Uncle, and my Friend, her great Protector.

Enter Rosco _with_ Lucasia.

Grav. Come near _Lucasia_, like the Ambassadors from this World's great Rulers, I bring thee Grief and Joy, pause not upon a Brother's Loss, tho' 'twas a dear one; but fix thy Thoughts here, upon this Lord; thus I bequeath thee to the illustrious Count of _Pirro_.

Pirro. Thus I with Extasy receive her.
[_Kneels and kisses her Hand._

Luc. You'll give me Leave, my Lord, to wake from this Confusion:
Is't possible! do I behold my Father?
Can he resolve, at once, to part with both
His Children, my Brother, the best of Men,
No more will bless his Roof, no more will grace
This Palace with his Presence----
Must I be cast out too, far more unblest
Than he who's lodg'd within the peaceful Grave.
Oh, send me to him, e'er you condemn me
To perpetual Bondage, to a Life of Woe;
To a Marriage unthought of, unforeseen.

Pirro. Madam----

Grav. Mind her not, my Lord, 'tis Grief, 'tis mere Distraction, she

shan't dispute my Will. Please to walk in, my Lord, we'll peruse the Writings of your Estate, and hear what Settlement you'll make her, and to-morrow the Priest shall join you, to alleviate her Griefs, and Mine.

Pirro. But to see her weep thus, damps all my rising Joy.

Grav. They are but Virgin Tears, pray come with me, Daughter, you know my Will, I expect you be obedient; you know 'tis your Duty.

Luc. I know 'tis Sir.----
But you, I hope, will give my Tortur'd Heart
Your Leave to break, and that may shew my Duty.

Pirro. Fair Lucasia .

Luc. Oh, Distraction! [_Flings from him._

Grav. Pray come, my Lord, let her have her Way, the Fits of Women's
 Grief last not long, at least when I command she shall obey.
 [Exeunt, all but Lucasia.

Luc. A dismal Sentence, it strikes me upon my Soul,
And raises Terrors far more grim than Death;
Forgive me, Brother, if t' thy Memory
I pay not one Tear more, all now are due
To Love, and my Palante .

Enter Laura.

Lau. You name the Man that waits by me conceal'd,
 For one blest Minute to comfort his Lucasia .

Luc. All Minutes now are curs'd, no chearful day,
Will ever bring the lost Lucasia Peace.

Lau. Come forth, Sir, I believe you'll prove the best Physician.

Enter Palante.

Luc. Oh _Palante_, art thou come prepar'd to weep,
Else, for me, thou art no fit Companion,
For I have News will rack thy very Soul.

Pal. Yes, I have heard of brave _Eugenio_'s Death;
He was thy Brother, and my early Friend:
Thus doubly ty'd, thou need'st not doubt I mourn
Him truly----

Luc. Oh poor Palante !

So wretched _Alcione_ did at Distance grieve,
When she beheld the floating Corps,
And knew not 'twas her Husband.

Pal. What means my Love?

Luc. Dost thou not love me, my _Palante_?

Pal. Oh! after so many Years of faithful Service,
Why am I ask'd that Question?

Luc. It were better that thou didst not, for when
Thou hear'st the Story 'twill turn thee into Marble;
'Twill shock thy manly Heart, and make each Nerve
Lose its accustomed Faculty, chill all
Thy Blood, and make thine Eyes run o'er like mine,
For we must part for ever.

Pal. Can that Voice pronounce a Sound so dreadful?
Art thou then alter'd with thy Fortune? Must
I lose thee?

Luc. O thou unkind one to suspect my Love,
My promis'd Faith, or think me in the least
Consenting to my rigid Father's Will,
Who, but now has given me to the Count of _Pirro_.

Pal. Ha! to the Count of _Pirro_, that Lump of Deformity:
My Sword has been my Fortune hitherto,
And ne'er was wont to fail its Master, and
Whilst this Arm can hold it, I'll maintain my Right.

Luc. Which Way rash Man, is he not surrounded
By numerous Friends, and waiting Slaves?
Does not inevitable Death attend
Thy desperate Purpose?

Pal. Then let that same Sword, the old Acquaintance
Of my Arm, pierce its lost Master's Breast, and
End my Sorrows.

Luc. Forbid it Heaven, is there no other Way?

Pal. But one, and that I dare not name.

Luc. Oh! how has thy _Lucasia_, since first our
Mutual Vows were plighted, given Cause for Doubt.
Why dost thou fear to ask, since all is thine, within
The Bounds of Honour.

Pal. When I attempt ought against _Lucasia_,
Contrary to the nicest Rules of Virtue,
May Heaven, and she, forsake me.

Luc. Oh, I know it, and when I refuse what
May advance our Loves, may I be curst
With that hated Count of _Pirro_. Speak, my _Palante_.

Pal. Can I--Ye all-seeing Powers, move so bold a Suit,
Oh! let me humbly ask it on my Knees,
To quit her cruel Father's House,
And all the Grandeur of a pompous Court.
To bear a Part in my hard Fortunes;
Oh! 'tis too much to think, to wish, to hope.

Luc. Yes, dear _Palante_, more than this I'd do for thee.
What's Pomp and Greatness when compared with Love?
Oh! that thou wert some humble Shepherd on
Our _Sicilian_ Plain, I thy chearful Mate,
Wou'd watch with Pleasure till the Ev'ning Tide,
And wait thy blest Return, with as much Joy
As Queens expect Victorious Monarchs, and
Think myself more blest than they. But, oh _Palante_!
Thou know'st our Country's Laws gives Death without
Reprieve to him that weds an Heiress against her Parents Will,
Tho' with her own Consent.

Pal. Who would not die to purchase thee? For I
Must die without thee.

Luc. No, live _Palante_, we'll together tread
The Maze of Life, and stand the Shock of Fate.
The Power's Decree, or both our Happiness,
Or both our Miseries, where shall we meet?
For I will leave this loathsome House, before their
Watch grows stricter.

Pal. Will thou then forsake the World for thy _Palante_?
Everlasting Blessings fall around thee,
And crown thy Days and Nights with Peace and Joy.
Oh! my fond Heart, I cannot half express
The Raptures thou hast rais'd, thou Treasure of
My Soul, let me embrace thee, and while thus
I hold thee in my Arms, I'm richer than
The _Eastern_ Monarch, nor wou'd I quit thee
To be as great as he----
Oh! let but what my Arms infolds be mine;
Take all the rest the World contains, my Life.

Luc. My _Palante_ ----

Pal. I have an only Friend, faithful and just
As men of old before Deceit became
A Trade, he shall assist us in our Flight;
He shall prepare a Priest, if thou wilt meet
Me in the _Eastern_ Grove; when we are wed
We'll fly to _Spain_, till Time and Friends procure
My Pardon.

Luc. In some Disguise I'll meet thee there,
Just at the Hour of Noon,
For then my Father sleeps, and I will take
The Opportunity----
And, oh! I fear no Danger but for thee.

Pal. For me there's none, whilst thou'rt safe, and with
Me thy Loss alone can make _Palante_ die.

Enter Laura.

Laura. Madam, your Father----

Luc. Away _Palante_, may all the Pow'rs preserve thee.

Pal. And thou the best of Woman-kind.
[_Exeunt severally._]

Luc. _O Love, thou that hast join'd a faithful Pair,_
Guard my Palante, _make him all thy Care_.
Fate's utmost Rigor we resolve to try,
Live both together, or together die.

Enter Count Gravello, Larich, _and_ Lavinia.

Grav. Brother, you are welcome to the House of Sorrow; but I have
learnt so much Philosophy, to cease to mourn when the Cause is past
Redress. Once more, forgetting Grief, you are welcome, you, and my fair
Niece.

Lar. Thank you Brother--the Girl's a foolish Girl--Marriageable, but
foolish--You understand me.

Lavin. I thank you, Sir.

Larich. Why, are you not a Fool, Hussy--look'e Brother, I have
provided the Mynx a rich Husband, a Scholar too, Body of me bred all
his youth at _Salamanca_, learn'd enough to commence Doctor--I love a

learn'd Man, especially when Riches too concur; he's the Son and Heir of my old Friend _Don Sancho_, of _Syracuse_--and the Baggage cries _I hate him_, and yet has never seen him; but she is in Love, forsooth, with a young beggarly Dog, not worth a Groat; but I'll prevent her, I'll warrant her.

Grav. Just, just my Case, we are Brothers in every Thing, my Daughter too thinks her Judgment wisest, and flies a Fortune for a Princess, but her Reign's at an End, to-morrow I'm rid of her; I warrant you, Brother, we'll hamper the young Sluts.

Lavin. You may be both mistaken, old Gentlemen, if my Cousin is of my Mind.

Larich. What's that you mutter, Mrs. Littlewit ?

Lavin. I say, I long to see my Cousin _Lucasia_, Sir, I hope that's no Crime.

Grav. No, no, _Rosco_, wait of her in to my Daughter, and dost hear Lavinia ? Pr'ythee, let Obedience be thy Study, and teach it her.

Lavin. I'll warrant you, Sir, I'll teach her to be Obedient, if she'll
but follow my Advice, [_Aside._] but 'tis something hard, though Uncle,
to marry a Man at first Sight one's heard but an indifferent Character
of.

Larich. How, Hussy, are you a Judge of Characters? Is he not a Scholar? Answer me that.

Lavin. A meer Scholar is a meer---You know the old Proverb, Father.

Larich. Do you hear the perverse Baggage; get you out of my Sight,
Hussy.

Lavin. I am obedient, Sir--I dare swear I shall find better Company
than two old arbitrary Dons. [Exit with Rosco.

Larich. Did you ever see such a Slut? body o'me these wild Wenches are enough to make old Men mad.

Grav. My Daughter is of another Strain, solid as Man but obstinate as Woman; but no Matter, when she is married my Care is over, let Count Pirro look to't.

Larich. Count _Pirro_! body o'me a mighty Fortune for my Cousin; why, he's rich enough to buy a Principality; my Son's rich too, and a great Scholar, which I admire above all Things.

Enter Rosco.

Rosco. Oh! Sir, such News, such a Sight, Sir!

Larich. What's the Matter?

Rosco. Don _Sancho_ come to Town in his _Salamanca_ Habit, his Dress, and grave Phiz has alarm'd the Mob, that there's such a crowd about the Inn Door, I'll maintain't his Landlord gives him free Quarter for a Twelve-month, if he'll let him expose him to Advantage, ha, ha, ha, he makes as odd a Figure, Sir, as the famous _Don Quixot_, when he went in Search of his _Dulcinea_.

Larich. Brother, pray correct your Servant, I like not his ridiculous Jests upon the Habit of the Learned, my Son-in-Law that is to be, minds nothing but his Books.

Rosco. Sir, I ask your Pardon, my niggard Stars have not allow'd Line enough to my Judgment, to fathom the Profundity of your Son's Shallow Capacity-- [_Bowing comically._

Grav. Peace, Sirrah--Come, Brother, now your Son's arriv'd, I hope we shall have a double Match to-morrow----We'll not consult the Women, but force them to their Happiness.

Experienc'd Age knows what for Youth is fit;
With Wise Men, Wealth out-weighs both Parts and Wit.
[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I. Lucasia's _Chamber_.

Enter Lucasia _and_ Lavinia.

Lavin. Upon my Life, Cousin, I think my Condition worse than yours, and yet you see I am not so much dejected.

Luc. Oh! What Condition is't can equal mine?
Much less exceed it; to be oblig'd to
Break my Vow, to part from my _Palante_;
Forc'd to the Arms of a mishapen Monster,
Whom Nature made to vex the whole Creation.
Nor is his crooked Body more deform'd
Than is his Soul, Ambition is his God;
He seeks no Heav'n but Interest; nor knows he
How to value ought but Gold.

Oh! my dearest Brother, had'st thou but liv'd
I had been truly happy, but now am
Doubly miserable, in losing thee and my _Palante_.

Lavin. For Heaven's Sake don't afflict yourself at this Rate, but
study rather to avoid the Ill, if you would counter-plot my Uncle; dry
up your Eyes, and let the Woman work, I warrant you may contrive some
Way to get rid of this Lump of Worms-meat; I don't fear giving my Father
the drop, for all his Care, yet tho' he made me ride post to Town, to
meet the Fool he has pick'd out for me; it shall cost me a Fall, if I
don't marry the Man I have a Mind to; I shall see who's the best
Politician, my Dad, or I.

Luc. Thy Courage gives fresh Life and Liberty,
To poor _Lucasia_'s tired restless Soul,
Such Pow'r have chearful Friends t'ease our Sorrows.
Oh! my _Lavinia_, may thy Counsel prove
Prophetic, I'm going now, in this Disguise, to meet my
Dear _Palante_; may no malignant Star
Interpose to cross our mutual Wishes.
May thy Designs successful prove,
To fix thee ever in _Francisco_'s Arms.

Lavin. And make _Palante_ yours.

SCENE the Street.

Sancho _and_ Francisco _meeting_.

Fran. Don _Sancho_ your Servant; who thought of seeing you at
Palermo, I thought you had been at the University of _Salamanca_?

Sancho. I came lately from thence.

Fran. Pr'ythee, what brought you hither?

Sanc. Why, that that brings some Men to the Gallows, a Wench.

Fran. What, I warrant, you have got your Bed-maker with Child, and so
are expell'd the College.

Sancho. That's a Mistake.

Fran. What, thou art not come hither to take Physic, ha!

Sancho. No, not the Physic you mean; but am going to enter into a
Course, that is, the Course of Matrimony.

Fran. Matrimony, with who, pr'ythee?

Sanc. Why, with Don _Larich_'s Daughter: Do you know her?

Fran. Ha! Is this my Rival? This was a lucky Discovery, [_Aside._] I know her; ay, very well, Sir. I can assure you she's very handsome, and as witty as she's fair: Thou won't visit her in that Dress, sure?

Sancho. To chuse, Sir, 'tis an Emblem of Learning; nay, I design my Man shall carry a Load of Books along with me too, that she may see what he is Master of, that is to be Master of her.

Fran. Indeed, my Friend, you'll never succeed upon those Terms.

Tristr. Sir, my Master has such an Itch to this foolish Learning, that he bestows more Money yearly upon Books, than would build an Hospital for all the Courtesans in _Italy_.

Sancho. No more, or you'll displease me, _Tristram_.

Tristr. I can't help that, Sir,--Sir, will you believe me, I have spent two Days in sorting Poets from Historians, and as many Nights in placing the Divines on their own Chairs, I mean their Shelves; then separating Philosophers, from those People that kill with a License, cost me a whole Day's Labour; and tho' my Master says Learning is immortal, I find the Sheets it is contain'd in savours much of Mortality.

Sancho. I hope my Books are in good Case, _Tristram_?

Tristr. Yes, yes, Sir, in as good Case as the Moths have left 'em.

Sancho. Od'so, I had forgot, to get me _Suarez Metaphysicks_, _Tolet de Anima_, and _Granados Commentaries_, on _Primum Secundæ Thomæ Aquinatis_.

Tristr. How the Devil does he do to remember all these Author's hard Names, I dare swear he understands not a Syllable of their Writings----Sir, would not the famous History of _Amidis de Gaul_ do as well?

Fran. Ay, better, better far, Man, hark'ee _Sancho_, you are not at _Salamanca_ now, amongst your square Caps, but in _Palermo_, come up to see your Mistress the fair _Lavinia_, the Glory of the City; go and court her like a Gentleman, without your Tropes and Figures, or all the Physics, Metaphysics, and Metaphors, will streight be made pitiful Martyrs.

Sancho. Martyrs, Sir, why, I thought--

Fran. Thyself an errant Idiot, thy Brain's more dull than a _Dutch_ Burghers. Is this a Dress fit for a Gentleman to court his Mistress in? Away, away, the Lady you speak of, I can assure you is too much a Gallant to be taken with a Band and a square Cap--If you would succeed, you must throw off that Pedant, and assume the Gentleman, learn the Toss of the Head, and know the Principles of each Man by the Cock of his Hat.

Sancho. How's that, pray?

Fran. Oh! I'll teach you: If you be but willing to improve, I'll warrant you carry the Lady.

Sanch. But I am to be married to her as soon as I see her, so my Father told me, and that her Father admired a Scholar above all Things.

Fran. I'll improve that Hint--Ay, as I told you, a Scholar that is read in Men, not in Books.

Sancho. In Men, what's that? in Men! _Tristram_, what does he mean? what Man is to be read? In Men! I don't understand you; but you'll teach me, you say.

Fran. Ay, ay, I'll give you a Lesson upon that Subject.

Sancho. Very well; but what shall I do for Cloaths to dress like a Gentleman?

Fran. If you please to step into my Lodgings here, I'll equip you with a Suit of mine till you can have one made, and there I'll teach you a little of the Town breeding, and I warrant you you'll succeed.

Sancho. Come on; faith I long to become thy Scholar.

Fran. And I to make you an Ass. [_Exit._

Enter Eugenio _and his Man_.

Eug. What can this mean; where e'er I come the News is current of my Death, yet not two Days since, I wrote and received Letters from my Father, and here the Rumour goes, I have been dead this fortnight! I am resolv'd to know the Grounds, if possible. _Pedro_, go get me some Disguise, and for your Life discover not who I am, I'll stay here at this Inn 'till you return, and in the mean Time think what Method to pursue my Project in. [_Exit._

SCENE _changes to the Grove_. Lucasia _sola_.

Lucasia. Methinks this silent solitary Grove
Should strike a Terror to such Hearts as mine;
But Love has made me bold, the Time has been,
In such a Place as this, I should have fear'd
Each shaking Bough, and started at the Wind,
And trembled at the Rushing of the Leaves;
My Fancy would have fram'd a thousand Shapes;
But now it seems a Palace,
Delightful as the Poets feign
The _Elizian_ Fields; Here do I expect
To meet my Love, my faithful, dear _Palante_.
Why does he stay thus long? when last we
Parted, each Hour he said wou'd seem a Year,
Till we were met again, and yet I'm here
Before him; I'll rest a while, for come I
Know he will. [_Goes and sits down._

Enter Palante _and_ Clerimont.

Pal. This _Clerimont_, this is the happy Place,
Where I shall meet the Sum of all my Joys,
And be possess'd of such a vast Treasure
As wou'd enrich a Monarch to receive;
And thou, my Friend, must give her to my Arms.

Luc. 'Tis my _Palante_'s Voice. [_Comes forward._

Pal. My Life, my Soul, what here before me? still
Thou prevent'st me in the Race of Love, and
Makest all my Endeavours poor in Competition
With thy large Favours----
But I forget, Dearest; bid my Friend here welcome,
This is he whom I dare trust, next my own
Heart, with Secrets.

Luc. I must admire him that loves _Palante_;
Friendship's a noble Name, 'tis Love refin'd;
'Tis something more than Love, 'tis what I wou'd
Shew to my _Palante_.

Cler. It is indeed a Beauty of the Mind, a Sacred Name,
In which so brightly shines that Heavenly Love,
That makes th' immortal Beings taste each others Joy;
'Tis the very Cement of Souls. Friendship's
A Sacred Name, and he who truly knows
The Meaning of the Word, is worthy of Estimation.

No Pains he'll spare, no Difficulties start,
But hazard all for th' Int'rest of his Friend.

Pal. Ay! Now methinks I'm Emperor of the World,
With my inestimable Wealth about me:
To such a Mistress, such a Friend, what can be
Added more to make me happy?----
Oh! thou darksome Grove, that wont to be call'd
The Seat of Melancholy, and Shelter
For the discontented Souls! sure thou'rt wrong'd!
Thou seem'st to me a Place of Solace and Content?
A Paradise! that gives me more than Courts
Cou'd ever do: Blest be then thy fair Shades,
Let Birds of Musick always chant it here;
No croaking Raven, or ill-boding Owl,
Make here their baleful Habitation:
But may'st thou be a Grove for Loves fair Queen
To sport in, for under thy blest Shade two faithful
Lovers meet----Why is my _Lucasia_ sad?

Luc. I know not, but I long to quit this Place,
My Thoughts seem to divine of Treachery,
But whence I know not; no Creature's conscious
To our meeting here but _Laura_; I have always
Found her honest, and yet I would she did not know it.

Pal. 'Tis only Fear assaults thy tender Mind;
But come, my Friend, let's to the Cell adjoining
To this Grove, and there the Priest
Shall make us one for ever. [_Exeunt._

Enter Larich _and_ Lavinia.

Lar. Come, set your Face in order, for I expect young
Sancho here immediately, he arriv'd in Town last Night, and
Sent me Word but now, he'd be here in an instant.

Lav. But, Sir.

Lar. Sir me no Sirs, for I'm resolv'd you shall be married
to Night.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman to wait on you calls himself
Don _Sancho_.

Lar. Odso, shew him up; now, you Baggage, you shall
see the Pink of Learning, one that can travel thro' the whole

World in an Afternoon, and sup in _Palermo_ at Night, ha!
you shall; you'll be as wise as the _Sibyls_ in a Month's Time,
with such a Husband, and will bring forth a Race of Politicians
that shall set the World together by the Ears, then
patch it up again in the supping of a poach'd Egg.

Enter Sancho _and_ Tristram.

Lar. Save you, Sir.

Sanc. You don't think me damn'd, Sir, that you bestow that Salutation
upon me?

Lar. By no Means, Sir, 'tis only my Way of expressing a hearty
Welcome.

Sanc. Sir, your humble Servant: Is this your fair Daughter, Sir?

Lar. Yes, Sir.

Sanc. She's very handsome, Faith.

Lar. She's as Heaven made her.

Sanc. Then she shou'd be naked; the Taylor shou'd have no Hand in
her--I suppose you know my business, shall we be married instantly?

Lar. Won't to-morrow serve, Sir? I wou'd first hear a little of your
Proceedings in the University; came you from _Salamanca_ now, Sir?

Sanc. From _Salamanca_! What do you see in my Face that shou'd make
you judge me such a Coxcomb?

Lar. Your Father writ me word, that his Son that was to marry my
Daughter, was a Scholar, wholly given up to Books.

Sanc. My Father was an errant Ass for his Pains, I ne'er read a Book
in my Life but what I was beat to, and those I forgot as soon as I left
School: A Scholar! he lies in his Throat that told you so.

Lav. In my Conscience, Sir, you may believe him; I dare swear he never
saw a Book except the Chronicle chain'd in his Father's Hall.

Lar. Hold your Tongue, Hussy; how now?

Sanc. Sir, I understand a Horse, a Hawk, or Hound, as well as any Man
living; nay, I understand Men too; I know now that you are an old
covetous Hunks, by the sett of your Hat now; but no Matter for that,
your Daughter is the better Fortune.

Lav. The Fool has hit right upon my Father, we shall have rare Sport presently.

Sanc. I have studied Men, Sir---I know each Man's inward Principle by his out-side Habit.

Lav. Does your profound Knowledge reach to Women too, Sir?

Lar. You will be prating----

Sanc. Look you, Sir, observe the Management of my Hat now----This is your bullying Gamester. [_ Three Corners short Pinch._

Lar. What the Devil have we here! z'death this can never be Don _Sancho_'s Son?

Lav. This is indeed the Pink of Learning, Sir--I shall be as wise as the _Sybils_ with such a Husband; ha, ha, ha.

Sanc. Your Beaus wear their Hats [_ Offering to put it on._] no, hold, thus, Sir; [_ Clapping it under his Arm._] your conceited Wit, thus, [_ Putting it on over the left Eye._] and your travell'd Wit thus [_ Over the right Eye without a Pinch._] your Country 'Squire, thus, [_ Putting it behind his Wig._]

Lar. I wonder how an Ass wears it, I'm sure thou art one; I am amaz'd! this must be some Trick certainly. [_ Aside._

Lav. What think you now, Sir, shall we get a Race of Politicians? In my Conscience this falls out as well as I could wish. Oh that I could but once see _Francisco_. [_ Aside._

Lar. Huzzy, hold your Tongue, or---or---
[_ Holds up his Cane._

This may be some of your Contrivance, for ought I know. This is a very great Blockhead; Ounds, I--I--I--have a good Mind to add one Fashion more to your Hat, and knock it down to your Crown.

Sanc. Evermore, Sir, when you see a Man wear his Hat thus, [_ Pulling it down on both Sides._] he's a Projector, a Projector, Sir, or a Member of the Society of the Reformation of Manners, [_ In another Tone._] What think you of this, old Gentleman? ha! is not this a greater Knowledge than ever Man attain'd to by Books? ha!

Lar. I admire that my old Friend, knowing my Aversion for these foolish Fopperies, shou'd breed up his Son to 'em, then write me Word he had made him a Scholar, purposely because I was a Lover of Learning;

Lar. I am glad to hear it with all my Heart, I know the other must be an Imposter, but I'm resolv'd to apprehend and punish him: Sir, you are

welcome; I guess your Business, my Daughter is yours.

Fran. My Business is about Propagation, as the civil Lawyers do learnedly paraphrase, is of Concomitance, or Cohabitation, or what you please to term it.

Lar. How am I blest that this wonderful Scholar shall be match'd into my Family---Daughter, what say you now, here's a Husband for you now, here's a Husband for you.

Lav. Pray Heaven you hold but in the Mind 'till you have made him such. [_Aside._

Lar. Does he not speak like an Oracle? 'egad I'll maintain't, he shall put down ten Universities and Inns of Court in twenty Syllables---Pray, Sir, speak learnedly to my Girl, for, tho' I say it, she has a good Capacity.

Fran. Most rubicund, stilliferous, splendant Lady, the ocular Faculties by which the beams of Love are darted into every Soul, or human Essence, have convey'd into my Breast the Lustre of your Beauty; and I can admire no other Object; therefore pardon me, Sir, if I only express myself in Terms Scholastic, and in Metaphors, my Phrase to her.
[_Turning to_ Larich.

Lar. Learned, learned, young Man, how happy am I in thee?

Lav. Now do I long to see my Father's Back turn'd, that he might change his learned non-sense, and talk more modern, to talk more wise; you may spare your Rhetoric, Sir, unless you come down to my Understanding; but I know just enough of your Meaning, to tell you it does not suit with my Inclination.

Lar. What don't suit with your Inclination, ha, forsooth?

Lav. Marriage, Sir.

Lar. 'Tis false, hussy, you have an Inclination, and you shall have an Inclination; not an Inclination, quoth the Baggage: Sir, I say she's yours, come into the next Room, and I'll have the Settlement drawn immediately, and you shall be married to Night. Not an Inclination!
[_Exit._

ACT III. SCENE _the Street_.

Enter Eugenio.

Eug. Thus in Disguise I shall discover all,
And find the Cause of my reported Death,
Which does so much amaze me.

A Month ago my Father sent me Word, that I shou'd hasten my Journey to
Palermo; and I met the Post upon the Road, that gave me a Letter,
wherein he strictly charges me not to come this three Months: No sooner
had I enter'd the Town, but I met the Rumour of my Death, which still
surpris'd me more; but this Letter shall help me to the Knowledge of the
Truth. [_ Shews a Letter, goes to the Door and knocks._

Enter Rosco.

Rosco. Who'd you speak with Friend?

Eug. With the Lord _Gravello_, if you please, Sir.

Ros. Marry gap, and can't I serve your Turn? Nothing but my Lord, good
lack! I guess he knows you not; pray what's your Business? What's your
Name? From whence come you? What do ye want? I believe you are of no
such Extraction, that you shou'd be introduc'd to my Lord; let me be
judge, whether your Affair requires his Lordship's Ear, else, Friend, I
shall bring you but a scurvy Answer; either he's busy, or a-sleep, or
gone abroad, any of these are sufficient for your Quality, I suppose.

Eug. Thus great Men always are abus'd, because there's no Access, but
through such Knaves as thee? then I'll return my Message back unto his
Son, and bid him employ a finer Fellow, if he expects that he should see
his Father. [_ Going._

Ros. Ha! his Son! stay, Sir, and forgive me; here comes my Lord.

Enter Count Gravello, Rosco _goes and whispers him_.

Grav. Wou'd you ought with me, Friend?

Eug. If you be the Lord _Gravello_.

Grav. The same.

Eug. I came from _Rome_, my Lord; laden, I hope, with happy Tidings,
and after the sad Report I have met with, I dare say, welcome; your Son
Eugenio lives, and with his Duty, recommends this Letter to your
Lordship's Perusal.

Grav. How! does my Boy live? Oh! I'm overjoy'd, for I thought him
dead. _Rosco_, reward him for his Tidings, reward him largely, _Rosco_.

Ros. There's a Pistole for you, eat like an Emperor, d'ye hear, till that be out.

Grav. He writes me Word that you are a Gentleman fallen to Decay, and begs that I would take you into my Service: I have no Place vacant at present, but the first that falls worth your Acceptance, shall be yours; in the mean Time command my House. [_I must not let him suspect I knew _Eugenio _was alive_] the happy News that thou hast brought me, has rais'd me from the Vale of Death; but tell me, Friend, hast thou reveal'd this to any in _Palermo_, but myself?

Eug. To none. For tho' I met the tragic Story in every Street through which I pass'd, still I conceal'd the Truth, intending your Lordship's Ear should first receive it.

Grav. Thou hast done exceeding well; _Rosco_, give him a double Reward, a double Welcome; I have some private Reasons to myself, that it should still be kept a Secret, which if thou'rt faithful, thou in Time shalt know.

Eug. Fear not, my Lord, I am no Blab; I ever thought a slippery Tongue Mankind's Shame. What can this mean? [_Aside._]

Ros. This is a notable Fellow.

Grav. Rosco, bid him welcome; tell him my House is his, bid him be free.

Ros. As long as you have Occasion for him----Sir, I am your most obedient, most devoted, and thrice humble Serviteur; command the Pantry, Cellar, Maids, Chambers----for in these I rule, and these are at your Service, Sir. [_Bowing low._]

Eug. I thank you my quondam Friend; but a quiet Residence in my Lord's House, the Time I stay, satisfies my Desires.

Ros. A worthy Man, upon my Faith. Oh! my Lord, here comes the Bridegroom, I know by this Fellow's being out of Breath.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord Count _Pirro_ so fine, so brisk, so ugly.

Grav. How, how, Sirrah, ugly?

Serv. So handsome, I mean, Sir; Pox on't, how came my Head to run so of Ugliness?

Ros. Seeing the Count, I warrant thee _Jack_.

Grav. Be gone, Varlet, and attend his coming. [_Exeunt._]

Eug. Ha! Count _Pirro_, the Bridegroom--and, my Life a Secret; I begin to find the Cause. [_Aside._]

Enter Count Pirro.

Pir. I came my Lord, to claim your Promise, and receive into my Arms the beautiful _Lucasia_.

Grav. And I'll acquit myself instantly. Within there--call _Lucasia_.

Enter Laura.

Laura. My Lord.

Grav. My----call your Lady; what does your Flurtship do here? I want your Mistress----why don't the Wench stir?

Laura. My Lord, I don't know.----

Grav. What don't you know? nay, no grinding between your Teeth, speak out.

Laura. Why then, my Lord, I don't know where she is.

Grav. 'Tis false, 'tis impossible; when went she out? and whither? Speak ye confederate Mischief; how long ago, I say? Confess, or I'll have ye rack'd.

Laura. She would not take me with her to prevent Suspicion; and now all must out, for my Limbs will never bear stretching, that's certain.

[_Aside._]

Grav. What are you inventing a Lye----don't stand muttering your Devil's Pater-noster there, but speak quickly--or--

[_Draws his Sword._]

Laura. Oh hold, it was, my Lord, my Lord, a, a, a----

Grav. What was it? speak.

Laura. It was a great while ago, my Lord.

Grav. Ha, speak to the Purpose, or thou dy'st.

Laura. No, no, no, my Lord, it was----it was just now; what shall I

say to save my unhappy Mistress?

[_Aside._]

Pirro. You terrify the Creature so, that we shall never learn the Truth, my Lord; don't tremble so, Sweetheart, but tell when went your Lady out, and whither?

Grav. Away my Lord, my Sword shall fetch the Secret forth; Huzzy, speak, or by this Hand, this Minute is thy last.

[_Holds his Sword to her Breast._]

Laura. Oh, hold Sir, and I will tell you all; I do confess.

Grav. What?

Laura. It must out; that my Lady's fled to meet _Palante_ in the Eastern Grove, and I believe, by this, they are married.

Grav. Fly and escape my Fury, thou more than Devil.

[_Straps her with his Sword, she shrieks and runs off._]

Now, my Lord of _Pirro_, you that so kindly came this Day to comfort me, how shall I look you in the Face? or what Reparation can I make you, if my Daughter's lost? Within there! raise the House, take Officers immediately, I charge you; fly to the Eastern Grove, and seize my Daughter and all that you find with her: We'll have Revenge, my Lord, at least.

Pirro. There's yet a Pleasure left in that, and I'm resolv'd my Arm shall give him Death; let's to the Grove, my Lord.

Rosco. Do you consider, my Lord, the Danger of your rash Attempt, the Law will do you right; 'tis present Death in _Sicily_, to steal an Heiress without her Friends consent; first secure him, and his Lifes yours.

Eug. 'Tis as I suppose; oh Treachery!

[_Aside._]

Grav. Rosco, thou art an Oracle, that Way the Revenge is more secure and certain. I'll after 'em, and see the Traitor brought to condign Punishment.

[_Exit with_ Rosco.]

Pirro. I'll to the Governor, and prepare him for the Judgment, my Interest there will surely sign his Death.

[_Going._]

Eug. Am I alive? do I breathe? can I have a human Soul, and suffer this injustice to proceed? Poor _Palante_, must thou die, because Fortune has not blest thee with her Favours; No, something I will do to save thee; and yet, if possible not discover who I am. My Lord----

[_Pulls Count_ Pirro _by the Sleeve as he goes out_]

Pirro. What art thou?

Eug. A poor Poet, my Lord, little beholden to Fortune.

Pirro. None of thy Profession are, take up some more thriving Occupation; turn Pimp, Solicitor, Gamester, any Thing will do better than Rhiming; there's something for thee, I'm in Haste now.

Eug. My Lord, I thank you for your Charity, and your good Advice; but I have some for you too.

Pirro. For me! what is't?

Eug. I understand, my Lord, that you are to marry my Lord _Gravello_'s Daughter.

Pirro. Yes, an Heiress----

Eug. No Heiress, my Lord, her Brother is alive.

Pirro. The Fellow's mad.

Eug. What I say is certain Truth; and to my Knowledge, his Father gives out the Report of his Death only as a Bait for you.

Pirro. Ha! where is he?

Eug. In this Town conceal'd till your Marriage be over; know I hate this Family, and that makes me discover it.

Pirro. Does he hate the Family? then perhaps he has only forg'd this Lye to hinder _Lucasia_ from marrying into mine; I'll try him farther.

[_Aside._

Art thou sure he is alive?

Eug. As sure as that I live myself; my Lord, I saw him not two Hours ago; I wish he was not, for your Lordship's sake: I am his Domestic, and come now to learn Intelligence; I loath my Servitude, detest the proud Family, and shou'd rejoice to see 'em ruin'd.

Pirro. From whence proceeds thy Hate? the World reports _Eugenio_ a Man of Honour, Honesty and Courage.

Eug. That Part of the World that thinks him such, sees thro' the wrong End of the Prospective; his Honour's but Pretence, his Honesty Hypocrisy, and his Courage Lewdness; he ravisht a Sister of mine at _Rome_, for which I never can forgive him.

Pirro. This Fellow, I find is ripe for Mischief; and if I durst trust him, wou'd, for a large Reward, remove _Eugenio_, and make _Lucasia_ indeed an Heiress; and 'twere but just, since Count _Gravello_ did design to wrong me of his Estate, why shou'd not I rob him of his Son? where could be the Danger of this Act; I can't fore-see any, for he has already given it out he's dead, and therefore dares not search into the Matter; but is it safe to trust this Stranger, he may betray my Purpose, or not do it; yet 'tis reasonable to think the contrary, for he hates him for his Sister's Rape, and therefore would be glad to meet Occasion to revenge it, especially when usher'd in by a great Sum: I'm resolv'd to break it to him. [_Aside._] What is your Name, Friend?

Eug. _Irus_, my Lord.

Pirro. Your Name as well as Habit speak you poor.

Eug. I'm poor enough, my Lord.

Pirro. Very poor?

Eug. Very poor, my Lord.

Pirro. Would you not gladly mend your Fortunes.

Eug. I wish your Lordship would shew me the Way.

Pirro. What think you now of taking Revenge for your Sister's Rape, ha?

Eug. Alas! my Lord, that I wou'd have done long ago, but Want prevented my Escape.

Pirro. Say'st thou so? my Friend: well, poison this _Eugenio_, and thou shalt not want; for thy Reward, a thousand Crowns are thine.

Eug. Think it done, my Lord, nor will I receive my Hire till I have brought you a certain Proof _Eugenio_ is no more; all I ask is but your Hand to the Agreement, my Lord, that I may be sure of my Reward.

Pirro. I'll give it thee----We must be safe, for his Father will be asham'd to prosecute, after his reported Death. I must confess I lov'd _Lucasia_ as an Heiress, but was she ten times as fair, I would not marry her without the Dowry, therefore make sure my Fortune by thy Master's Death.

Eug. He dies this Night.

SCENE _changes to the Grove_.

Enter Palante, Lucasia, _and_ Clerimont.

Pal. 'Tis done, 'tis done, the Sacred Knot is ty'd,
And bright _Lucasia_ is for ever mine.
I ne'er till now did taste the Sweets of Life;
Or the transporting Extasy of Joy.
Burst not ye feeble Ministers of Nature,
With the vast Excess of swelling Pleasure.
Oh! my Friend, what shall I say to thee?

Cler. This is no Time for Talk or Transports,
Make Use of my Fortune, and fly till the Pursuit is over.

Pal. Oh! _Clerimont_, I'm bankrupt every Way,
Both to thee, and to my fair _Lucasia_.
Still thou art sad, my Love.

Luc. My Sadness does proceed from Fear for thee,
Take your Friend's Counsel, let us fly this Place.
Hark! What Noise is that? ha me, we're lost.

Enter Gravello, Eugenio, Rosco, _and_ Officers_.

Grav. Fall on Officers, there they are.

Cler. Thieves.

Pal. Villains!

Grav. Thou art thyself the Thief and Villain too;
Give me my Daughter thou Ranter.

Pal. First take my Life.

Grav. Fall on, I say; down with 'em if they resist.

Luc. Oh! we are undone, wicked, wicked _Laura_.

Pal. Come on, Slaves.

Cler. We shall not surrender tamely.

[_They fight, but are disarm'd by the Multitude._

Grav. So, keep 'em fast, we'll have 'em faster shortly.
For you, Minion, I shall secure you from a second 'Scape.

Luc. Yet do but hear me, Father.

Grav. Call me not Father, thou disobedient Wretch,
Thou Vagabond, thou art no Child of mine;
My Daughter was bred up to Virtue.

Luc. For you my Mother wou'd have done as much:
If Need had so required;
Think not that my Mind e'er stray'd from Virtue;
Oh! listen to the Voice of my Prayer, and Crown
It with rich Mercy.

Grav. Off, Strumpet, Officers away with the Criminals,
They both shall die.

Pal. Now I must speak, oh spare my Friend, for he
Is innocent.

Cler. If thou must die, _Palante_, I have no
Other Wish, but to suffer with thee.

Grav. That Wish assure thyself thou shalt obtain.

Luc. Oh, stay blood-thirsty Men, stay and hear me
But a Word, and that shall be my final Resolution.
If thou, my cruel Father wilt not hear,
But dost proceed to spill the Blood of him
In whom my Life subsists, remember, Sir,
I am your Daughter, once you did love me;
Oh! tell me then, what Fault can be so great
To make a Father murderer of his Child?
For so you are in taking his dear Life;
Do not think that I will stay behind him.
No, whilst there's Asps, and Knives, and burning Coals;
No _Roman_ Dame's Example shall outgo
My Love.

Pal. Oh! my _Lucasia_, thou hast touch'd my Soul!
Barely but to imagine thou must die,
Will make me restless in my silent Grave.
Is not my Death sufficient, barbarous Man?
But must _Lucasia_'s Woe be added too?
Dry up those Tears, my Wife, my lovely Bride,
Or thou wilt make me truly miserable,
Preserve thy Life, that I may after Death,
In thee my better Part survive.
For thee and for my Friend my only Prayers shall be,
If you both live, _Palante_ dies with Pleasure.

Grav. Away with 'em, and let the Law decide it.

Luc. I too alike am guilty;
O let me share the Punishment with them,
Thou shalt not go alone, take me with thee;
Here are my willing Hands, quick bind 'em fast,
[_Runs and clasps_ Palante.
Else here I'll hold 'till my last Breath expires.

Grav. Ungracious Viper, let go the Traitor.

Luc. What to die? Oh, never!

Pal. Had I a hundred Lives, the Venture had
Been small for such a Prize.
A Face not half so fair as thine has arm'd
Whole Nations in the Field for Battle ripe:
And brought a thousand Sail to _Tenedos_,
To sack lamented _Troy_, and shou'd I fear
To hazard one poor Life for thee, my Fair?
A Life that had been lost without thy Love,
For thou'rt both Life and Soul to thy _Palante_.

Luc. I'll clasp him like the last Remains of Life. [_Holds him._
And struggle still with never dying Love.

Grav. Then thus I dash thee from him, thou Stranger
[_Pushes her, and falls down._
To my Blood, there lie and grovel on the Earth, and thank the
Powers I do not kill thee; away to Justice with the Traitors.

Pal. If there be a Torment beyond this Sight,
Then lead me to it, that I may taste all
The Variety of Misery, and
Grow compleatly wretched.
Oh, inhuman Cruelty!
Slaves give me Way, that swift as Lightning,
I may dash him dead that wrong'd _Lucasia_.
You spiteful Powers, show'r all your Curses down,
Augment the Weight, and sink me all at once.

Grav. Away with the Traitor.

Pal. Oh, let me first embrace my Love, my Wife.

Grav. By Hell, he shall not.

Pal. _So when a Ship by adverse Winds is tost,_
And all the Hopes to gain the Port is lost,

The trembling Mariners to Heaven cry,
And all in vain, for no Relief is nigh.
Around fierce Terrors strike the aking Sight;
So I when shut from that all-charming Light,
Like them must plunge in everlasting Night.
[Exit. forc'd off.]

Grav. I'll to the Governor, and urge my injur'd Suit. _Rosco_ and
Irus , guard that wretched Woman; take Care that she neither sends nor
receives a Message. [_Exit._

Rosco. Yes, my Lord.

Eug. My very Heart bleeds to see two such faithful Lovers parted;
methinks my Lord's too cruel in this Action.

Ros. Ay, ay, Friend; but we are to obey, not to dispute his Will.

Eug. I can scarce forbear revealing myself, but I will reserve it for
a fitter Hour; her Grief's so great, I fear it has deprived her of her
Senses; look up, Madam.

Luc. Where's my _Palante_ , gone to death? Oh Heav'n!
Then shall I be mad, indeed? what are you,
Officers of Justice! I'm ready, Sir.

Eug. No, Madam, I am one my Lord your Father left to attend you.

Luc. Attend me! alas, I need no Attendance.

Eug. Do not reject my Service.

Luc. All Service comes too late to miserable me;
My Fortune's desperate grown.

Eug. Believe me, Madam, I have a feeling Woe;
A greater your own Brother could not have:
Think not I'm suborn'd to do you wrong,
By all the Pow'rs I'm your trusty Friend,
Command me any Thing, and try my Faith.

Ros. This is a rare spoken Fellow; I can't put in a Word.

Luc. Oh! 'tis most prodigious;
Cou'd I lose Pity in a Father's Breast,
And find it in a Stranger's? I shall not
Live to thank you, Sir, but my best Prayers go
With you.

Eug. 'Tis not for Thanks, nor for Reward I look,
But the Sacred Love I bear to Virtue,
Makes me offer this.

Luc. Surely this poor Man is nobly bred, howe'er
His Habit speaks him. _[Aside._
All Physic comes too late to my sick Mind,
Since there's no Hopes of my _Palante_'s Life.

Eug. Unless the Governor will please to pardon him, 'twas good that he
were mov'd.

Ros. Be not so forward, Friend, I say; in my Conscience this Fellow
will betray _Eugenio_ lives.

Eug. Peace, Fool.

Ros. You are something free, methinks.

Luc. Who shall dare to make that Supplication?
My Father and the Count of _Pirro_ rules;
Yet I wou'd venture if I knew which Way.

Eug. So meritorious is the Act, that I wou'd stand the Test in giving
you the Liberty to sue.

Ros. How, Sir?

Eug. Peace, Muckworm, or my Sword shall stop thy Breath for ever.

Ros. A desperate Fellow this, I dare not contradict him.

Luc. A thousand Blessings on you for your Care,
Yes, I will go, grant it ye Powers above;
If you had e'er regard to injur'd Love;
Teach me such Words as may his Pity move;
Let it pierce deep into his stony Heart,
In all my Sufferings make him feel a Part.
Oh make him feel the Pangs of sharp Despair,
That he may know what wretched Lovers bear;
My Sighs and Tears shall with Intreaties join,
_That he would save _Palante's_ Life, or sentence mine;_
But if relentless to my Prayers he be,
And he must fall, then welcome Destiny.
Fate does our Lives so close together twine,
Who cuts the Thread of his unravels mine. [Exeunt.

SCENE _the Governor's House_.

_Enter the Governor and Count _ Pirro.

Gov. Welcome, my dearest Nephew, you are grown a Stranger to the Court of late, tho' you know my aged Sight receives no Joy without you; but I can forgive you since Love is the Cause: I hear you have the Lord _Gravello_'s Consent to marry the fair _Lucasia_.

Pirro. I had, my Lord, but am unjustly robb'd of that fair Prize you mention; my promis'd Bride is stolen by _Palante_, Lord _Euphenes_'s Foster-Son, a Man far unworthy of _Lucasia_'s Love; her Father with Officers are gone to apprehend 'em--and bring 'em here before you to receive their Doom: Oh, Uncle, if ever you had a Kindness for me; if the being ally'd to you by Blood, or aught I have done, or can hereafter do, let me intreat you to give the Law its utmost Course: Young _Clerimont_ too assisted in the Rape.

Gov. Fear not, Nephew, the Law shall have its Course, and they shall surely die.

_Enter _Euphenes _and Count _Gravello _at several Doors_.

Euph. My Lord, the Governor, I am come begging to you, for _Palante_ my Foster-Son, whom, Childless, I adopted for my own; for him I plead.

Gov. What is his Offence?

Euph. No heinous Crime, my Lord, no treasonable Plot against your Person or the State, for then these aged Cheeks wou'd blush to ask Pardon. No crying Murder stains his Hands, his Fault is only Love: Unfortunately he has married the Daughter and Heiress to that proud Lord that follows, and seeks the last Extremity.

Grav. I seek no more than what the Law will give; I am abus'd, my Lord, my Daughter is stoll'n, the only Comfort of my Age: Justice, my Lord, 'tis Justice that I ask.

Pirro. To his just Suit I bend my Knees--be not biass'd by aught but Justice.

Euph. Thou speakest like an Enemy, call it Revenge--not Justice----My Lord.----

Gov. I'll hear no more, be silent; if the Law will save him, he shall live, if not, he dies; yes, my Lord, you shall have Justice----

[_Exeunt._

SCENE _changes to_ Gravello's _House_.

Enter Larich, Francisco, _and_ Lavinia.

Lar. Body o'me! here's mad Work abroad, my Niece is stolen: I'm resolv'd to make sure of you; the Priest shall join you instantly.

Fran. Haste, Sir, to consummate our Joy:
I'll call the Muses from their sacred Hill,
To emulate your Daughter's Beauty;
And I'll, myself, in lofty Numbers sing my own
Epithalamium.

Lar. First I'll punish that Impostor----Here, bring in the Prisoner.

Lav. Oh! I fear we are undone, _Francisco_.

Fran. Pray, Father, delay not my exorbitant Desires.

Lar. But for a Moment, learn'd Son,
And thy exorbitant Desires shall be satisfied.

Enter Sancho _and_ Tristram, _forc'd in by Servants_.

San. Hey-day! What's the Matter now: Is the old Gentleman grown generous? Must we take a Bottle in his own House, ha?

Lar. Sirrah, you are a very impudent Impostor.

San. Hey, what's here, Frank in my Cloaths? what is there a Play to be acted? ha? what Part must I play? I have acted a Part at the College e'er now, Pox on't, that College will run in my Head, pr'ythee what am I to play, _Francisco_.

Fran. The Fool, Sir.

San. That's something blunt tho' _Frank_.

Lar. Ha! what do I hear? _Francisco_? sure that's the Fellow my Daughter is in Love with, I must enquire into this.

Fran. My Reverend Patree, I hope you'll not credit this illiterate Idiot, you knew me by my Scholastic Breeding.

San. Why what does he mean now? Breeding! why, why, why, you wer'nt half so long at _Salamanca_ as I, _Frank_, if you go to that _Tristram_, where are my Books, _Tristram_? we'll soon see who's most learn'd.

Γέρων πίθηκος οὐχ ἀλίσσνεται πάγιν.

You must not think to catch old birds with Chaff.

Δις διὰ πασῶν ἐστὶ ὥρῳ ἄλληλα.

He knows not a Hawk from a Handsaw.

Fran. The Man's distracted, Sir, away with him to Prison.

San. To Prison! nay, then the Truth shall out, that Habit's mine, and these Cloaths are his, he told me that this Lady wou'd hate a Scholar, and taught me how to act the Bully, fackins he did now, ask _Tristram_ else.

Lar. Here's strange juggling, I believe neither of you is Seignior _Sancho_'s Son.

Trist. Bless me, Sir, do you doubt my Master? why he's as like my old Master as if he was spit out of his Mouth.

Lav. Methinks now by the Description, Father, this Scholar must needs be Don _Sancho_, and this aukward Beau but a Pretender.

Lar. Peace, I'll have none of your Judgment.

San. A Pretender, odsbud, I find she is in Love with a Scholar, what a Sot was I to be persuaded to change my Habit, I shall be fobb'd of my Mistress, by and by, why _Frank_, why thou wilt not fob me wilt thou.

Lar. Right, that Project will take,----come who produces me a Letter from my Friend, I know the Hand, and that shall decide the Business.

Trist. Here, here, Sir, here's Letters.

[_Pulls out a Leather Pouch with Letters, and gives it to_ Larich.

San. That's my Father's Hand, I can assure you, Sir, but the Stile is _Solomon_'s, they are freight with Wisdom, but my Father pays the Postage.

Lav. Now we're undone, we are certainly betray'd.

Fran. Have Courage, I will still be near thee, and prevent this Marriage or lose my Life.

Lav. My Woman shall give you Notice of their Proceedings.

Lar. I am convinc'd, and worthy Sir, I ask your Pardon, what an Escape have I had.

San. Pr'ythee _Frank_ don't frown so, faith I forgive thee with all my Heart.

Fran. Away you Dolt----

San. Fackings _Tristram_, he's woundy out of Humour, I have fob'd him now Faith, he, he, he.

Lar. Sir, I desire your scholastic Breeding wou'd quit my temporal Habitation [to _Francisco_,] least I commit you to a closer Place, and thank this Gentleman for your Liberty, 'tis because he has some small Acquaintance with you, that I don't proceed in a rougher Manner.

Fran. I am defenceless now, but I shall find a Time. [_Exit._]

Lar. To be hang'd I hope, come Mrs. I suppose you had a Hand in this wise Plot, I'll prevent your Stratagems, I'll noose and fetter you in the Chains of Wedlock, then if you plot, let _Sancho_ look to't.

_For when they are wed the Father's Care is done, _

Trist. _And the poor doting Husband's just begun. _

ACT IV. SCENE _the Governor's House.

The Governor in a Chair reading. _

Gov. I Have been searching over all our _Sicilian_ Laws, and know they cannot find one Clause to save _Palante_.

_Enter a Servant. _

Serv. A Lady without, my Lord will not be denied your Presence.

Gov. Admit her.

Enter _Lucasia.

Luc. Pardon me, Sir, for pressing thus rudely
On your Privacy, I know 'tis boldness.
But I hope the Hour's propitious to me,
Finding you alone, and free from Business,
I promise myself I shall be heard with Patience.

Gov. Were the Business of the World at stake, such Beauty would claim a Hearing, speak Madam.

Luc. Thus low I beg for poor _Palante_'s Life.

Gov. Ha!

Luc. Oh, Sir.
If ever Pity touch'd your gen'rous Breast,
If ever Virgin's Tears had Power to move,
Or if you ever lov'd and felt the Pangs
That other Lovers do, pity, great Sir,
Pity and pardon two unhappy Lovers.

Gov. Your Life is not in Question, Madam.

Luc. If _Palante_ dies, I cannot live, for we
Have but one Heart, and can have but one Fate.

Gov. What I can do, I will to save him, but Law must have its Course, rise Madam.

Luc. Never till----
The gracious Word of Pardon raises me,
There's Pity in your Eye, oh! shew it, Sir!
And say that he shall live, 'tis but a Word,
But oh, as welcome as the Breath of Life,
Why will you part two Hearts that Heav'n has join'd?
He is my Husband, Sir, and I his wedded Wife.

Gov. That can plead no Excuse, for 'tis your Crime, but if I shou'd incline to pity you, what wou'd you return? what wou'd you do to purchase the Life of him you hold so dear?

Luc. You cannot think the Thing I would not do.
Speak, Sir, and lay it but in my Power,
And even beyond my Power I will attempt.

Gov. You wou'd be thankful then shou'd I pardon him?

Luc. If I were ever thankful unto Heav'n
For all that I call mine, my Health and Being,
Cou'd I then be unthankful unto you,
For a Gift I value more than those?
Without which all other Blessings will be tasteless.

Gov. Those that are thankful study to requite, wou'd you do so?

Luc. As far as I am capable I will,

Tho' I can ne'er make ample Satisfaction,
All my Services to you are Duty,
But to those Pow'rs above that can requite
That from their Wasteless Treasure daily heap
Rewards more out of Grace than merit on
Us Mortals;
To those I'll pray that they wou'd give you, Sir,
More Blessings than I have Skill to ask.

Gov. There rises one Way and but one to save him.

Luc. Oh! name it, Sir, that---
Swift as the Arrow from the Archer's Hand
My trembling Feet may fly to save him,
Oh! you have rais'd me from the Gulph of Grief
To that blest comfortable Region, Hope,
My Senses all dance in the Cirque of Joy.
My ravish'd Heart leaps up to hear your Words,
And seems as 'twou'd come forth to thank you.
Say, how, how shall I save him?

Gov. Marry my Nephew _Pirro_ and _Palante_ lives.

Luc. Oh! unexpected Turn of rigid Fate,
Cruel, Sir, far more cruel than my Father.
Why did you raise me to a Height of Joy?
To sink me in a Moment down again,
In what a sad Dilemma stands my Choice,
Either to wed the Man my Soul most loaths,
Or see him die for whom alone I live.
To break my sacred Vows to Heav'n and him,
To save a Life which he would scorn to take
On Terms like those, name any Thing but that,
You are more just than to enforce my Will,
Why should I marry one I cannot love,
And sure I am I cannot love Count _Pirro_,
Love him! no, I shou'd detest and loath him.
The Cause that made him mine, wou'd hourly add
Fresh Matter for my Hate.

Gov. You have your Choice, I swear by Heaven never to pardon him, but
upon these Conditions.

Luc. Oh! I am miserable.

Gov. 'Tis your own Fault, come consider Madam, _Palante_ will thank
you for his Life, and if you let him die, you are the Tyrant.

Luc. I shou'd be such if I shou'd save him thus.

Since you have swore not to save him upon
Other Terms, I'll shew a duteous Cruelty
And rather follow him in Death than so
To buy his Life, no, I despise the Price.
Why do I breathe my Woes, or beg for Mercy here;
Or hope to find plain Honesty in Courts?
No, their Ears are always stopp'd against Justice,
Avarice and Pride supplies the Place of Pity.

So may just Heav'n when you for Mercy sue,
As you have pitied me so pardon you. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE _Count_ Gravello's _House_.

Enter Larich, Lavinia, Sancho _and_ Tristram.

San. Is the Priest ready _Tristram_?

Trist. Yes, yes, Sir, a Priest and a Lawyer are always in Readiness,
their Tongues are the chief Instrument belonging to their Trade, with
which they commonly do more Mischief than all the Surgeons in the
Kingdom can heal, he waits in the next Room, Sir, if you can get the
Lady in the Mind.

Lar. You are witty Sirrah, but no more of your Jests, do ye hear,
least I make you experience, there's something else can do Mischief
besides their Tongues, come Mistress what you are in the Dumps now, are
you? dry up your Eyes and go about it chearfully, or I'll turn you out
of Doors, I assure you.

Lav. Good, Sir, consider.

Lar. Consider! no I won't consider, nor shall you consider upon ought
but what I'd have you.

Lav. Sir, do you persuade him. [_To Sanch._] think how unhappy I shall
make you.

San. Make me happy first, and then I'll do any Thing you'd have me.

Trist. The wisest Bargain I ever heard my Master make.

Lav. What wou'd you do, Sir, with me that cannot love you? Alas I was
engaged long before I saw you, you may be happier far elsewhere, go
court some Nymph whose Heart's intirely free, such only can be worthy of
your Love.

San. For my Part I don't know what to say.

Lar. 'Zdeath she'll persuade him by and by to quit his Pretences to her---come, come, come Mistress no more of your Cant. [_Pulls her by the Arm._] It shall avail you nothing I'll promise you.

Lav. Good, Sir, hold a little, Don _Sancho_ seems disposed to hear Reason.

San. Why ay truly, for my Part methinks 'tis a Pity to vex the Lady so.

Lav. Besides, Sir, 'tis for his sake I do it, to make him easy, and to prevent his eternal Shame and Torture.

San. Poor Fool, how hard it is, ay, ay, I know 'tis for my Sake, pray, Sir, hear her--pray do for my Sake as she says.

Lar. Pooh Fool.

San. Shall she say more for my Sake, than you'll hear Father that is to be.

Lar. Well Huzzy, consider what you say, for if it be'nt to the Purpose, as I'm sure it won't---look to't!

Lav. Before your hasty Rashness betrays me to eternal Woe, revoke your harsh Commands.

Lar. Ay, I knew that would follow, and this is all you have to say, Mistress, ha? come, come Woe, I'll woe you.

Lav. Something I have to speak, but know not in what Words to dress my Thoughts fit for me to speak, or you to hear, oh spare the poor Remains of my already too much violated Modesty,--Heav'n can I do this, but there is no other Way. [_Aside._]

Lar. How? how? how's that? Modesty! why what a Duce is the Matter with your Modesty, ha?

Lav. Oh! Sir, force me not to wrong a Man whose Father I have so often heard you say, you lov'd, think what sure Disgrace will follow, how will it reflect upon your Name and Family, when I shall be found no Virgin.

Lar. Ha! no Virgin? take Heed Minion that you stain not the Honour of my House, for if you do, I swear by the best Blood in _Sicily_, my Sword shall do me Justice.

Lav. Now help me Courage, and forgive me Heaven my Resolutions, Death

or my _Francisco_.

[_Aside._

I throw myself beneath your Feet, thus prostrate beg for Mercy, that I have deserved Death my guilty Blushes own, the mighty Secret hangs upon my Tongue, but Shame refuses Utterance to my Words.

Lar. I'm all of a cold Sweat, Heav'ns! how I dread the End of her Discourse.

San. Pray Father let her rise, or I shall weep too.

Trist. Nay, I'll say that for my Master, he's as tractable as a Monkey, and generally does what he sees other People do. [_Aside._

Lav. Oh! let it still remain unknown, and rather banish me, confine me to some horrid Desart, there to live on Roots and withered Grass, and with the falling Dew, still quench my Thirst, and lastly to some savage Monster be a Prey, e'er I divulge my Shame.

San. I can hold no longer. [_Cries aloud._

Lar. On, for I'll hear it all, tho' thou shalt live no longer than thou hast told thy Tale.

Lav. Sure ne'er before was Maid thus wretched, Oh _Francisco_! I give thee here the greatest Proof of Love that ever Woman gave----if it must out, then with it take my Life, but Oh! spare the innocent Babe.

Lar. Ha! the Babe?

Lav. Oh! I am with Child.

Lar. Then die both, and both be damn'd.
[_Offers to stab her, but is prevented by _Sancho _and_ Tristram.

Sanc. Oh, Lord, Sir, for Heavens Sake, Sir, are you mad, help _Tristram_.

Lar. 'Zdeath a Whore! Oh thou Scandal of my Blood.

San. Egad I'm resolv'd to own the Child, and bully this old Fellow a little now----a Whore, Sir! who dares call my Wife a Whore? the Child is mine, Sir, let me see who has any Thing to say to't.

Lar. Away, don't trifle with me, I shall not give you Credit.

San. What care I whether you do or no, I say again the Child is mine, Madam, dry your Eyes, I like you ne'er the worse, and the World will like me the better for't, it will bring me into Reputation.

Lav. Oh Heavens! what will come on me now, Oh! fly me, Sir, as you wou'd shun Contagion, cou'd you receive into your Arms a Wretch polluted by another.

San. Pish, shaw, pish, shaw, 'tis the least Thing in a thousand, thou said thou didst it for my Sake just now, and sure I shou'd return the Kindness, Ingratitude is worse than the Sin of Witchcraft.

Lar. Oh! the audacious Strumpet, give me Way, that I may punish the Offence as it deserves. [Francisco _within._

Fran. Slaves give me Way, he dies that bars my Entrance.

Lav. Ha! 'tis my _Francisco_'s Voice--Oh! blest Minute.

Lar. Ha! what Noise is that? [_Help, Murder cry'd within._

San. How Murder within and Murder without too, this is a barbarous House, I wish I was safe out on't. _Tristram_ stand by thy Master.

Tristr. Oh, Sir, I had rather run with you, for I hate Murder in cool Blood.

Enter Francisco _with his Sword drawn_.

Lar. Help within there, murder, you won't murder me Sirrah, ha? [_Enter three or four Servants._] run for the Corregidore, I shall be murder'd in my own House.

Fran. No, Sir, this Sword can never hurt the Father of _Lavinia_, nor will my Arm guide it to any Act unjust, nor is it drawn for aught but to defend my Wife.

Lar. Impudent Rascal, can'st thou look me in the Face, and know how thou hast injur'd me, thou hast dishonour'd my Daughter.

San. Sir, I say no man has dishonour'd her but myself, and I wonder you shou'd tax this honest Gentleman with it.

Fran. Ha, Villain! re-call what you have said, or by Heaven 'tis thy last, 'tis safer playing with a Lion, than with Lavinia's Fame.
[_Holding his Sword at his Teeth._

San. Lavinia_'s Fame, what Fame, what makes you so choleric, I thought I shou'd do the Lady a Kindness in it.

Trist. Many a Man wou'd have been glad to have got rid of it so.

Lav. Humour my Father in what he says, for 'twas my last Stratagem to defer my Marriage.
[_Aside to _Francisco.

Lar. Lavinia's Fame! No Monster, thou hast robb'd, robb'd her of her Fame.

Fran. The Wrong my Love has done your fair Daughter, 'tis now too late to wish undone again, but if you please it may be clos'd up yet without Dishonour, I will marry her.

Lar. Marry her? she'll have a mighty Bargain of that, marry a Beggar, what Jointure canst thou make her?

Fran. I am poor, I must confess, in regard of your large Wealth, but I swear by all Things that can bind, 'twas not your Wealth was the Foundation of true-built Love, it was her single uncompounded self, her self without Addition that I lov'd, which shall ever in my Heart out-weigh all other Womens Fortunes with themselves, and were I great, great as I cou'd wish myself for her Advancement, no such Bar as Fortune's Inequality shou'd stand betwixt our Loves.

Lar. Say you so, Sir, why then take her----there hang, drown'd or starve together, I care not which, but never come within my Doors more.

[_Throws her to him._

[_Exit _Larich.

San. Hey day, what have I lost my Mistress then, why what must I say to my Father, _Tristram_, who'll run stark mad without Hopes of a Grandson?

Tristr. Oh, Sir, if this Gentleman had not put in his Claim, here had been one ready to his Hands.

San. Ah Pox on't, 'tis damn'd unlucky, but come let's to the Tavern and drink away Sorrow.
[_Exeunt._

Fran. Come my fair _Lavinia_, and find a Father in thy Husband's Arms, oh thou charming Excellence, thou something better sure than ever Woman was, the matchless Proof that thou hast given of thy Love shall be recorded to Posterity----

Lav. It is a matchless one indeed, and I struggled long e'er I cou'd bring myself to own a Deed so distant from my Heart, but it has serv'd my Purpose, and I glory in it now, but my Father's last Words methinks chills my Blood, how shall you like the Yoke without lining think you ha!

Fran. Don't wrong my Love _Lavinia_, or think that I can want any Thing when possess of thee.

Love shall make up what Fortune does deny,
And Love alone shall all our Wants supply. [Exeunt.

The SCENE _changes to the Street,

Count_ Pirro _and Lord_ Gravello.

Grav. Now my Lord she's your's again, _Palante_ dies.

Pirro. So noble were the Carriage of the Youths that I could almost
pity their hard Sentence.

Grav. I admire _Palante_'s Constancy, he seem'd regardless when the
Jury pronounc'd his Sentence, as if he feared not Death, but when his
Friends came on, I observed the Tears to fall.

Pirro. He begg'd very hard to save his Friend.----

Grav. And his Friend as eagerly to die with him, truly I think
Clerimont's Crime did not deserve Death, but our _Sicilian_ Laws doom
all to Death that have but the least Hand in stealing of an Heiress, but
see the Lord _Euphenes_, he sticking hard to save his Foster Son, let's
avoid him, for I know he'll rail. [_Exit._

Enter Lord Euphenes.

Euph. Unhappy poor _Palante_, the Law has cast thee in Spite of all
that I could do to save thee, I'd give my whole Estate to rescue thee
from Death: In thee methought my lost _Lysander_ liv'd, and in losing
thee I'm childless now indeed. I lov'd thee like my own Son, I rescu'd
thee from Pyrates, by which my Child was lost.

Enter Alphonso.

Alphon. Thus once again from twenty Years Exile.
(Tost by the Storms of Fortune to and fro)
Has gracious Heav'n giv'n me Leave to tread
My native Earth of _Sicily_, and draw
That Air that fed me in my Infancy.

Euph. Ha! either my Eyes deceive me or 'tis my good old Friend
Alphonso.

Alph. My Lord _Euphenes_?

Euph. Alphonso, welcome to _Sicily_, I thought thee dead with my
unhappy Son, or what was worse, in Slavery, where no Intelligence cou'd

find thee, for I have us'd my utmost Diligence.

Alph. In part you have guess'd aright, for I have been twenty tedious Years in gauling Slavery, for when the _Argives_ surprized the Fort they hurried me on board, and because I made a brave Resistance, they ne'er wou'd give me Leave to offer at my Ransom, so violent was their Hate, but now worn out with Age, unfitting for their Labour, they turn'd me Home, an useless Drone, your Son they put on board another Ship, and by some I heard it rumoured, he being wondrous fair, that they design'd to breed him for the Sultan's Use, but some Years after I heard he was retaken on this Coast.

Euph. Ha!

Alph. I conceal'd his Name, least the many Conquests you have gain'd against them shou'd have wing'd their Revenge, and made 'em kill the lovely Child, I call'd him _Palante_, have you ever heard of such a one?

Euph. Oh all ye immortal Powers, the very same, I took, and is _Palante_ then _Lysander_, and have I found thee once to lose thee ever?

Alph. Ha! what means all this?

Euph. 'Twas Nature then that worked my Soul, and I by Instinct lov'd him. Oh my _Alphonso_, this Discovery comes too late, and instead of bringing Comfort to my Age, thou hast plung'd me down in deep Despair.

Alph. Alas, my Lord, how have I err'd? pray explain yourself.

Euph. Oh _Alphonso_! the Youth thou speak'st of I retook from _Argive_ Pirates, I bred him, and tho' not sensible who he was, I lov'd him tenderly: He is this very Day condemn'd for stealing of an Heiress, now judge if my Grief falls not with Weight upon me.

Alph. Unfortunate Mischance, is there no Way to save him?

Euph. None I fear, but yet I'll try all Means, if my long Service to my Country, my Winter Camps, and Summer Heats, and all my stormy Fate at Sea can plead, I will expand my Deeds as _Rome_'s Consuls did of old, make bare my Breast, and shew my scar'd Bosom to move and raise their Pity.

I that ne'er mention'd aught my Arm has done,
Will now urge all to save my darling Son. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE _a Prison_.

Palante _and_ Clerimont _come forward_.

Pal. Oh! _Clerimont_, I swear by my malignant Stars,
Death brings no Terrors with it but for thee;
The Thoughts of thine, and that I have involv'd
In my sad Fate, my best and only Friend,
Sits heavy on my Soul, and gives me double Death:
My Father's Tears, whom now too late I know,
Pierce not my Breast with half this killing Grief,
This gnaws me worse than my _Lucasia_'s Loss;
And, like a _Vulture_, preys upon my Heart.
I was rewarded, call'd _Lucasia_ mine:
For such a Treasure who wou'd refuse to die?
But thou'rt condemn'd for only aiding me,
I am the Cause of thy sad Fate, my Friend;
Hurry'd by me to an untimely Grave:
Thou fall'st for him thou ever hast oblig'd.

Cler. No more _Palante_ ----
Why dost thou call me by the Name of Friend?
Yet think I cou'd descend from Friendship's Rules:
For so I must shou'd I repine at Death,
Or fear to suffer with so brave a Man.
To die is nothing to a Man resolv'd:
Why shou'd we wish to hold this mortal Frame,
By Nature subject to such various Ills,
Which first or last brings certain Death to all?
Were there no Hand, indeed, but human Laws
To cut the Thread of our Mortality,
Then we had Cause for Grief; but when we reflect
We only leap the Abyss a little sooner,
Where all Mankind must follow by degrees,
The Apprehension moves not me.

Pal. Oh! Noble Constancy----
After Ages shall record the Story,
And rank thee with the bravest _Roman_ Youths;
And melancholy Virgins when they read,
In moving Accents celebrate thy Name.

Cler. What baleful Planet rul'd when thou wert born,
That mark'd for thee this Path of Sorrow out?
Oh! ye malicious Stars, when ye had stood
So long the rude Buffets of blind Fortune,
And now just as the pleasing Scene appear'd,
I' th' Moment when th' art found of noble Birth,
And wed to thy long wish'd for Bride _Lucasia_,

Then to snatch thee hence, is twice to kill thee.
Oh! it is the Mock'ry of spiteful Fates,
When we with Labour reach the aim'd at Wish,
Straight this unstable Fairy World removes.
We die, or are dash'd back again to what we were.

Enter Eugenio _and_ Lucasia.

Luc. Faithful _Irus_ how shall I reward thee?
Ha! see where stands _Palante_ and his Friend!
Oh! lead me _Irus_, quickly, lead me back,
Else I shall grow a Statue at this Sight:
Not all the frightful Noise of Chains we've past,
And meagre Looks of Wretches in Despair,
Are half so terrible as this.

Pal. My _Lucasia_!
Art thou come to take thy last Adieu, and
Bless my Eyes before they close for ever?

Luc. Oh! _Palante_!

Pal. What! no more? Give thy labouring Sorrows vent,
That like Convulsions heaves thy snowy Breasts,
And struggles for a Passage to thy Tongue.

Luc. O! I had dy'd e'er seen this fatal Hour;
But this good Man pursu'd with Care my Steps,
And stop'd my Hand, which else had giv'n the Blow,
When first I heard the sad and dreadful News,
That thou, _Palante_, wer't condemn'd to die.

Eug. Still all I ask is, that you wou'd have Patience;
I'll to Court where Lord _Euphenes_ is,
Now begging for his Son, in Hope to bring you Happiness.
[_Exit_ Eug.

Luc. Fly _Irus_, fly, and bring us instant Word.
Oh! my aking Brain is near Distraction;
For much I fear there is no Help for me.

Pal. Yet I rejoice in this, I'm found of Noble Birth--
That in succeeding Ages, when this Act,
With all its Circumstances shall be told,
No Blot may rest upon thy Virgin Fame;
No censuring Tongue reflect upon thy Choice;
And say thy Husband was a Wretch unknown,
And quite unworthy of _Lucasia_'s Arms.

Luc. What Comfort's in this late Discovery found?
Will the Greatness of thy Race protect thee?
Virtue and ev'ry Good was thine before;
Yet the cruel Pow'rs are deaf to all my Prayers:
Nor will thy Merit plead with angry Heav'n,
To ward the Stroke, and save thy precious Life.
Oh Greatness! thou vain and vap'rish Shew,
That, like a Mist, dazzles the Eyes of Men,
And as the Fogs destroy the Body's Health,
That poisons deep, and gangrenes in the Soul;
But seldom's found t' assist the virtuous Man.
Thou wert----
As dear to these desiring Eyes before,
And honour'd full as much in this poor Heart.
Oh! I cou'd curse the Separating Cause,
And wish _Lucasia_ never had been born.

Pal. Be calm, my Love, my everlasting Dear,
Cease to lament, and give thy Spirits ease.
Oh! hear me Heav'n, and grant my last Request;
May Health, long Life, and ev'ry Bliss beside,
Conduce to make _Lucasia_ happy still.
Let nothing fall to interrupt her Joy,
But make it lasting as you make it great.
Grant this, and I to rigorous Destiny
Submit with Pleasure.

Luc. Long Life; no, rather wish me sudden Death,
To rid me of my Cares, and that Way give me Ease.
Ha! I'm seiz'd with an unusual Terror, Fear
And Horror swim in Shades of Night around,
How sad and dreadful are these Prison Walls!
Thy Voice seems hollow too, and Face looks pale.
Oh! my _Palante_, my Heart----
Throbs, as if the Strings of Life were breaking.
[_A Bell tolls within._
Hark! hark! Oh! 'twas this that it foretold.
Ope' Earth, hide me in thy unfathom'd Womb,
To drown the Call of Fate----this dismal Bell.

Cler. Madam----
Be patient, add not to his Misery;
For whilst he sees you thus, his Soul's unfit
For aught but Earth; th' Approach of Death is near,
A little Time is necessary now,
To calm his Mind to suffer like a Man.

Luc. Oh! Heav'n help me. [_Faints._

Pal. Oh! She's dying; do not thus rend my Soul with Grief.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Gentlemen, this Bell gives warning, that within Half an Hour you must prepare to die.

Pal. 'Tis very well, we shall be ready.
Canst thou conduct this Lady to her Father's House?

Luc. Stand off, and touch me not: No, I will stay with thee.
Do not push me from thee, my dear _Palante_;
For I shall die apace, and go before.

Officers. The Officers all wait to conduct ye to the Place of Execution.

Cler. We come now, Friend, when shall we meet again.

Pal. The bless'd Pow'rs can tell, in Heav'n sure.

Luc. _Oh! all ye Maids that now are crown'd above;_
Did any feel, like me, the Wrecks of Love?
By Tempests torn from my dear Husband's Side,
And made a Widow, when I'm scarce a Bride.

SCENE _the Governor's House_.

_Enter Governor and Count _Pirro, _and Lord _Gravello.

Govern. This is strange _Palante_ should be found The Lord _Euphene_'s Son; but fear not Nephew, the Law has pass'd, and he shall suffer.

Pirro. I urge still, my Lord, she was my promised Wife; Her Father so design'd her, had he then been known Euphene's Son. I urge that, speak my good Father.

Grav. My Lord, I had; yet let me own, I rather wish the unknown _Palante_ had suffer'd for my Daughter, than the Son of one, who tho' my Foe, I must acknowledge great and brave.

Govern. So wou'd I my Lord, but there's no Fence for Accidents; I do expect to be beset with Prayers and Tears, but all in vain; see where he comes.

_Enter _Euphenes _and _Alphonso.

Euph. Behold! Lord Governor, my aged Knees, are bent to thee,
'Tis in thy Power to wrest this heavy Judgment of the Law;
Suspend it at least, till the King shall hear the Cause,
And save my Son.

Gover. Rise _Euphenes_, your Speech carries a double Meaning, you pray
and threaten with the same Breath, we are not to be frightened Lord; the
Laws of _Sicily_ have had their Course, your Son falls by them.

Euph. Oh! mistake me not, I am as humble as your Pride can wish me;
but give me Leave to speak, tho' 'tis my hard Fortune to offend; let me
the Anguish of my Soul deliver to that injurious Lord, the Father of
Lysander's, or by the more known Name, _Palante_'s Wife; hard-hearted
Man! had'st thou no other Way to wreck thy canker'd and long foster'd
Hate upon my Head, but this? Thus cruelly, by my Son's Suffering, and
for such a Fault as thou shou'dst Love him, rather? Is thy Daughter
injur'd by this Marriage? Is his Blood base? Or can his now rising
Fortunes know an Ebb? This Law was made to restrain the Vile from
wronging noble Persons, by Attempts of such a kind; but where Equality
meets in the Match, there is no Crime! or if there is, forgive his
Youth, and have Pity on him.

Gover. Euphenes_, you wrong your Virtue when you'd save a Criminal, the
Law condemns; tho' the righteous Judgment falls upon your Son, and your
Appeal shall come too late.

Euph. Then you have set a Period to a loyal House and Family that have
been Props of the _Sicilian_ Crown and with their Blood in Wars, won
many an honour'd Field. I can spend no more in Tears, I'll spend the sad
Remnant of my childless Age, and only wish to rest i'th' Grave together.

Alph. Hear me thou Governor, not kneeling, but erect as old Age and
Slavery has left me: This noble _Sicilian_ Youth was lost in defending
Sicily from the fam'd Fortress, which beat back a thousand Times,
invading Foes, and sunk 'em in the working Seas, from thence the Child
was ta'en, and must he 'scape the Hazards of the rowling Waves, Rocks,
Tempests, Pirates, and ignominious Fate, to perish in his native Isle:
Oh, barbarous Usage, stop yet at least his Judgment, and let this poor
old Man see once again, his dear _Palante_; for that I'll bow my
stubborn Knees, and ask the Blessings as I importune Heaven.

Euph. Oh! my Lord, let my unhappy Son appear before ye, e'er the cruel
Sentence comes to Execution.

Grav. If you deny them this, it may be ill represented to the King.

Pirro. I fear, my Lord, you are staggering.

Gover. Nephew, be silent, and be safe; they shall have their Will, but

to no Purpose, only a Moment's short Delay; for I have sworn, and he shall die----Guard bring here the Prisoner.

Euph. I thank the Governor.

Gov. Oh spare thy Thanks, till thou hast real Cause: the Law, the Statute's plain, and he must die for't, there is no Remedy.

Enter, brought in by the Guards, Palante, Clerimont,
Lucasia _and_ Eugenio.

Euph. Oh! Son!

Alph. Palante!

Pal. Pardon me, Sirs, I have too much Tenderness upon my Soul already, too many Clogs that drag it downwards; oh! forgive me, if I beg ye wou'd not add more Weight to Death.

Gra. Madam, 'twere more becoming your Quality and Modesty, to be at Home; thou dost but ill return thy Father's Care.

Luc. I have no Father, nor ever had that I remember, but born and destin'd for an out-cast Wretch, and curst to ruin a most noble Husband: Oh he was the Pride of the _Sicilian_ Youths, and Glory of the World; but he is dead, or doom'd to die, and that's alike distracting.

Euph. Heav'n bless thee, thou Mirrour of thy Sex, that in the Sea of thy transcendant Virtues, drown'st all thy Father's Malice, and in my Thought, redeem'st more than thy Race can lose.

Gov. Lord _Euphenes_, what End had you in this, in bringing here the Criminals?

Euph. To move your Mercy was my End; but Wolves and Tygers know not what Pity means.

Gov. Forbear Reproach, and hear me; I'll stand it to the King, and all the World; here is an Heiress stole, the worst of Robberies; he is condemn'd by the Law, he fell to the Judgment of the Law; I surrender him. Guards, carry on the Pris'ners.

Luca. Oh! cruel Sentence! hear me, Sir.

Gov. Away with 'em.

Eug. Stay yet a little, thou most imperious Governor; for I will be heard.

Gov. Thou! What art thou?

Eug. My Name is _Irus_ ; Lord _Pirro_ knows me.

Pirro. Ha!

Eug. Thou tremblest, Lord, hear; you that have condemn'd these noble Friends, and hunt their Lives for a mere Trifle; sentence to Death a Man for loving and being belov'd; hear, a black Deed will start your Soul with Horror, and make you own the Crime before ye nothing.

Gov. What means the Fellow!

Eug. Nay, 'tis not a Frown can stop me, nor will my Fate be long; know then, this Lord gave out his Son _Eugenio_ dy'd at _Rome_, but he was well, and in this City.

Palan. How say'st thou?

Luc. Proceed, dear _Irus_.

Eug. First stop Lord _Pirro_ ; for my Story will not please him: I say _Eugenio_ lived; which when I discover'd to that trembling Lord, he brib'd me with a thousand Crowns to poison him: Here's the Agreement under his own Hand; and here's a Letter from _Eugenio_ to his Father, which denotes that he was poison'd, and dying.

Gra. Let me see it: Oh! 'tis his Hand. Wretch that I am, is my dissembled Grief turn'd to true Sorrow? Were my acted Tears but Prophecies of my ensuing Woe? And is he dead? Oh! pardon me, dear Ghost of my _Eugenio_! 'twas my Crimes that call'd this hasty Vengeance from above, and shorten'd thus thy Life; for whilst with Fallacies I sought to fasten Wealth upon our House, I brought a Cannibal to be the Grave of me and mine; base, bloody, murdering Lord.

Pirro. Vile Cozener, Cheater and Dissembler, now indeed we both are caught.

Euph. Oh! cruel Man! now see the Justice of offended Heav'n; thou who pursu'st the poor _Palante_'s Life with so much Violence, thou now must feel the Weight of a Son's Loss.

Gov. This will prove a Tragedy indeed; away with the Prisoners. Your Trial's next, Lord _Pirro_.

Pirro. I do confess----

Eug. Hold, is there no means left to save them? Wou'd not you now, Lord _Gravello_, give your Daughter freely to _Palante_?

Gra. More willingly than I wou'd live another Hour.

Euph. Oh! You are kind too late; had you been thus when Need required,
you had sav'd yourself and me, and both our hapless Sons.

Gov. Oh Nephew, my Prompter still in Cruelty,
Now thou thyself must feel the Rigour of the Law.

Eug. Now ye behold the Good from Bad, which nought but this Extremity
had shewn; yet all be safe, _Eugenio_ lives, and fair _Lucasia_ is no
Heiress now.

Omnes. How! lives!

Eug. Yes, lives to call thee Brother, worthy _Palante_, and thou, my
dear _Lucasia_, Sister. [_ Throws off his Disguise._

Luc. Oh, _Irus_, Eugenio, Palante_, where am I?

Palan. Oh! _Lucasia_, Clerimont_; my Friend, my Love, my Wife.

Eug. Pardon me ye most afflicted Sufferers,
That I thus long have kept myself conceal'd;
My End was honest, to let my Father see
The Frailty, I will not call it by a harder Name,
Of Count _Pirro_; the Son he coveted so eagerly,
To raise the Storms to their most dreadful Height,
That Calms, and Peace might be more pleasing.

Gra. I see it was _Eugenio_, and thou _Palante_.
Now, my Son, give me thy Hand, here take thy Wife,
And for the Wrong that I intended thee, thy Portion
shall be double.

Pal. Oh! I am over-paid, _Lucasia_ and my Friend secure. This is the
Work of Heav'n, and oh ye gracious Powers I thank ye for it.

Cler. Joy rises from my Heart, and with unutterable Transports stops
my Speech; thus once again let me embrace thee.

Euph. And has a Father nothing from a Son?

Alph. And old _Alphonso_ too expects a Welcome.

Pal. Oh! take me, Father, Brother, Friend, _Lucasia_! There's the Sum
of all.

Luc. Sure such Hours as these give us a Taste of Immortality.

Gra. My Lord _Euphenes_, I hope all Enmity is now forgot betwixt our Houses.

Euph. Let it be ever so; I do embrace your Love.
But speak _Eugenio_, what hast thou to ask?
Whose timely Care prevented our undoing.

Eug. My Lord, you have a virtuous Niece, for whom I long have sigh'd,
I beg your leave to own my Flame.

Euph. She's yours; I've often heard her praise _Eugenio_. And all
Things else within my Power command.

My Lord the Governor, you alone seem sad.

Gov. I am not so at your good Fortune, but that my Nephew whom I have
found so base, urg'd me to such Cruelty: Be gone, and hide thy
ignominious Head, for I will never see thee more.

Pirro. No matter, I am free, and will enjoy myself in spight of all
Mankind. [_Exit._

Gov. However this my Care shall do, I will solicit earnestly the King
to mitigate this cruel Law, and make the Thefts of Love admit of Pardon.

Who have we here? they seem to rejoice too.

Enter Larich _singing_, Francisco, Lavinia, Sancho _and_ Trist.

Larich. Ha, hey, what, every body in Joy! Good News, Coz, _Palante_
come off safe; my pretty Niece pleas'd here, and Son-in-law,
Francisco, just receiv'd a certain Information of an Uncle's Death,
that has left him, let me see, let me see; ay, ay, enough to please me.

Sancho. Nay, nay, hold, every body is not so well pleas'd neither; I
am melancholy, I came hither to see the Execution; but I see no body has
occasion to be hanged but myself, for I have lost my Mistress; faith I
have, _Tristram_. What Account shall I give my Father of this Match?

Tris. Fackins, Master, I cannot tell.

Larich. Then _Lavinia_ is a pure Virgin still, for all the Tricks she
play'd; faith she is: Was it not a sly one, ha, Brother?

Gra. I know nothing of the Matter.

Luc. Cousin, I wish you Joy, as large a Share as I possess, and Fate
itself can give no more.

Lav. I am doubly bless'd to see you happy.

Fran. And I have nothing left to wish.

Pal. Come, my _Lucasia_, now we are bless'd, let us retire, and give a loose to Raptures yet unknown.

Virtue survives thro' all the Turns of Fate,
Let not impatient Man think Mercy late;
For Heaven does still the justest Side regard,
And virtuous Lovers always meet Reward.

Susannah Centlivre

by John Joseph Knight

Dictionary of National Biography, 1885-1900, Volume 09

Sister Projects.sister projects: [Wikipedia article](#), [Wikidata item](#).

CENTLIVRE, SUSANNAH (1667?–1723), actress and dramatist, is said to have been the daughter of a Mr. Freeman of Holbeach, Lincolnshire, a man of some position, who suffered on account of his political and religious opinions after the Restoration. After the confiscation of his estate he went with his wife, the daughter of a Mr. Marham or Markham, a ‘gentleman of good estate at Lynn Regis in Norfolk,’ who was also obnoxious to the authorities, to Ireland, where Susannah is by some supposed to have been born. At this early point her biographies commence to be at issue. The account generally accepted is that of Giles Jacob, which states that her father died when she was three years of age, and her mother when she was twelve. Whincop, or the author, whoever he was, of the list of dramatic poets appended to ‘Scanderbeg,’ who wrote while she was still living, asserts that her father survived her mother, and married a second wife, by whom the future dramatist was so ill-treated that she ran away from home, with little money or other provision, to seek her fortune in London. Biographers have recorded various supposed exploits—one of which consisted in dressing as a boy and living in Cambridge under the protection of Anthony Hammond, then an undergraduate of St. John's, and subsequently commissioner of the navy, the ‘silver-tongued Hammond’ of Bolingbroke. They also mention a marriage (?), which lasted one year, with a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox. They have neglected a biographical record supplied after her death in Boyer's ‘Political State,’ xxvi. 670, a portion of which runs as follows: ‘From a mean parentage and education, after several gay adventures (over which we shall draw a veil), she had, at last, so well improv'd her natural genius by reading and good conversation, as to attempt to write for the stage, in which she had as good success as any of her sex before her. Her first dramatic performance was a tragi-comedy called “The Perjur'd Husband,” but the plays which gained her most reputation were two comedies, “The Gamester” and “The Busy Body.” She writ also several copies of verses on divers subjects and occasions, and a great many ingenious letters, entitled “Letters of Wit, Politics, and Morality,” which I collected and published about twenty-one years ago.’ In presence of this statement, which commands respect, the origin assigned her in the ‘Biographia Dramatica,’ and accepted in later compilations, seems more than doubtful. The same writer states that ‘her father's name, if I mistake not, was Rawkins.’ A connection lasting a year and a half, and rightly or wrongly styled a marriage, subsequently existed between her and an officer named Carroll, who died in a duel. Her early plays, when not anonymous, are signed ‘S. Carroll.’ ‘The Busy Body,’ printed in 1709, is the first that bears the name of Centlivre, the previous play, ‘The Platonic Lady,’ 1707, being unsigned. Her first appearance as an actress was made, according to Whincop or his

collaborator, at Bath in her own comedy, 'Love at a Venture,' which was produced in that city after being refused at Drury Lane. She then joined a strolling company, and played in different country towns. While acting at Windsor, about 1706, according to the same authority, the part of Alexander the Great in the tragedy of that name, or, more probably, in the 'Rival Queens, or the Death of Alexander the Great' of Lee, she captivated Mr. Joseph Centlivre, principal cook to Queen Anne and George I, whom she married, and with whom she lived till her death. This took place on 1 Dec. 1723 in Buckingham Court, Spring Gardens, where, according to the rate-books of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, her husband resided between 1712 and 1724. Pope, in 'An Account of the Condition of E. Curll,' calls her 'the cook's wife in Buckingham Court.' She is usually stated to be buried close at hand, in the parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; but Mr. Peter Cunningham discovered in the burial register of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the entry: '4 Dec. 1723, Susanna, wife of Joseph Centlivre, from St. Martin-in-the-Fields' (Gent. Mag. 1850, pt. ii. p. 368). No record of her acting in London is preserved, and it is supposed that her histrionic efforts were confined to the country. In spite, accordingly, of the romantic stories associated with her name, her life, like that of most of her contemporaries, is practically the history of her works and her literary friendships. She enjoyed a certain amount of intimacy with Rowe, Farquhar, Steele, and other dramatists, some of whom wrote prologues for her plays, and with Budgell, Dr. Sewell, Nicholas Amhurst, &c., with all of whom she corresponded. Of her plays, nineteen in number, fifteen were acted, generally with success. The list is as follows: 1. 'The Perjur'd Husband, or the Adventures of Venice,' tragedy, 4to, 1700, acted the same year at Drury Lane. 2. 'Love at a Venture,' comedy, 4to, 1706, refused at Drury Lane, and acted by the Duke of Grafton's servants at the New Theatre, Bath. It is taken from 'Le Galant Double' of Thomas Corneille. Cibber, by whom the play was refused, is accused of incorporating it into his 'Double Gallant.' 3. 'The Beau's Duel, or a Soldier for the Ladies,' comedy, 4to, 1702, acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields 21 Oct. 1702, taken in part from Jasper Mayne's 'City Match.' 4. 'The Stolen Heiress, or the Salamanca Doctor outplotted,' comedy, 4to, no date (1703), acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields 31 Dec. 1702, and taken from 'The Heir' by Thomas May. 5. 'Love's Contrivance, or Le Médecin malgré lui,' comedy, 4to, 1703, acted at Drury Lane on 4 June 1703, and taken from the comedy of Molière of the same name, and from 'Le Mariage forcé;' this play is signed R. M. in the dedication to the Earl of Dorset. 6. 'The Gamester,' comedy, 4to, 1705 and 1708, acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields, not for the first time, 22 Feb. 1705. In the 'Biographia Dramatica' the play is said to be borrowed from 'Le Dissipateur.' This is impossible. 'Le Dissipateur' of Destouches, acted in 1753, was in part taken from Mrs. Centlivre, whose 'Gamester' is an adaptation of 'Le Joueur' of Regnard, played 1696. 7. 'The Basset Table,' comedy, 4to, 1706, acted at Drury Lane 20 Nov. 1705. 8. 'The Platonick Lady,' comedy, 4to, 1707, acted at the Haymarket 25 Nov. 1706. 9. 'The Busy Body,' comedy, 4to, 1709, acted at Drury Lane 12 May 1709. This play, one of the most successful of its author, first introducing the character of Marplot, was so coldly regarded by the actors, that Wilks is said to have thrown down his part of Sir George Airy, and to have been with difficulty induced to resume it. A portion of the plot is taken from 'The Devil is an Ass' of Ben Jonson. 10. 'The Man's bewitched, or the Devil to do about her,' comedy, 4to, no date (1710), acted at the Haymarket 12 Dec. 1709. This clever farce is said, without much justification, to be indebted to 'Le Deuil' of Hauteroche, which name is in the 'Biographia Dramatica' erroneously supposed to be a pseudonym of Thomas Corneille. 11. 'A Bickerstaff's Burial, or Work for the Upholders,' farce, 4to, no date, acted at Drury Lane 27 March 1710, afterwards revived at Drury Lane 5 May 1715 as the 'Custom of the Country.' This play is said to be founded on one of Sinbad's voyages in the 'Arabian Nights.' The publication of 'Les Mille et une Nuits' by Galland, 1704–1717, had very recently commenced, and this source seems doubtful. A curious coincidence, hitherto unnoticed, is that 'Le Naufrage ou la Pompe funèbre de Crispin' of Lafont, produced in Paris on Saturday, 14 June 1710, is all but identical with the work of Mrs. Centlivre, who, however, is at least earlier in date. Parfaic frères, the historians of the French stage, suggest an origin for the plot earlier than the 'Arabian Nights.' 12. 'Marplot, or the Second Part of the Busy Body,' comedy, 4to, 1711, Drury Lane 30 Dec. 1710, afterwards altered by

Henry Woodward and called 'Marplot in Lisbon.' 13. 'The Perplex'd Lovers,' comedy, 4to, 1712, Drury Lane 19 Jan. 1712, from the Spanish. 14. 'The Wonder! A Woman keeps a Secret,' comedy, 12mo, 1714, acted at Drury Lane 27 April 1714, and owing something to 'The Wrangling Lovers' of Ravenscroft. 15. 'A Gotham Election,' farce, 12mo, 1715, never acted, a dramatic satire on the Tories, dedicated to Secretary Craggs, who sent the author by Mrs. Bracegirdle twenty guineas. A second edition of this, 12mo, 1737, is called the 'Humours of Elections.' 16. 'A Wife well managed,' farce, 12mo, 1715, supposed to have been acted at Drury Lane in 1715, taken from the 'Husband his own Cuckold' of John Dryden, jun. 17. 'The Cruel Gift, or the Royal Resentment,' tragedy, 12mo, 1717, drawn from the first novel of the fourth day of the 'Decameron,' acted at Drury Lane 17 Dec. 1716. 18. 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife,' comedy, 8vo, 1718, acted at Drury Lane 3 Feb. 1718; in this piece she was assisted by a Mr. Mottley. 19. 'The Artifice,' comedy, 8vo, 1721, acted at Drury Lane 2 Oct. 1722. These works were collected in three volumes, 12mo, 1761, and reprinted in 1872.

The comedies of Mrs. Centlivre are often ingenious and sprightly, and the comic scenes are generally brisk. Mrs. Centlivre troubled herself little about invention, 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife' being the only work for which she is at the pains to claim absolute originality. So far as regards the stage, she may boast a superiority over almost all her countrywomen, since two of her comedies remain in the list of acting plays. More than one other work is capable, with some alterations, of being acted. A keen politician, she displays in some of her dramatic writings a strong Whig bias, which was in part responsible for their success. Steele in the 'Tatler' (No. 19) speaks of 'The Busy Body,' and says that 'the plot and incidents are laid with that subtlety of spirit which is peculiar to females of wit.' Some of her most successful works were translated into French, German, and other languages. The volume of letters to which allusion is made in Boyer's 'Political State' (see above) has not been discovered. A supposition that it might be a work, 'Letters and Essays on several subjects, Philosophical, Moral, Historical, Critical, Amorous,' &c., 1694, mentioned by Lowndes (Bibl. Man. p. 1348), must remain conjecture, as the work is not in the British Museum. She left at her death many valuable ornaments presented to her by royalty or the aristocratic patrons to whom she dedicated her dramas.

[Life of Mrs. Centlivre prefixed to her works, 3 vols. 1761; List of English Dramatic Poets affixed to Whincop's Scanderbeg; Boyer's Political State of Great Britain, 1711-40, vol. xxvi.; Genest's Account of the English Stage; British Essayist, vol. i. (ed. Chalmers); Peter Cunningham's Handbook to London; Pope's Dunciad; Notes to Poetical Register (Giles Jacob), 1723.]

THE WHEAT-GROWING CAPACITY OF THE UNITED STATES.

By Edward Atkinson.

Appletons' Popular Science Monthly.

December, 1898.

IN 1880 it happened to fall to me to make a forecast of the very great reduction in the price of wheat in Great Britain, which could then be predicated on the lessening cost of transportation from Chicago to the seaboard, thence to British ports, which was then sure to be soon followed by a large reduction in the railway charges for bringing the wheat to Chicago from the other Western centers of distribution. I then alleged that the time was not far off when, even if the price of wheat in Mark Lane were reduced from the then existing rate of fifty-two shillings per quarter to thirty-four shillings, it would still yield as full a return to the Western farmer as it had yielded in previous years at fifty shillings and upward.

This forecast attracted great attention, and has since been made the subject of very much bitter controversy, especially since the fall in prices was much more rapid than I then thought it could be, and was carried to a much lower point than any one could have then anticipated. It will be remarked that thirty-four shillings in Mark Lane is at the rate of one dollar and three cents per bushel of sixty pounds.

From time to time I have almost been forced to defend the position then taken, notably when asked to appear before the Royal Commission on Depression in Agriculture at one of their sessions, where I was kept upon the stand for two full days in the effort of the excellent English farmers and landowners to prove that the American farmer had been ruined by the reduction in the price of wheat, which the majority of that commission attributed to the demonetization of silver. The whole tone of that investigation and of a large part of the treatment of the wheat question in Great Britain has been one of complaint and of alleged wrong to British agriculture because the United States had succeeded in supplying the masses of the people of the United Kingdom with cheap bread, with sufficient profit to themselves to keep up the supply.

Now comes what may be called a cry of alarm from a scientist of highest repute lest England may be deprived even of an adequate supply of wheat, and lest the price should be forced to an exorbitant point. This view of the case was stated at great length by Sir William Crookes when assuming the presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at the recent meeting in Bristol. This address is published in full in the Times of September 8th, the portion devoted to the wheat question filling three out of six columns of closely printed text; the other three are devoted to a complete review of the existing conditions of science. I venture to give a few extracts which will convey to the reader the aspect of the wheat' question from this essentially British point of view. Sir William Crookes begins with a sort of apology, which the writer can fully appreciate. He says:

"Statistics are rarely attractive to a listening audience, but they are necessary evils, and those of this evening are unusually doleful. . . . I am constrained to show that our wheat-producing soil is totally unequal to the strain put upon it. After wearying you with a survey of the universal dearth to be expected, I hope to point a way out of the colossal dilemma. It is the chemist who must come to the rescue of the threatened communities. It is through the laboratory that starvation may ultimately be turned into plenty."

One of the singular facts which becomes quickly apparent to any one who deals with this subject in Great Britain is the inability of the English farmer to think about agriculture except in terms of wheat. Now we have an example of our English scientist of the highest repute who seems to ignore all other grain and to predict future starvation on an expected deficiency in the supply of wheat. Sir William Crookes proceeds:

"The consumption of wheat per head of the population (unit consumption) is over six bushels per annum; and, taking the population at 40,000,000, we require no less than 240,000,000 bushels of wheat, increasing annually by 2,000,000 bushels to supply the increase of population. Of the total amount of wheat consumed in the United Kingdom we grow twenty-five and import seventy-five per cent."

He then deals with the impending scarcity, saying: "To arrest this impending danger it has been proposed that an amount of 64,000,000 bushels of wheat should be purchased by the state and stored in national granaries, not to be opened except to remedy deterioration of grain, or in view of national disaster rendering starvation imminent. This 64,000,000 bushels would add another fourteen weeks' life to the population."

After dealing with the fact that while it might be possible for the United Kingdom to supply itself with its own wheat at an average of twenty-nine and a half bushels to the acre, he goes on to say that this would require thirteen thousand square miles of British territory, increasing at the rate of one hundred square miles per annum; but he says it would be clearly impossible to assign so large a proportion of the area of the United Kingdom to a single crop without suffering in other matters, adding:

"In any case, owing to our cold, damp climate and capricious weather, the wheat crop is hazardous, and for the present our annual deficit of 180,000,000 bushels must be imported. A permanently higher price for wheat is, I fear, a calamity that ere long must be faced."

I can imagine with what a relish the Royal Commission on the Depression of Agriculture would have received this prophecy of a permanently higher price for wheat. Sir William Crookes goes on to say:

"Wheat is the most sustaining food grain of the great Caucasian race, which includes the peoples of Europe, United States, British America, the white inhabitants of South Africa, Australasia, parts of South America, and the white population of the European colonies."

He then points out how rapidly the consumers of wheat have increased, yet failing to attribute this increase in part to the rapid reduction in the cost. He says:

"In 1871 the bread-eaters of the world numbered 371,000,000; in 1881, 416,000,000; in 1891, 472,600,000; and at the present time they number 516,500,000. The augmentation of the world's bread-eating population in a geometrical ratio is evidenced by the fact that the yearly aggregates grow progressively larger. . . . To supply 516,500,000 bread-eaters, if each bread-eating unit is to have his usual ration, will require a total of 2,324,000,000 bushels for seed and food. According to the best authorities, the total supplies from the 1897-'98 harvest are 1,921,000,000."

It will be observed that while the English average consumption is said to be six bushels, the average employed in this computation is four and a half bushels per head. He then remarks upon the large harvests for seven years, saying: "Bread-eaters have almost eaten up the reserves of wheat, and the 1897 harvest being under average, the conditions become serious. . . . It is clear we are confronted with a colossal problem that must tax the wits of the wisest. Up to recent years the growth of wheat has kept pace with demands. As wheat-eaters increased, the acreage under wheat expanded. We forget that the wheat-growing area is of strictly limited extent, and that a few million acres regularly absorbed soon amount to a formidable number. The present position being so gloomy, let us consider future prospects."

He then deals successively with the United States, Russia, Canada, and other countries. In regard to the United States he remarks:

"Practically there remains no uncultivated prairie land in the United States suitable for wheat-growing. The virgin land has been rapidly absorbed, until at present there is no land left for wheat without reducing the area for maize, hay, and other necessary crops. It is almost certain that within a generation the ever-increasing population of the United States will consume all the wheat grown within its borders, and will be driven to import, and, like ourselves, will scramble for a lion's share of the wheat crop of the world."

It is difficult for a citizen of the United States who has given any attention to the potential of our land

to conceive of such views being held by an Englishman of highest scientific intelligence. When I was in England last summer I had a long interview with the editor of one of the papers of widest influence in all Great Britain. I then remarked that there were forces in action in the United States in three or four different directions which would profoundly change all the conditions of British industry, and render the English-speaking people of the United Kingdom and the United States more and more interdependent. It is seldom that one finds more than an occasional half a column in any great English paper devoted to the subject of our economic relations and to the development either of the American iron industry, of its agriculture, or of the cotton production and manufacture. Yet, in all these branches of industry, profound changes of world-wide importance, and yet of greater importance to the people of Great Britain, are now in progress. I may venture to say that this address of Sir William Crookes marks even a more profound ignorance of the forces in action in this country than even I had ever comprehended. Sir William Crookes next submits the following computation:

"The rate of consumption for seed and food by the whole world of bread-eaters was 4.15 bushels per unit per annum for the eight years ending 1878, and at the present time is 4.5 bushels. . . . Should all the wheat-growing countries add to their area to the utmost capacity, on the most careful calculation the yield would give us only an addition of some 100,000,000 acres, supplying at the average world yield of 12.7 bushels to the acre, 1,270,000,000 bushels, just enough to supply the increase of population among bread-eaters till the year 1931. At the present time there exists a deficit in the wheat area of thirty-one thousand square miles. . . . When provision shall have been made if possible to feed 230,000,000 units likely to be added to the bread-eating populations by 1931, by the complete occupancy of the arable areas of the temperate zone now partially occupied, where can be grown the additional 330,000,000 bushels of wheat required ten years later by a hungry world? If bread fails—not only us, but all the bread-eaters of the world—what are we to do? We are born wheat-eaters. Other races, vastly superior to us in numbers, but differing widely in material and intellectual progress, are eaters of Indian corn, rice, millet, and other grains; but none of these grains have the food value, the concentrated health-sustaining power of wheat, and it is on this account that the accumulated experience of civilized mankind has set wheat apart as the fit and proper food for the development of muscle and brains."

Sir William then proceeds to deal with the salvation by chemistry. But before taking notes from that part of his address, is it not singular to remark this tendency of the scientist as well as of the English farmer to think only in terms of wheat, wholly ignoring other grains? It may be interesting to point out the exact difference in the nutrients.

Wheat flour is analyzed in the following statement:

Water	11.6	
Protein	11.1	
Fats	1.1	
Carbohydrates	75.6	
Mineral matters	0.6	
Total nutrients	88.4	
Potential energy in one pound	1,660	calories.

Corn or maize meal differs only as follows:

Water	14.5
Protein	9.1
Fats	3.8
Carbohydrates	71.0
Mineral matters	1.6

Total nutrients	85.4
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Potential energy in one pound 1,650 calories.

Oatmeal:

Water	7.7
Protein	15.1
Fats	7.1
Carbohydrates	68.1
Mineral matters	2.0
Total nutrients	92.3

Potential energy in one pound 1,845 calories.

Rye flour:

Water	13.1
Protein	6.7
Fats	0.8
Carbohydrates	78.7
Mineral matters	0.7
Total nutrients	86.9

Potential energy in one pound 1,620 calories.

It will be remarked that the difference between maize meal and wheat flour consists only in a slightly larger proportion of fats and a slightly less proportion of protein, a matter very easily balanced by giving consideration to the other kinds of food which may be used by the bread-eater. Again, it is hardly to be supposed that the Scotchmen who listened to Sir William Crookes admitted in their minds that wheat flour possessed any greater potential energy in the development either of muscle or of mind than the oatmeal to which they have been habituated for so many generations. I doubt if any New England Yankee who had been brought up on the diet of corn (maize) bread and baked beans, the latter supplying the protein element in abundance, would admit any greater development of the muscle or brain by exclusive dependence on wheat for the bread of life. It is not, however, my purpose to deal with the relative food values of wheat and other grains; it is simply to take up this extraordinary delusion of Sir William Crookes in respect to the potential of the wheat-producing area of this country. His theory is salvation by chemistry, and he rightfully calls attention to the necessity for obtaining a cheap and abundant supply of nitrogen. All the other elements for fertilizing the soil are relatively abundant at low cost, especially in this country. Our enormous supply of the phosphates of lime and potash gives assurance on this matter, and our one deficiency, or rather the one element heretofore of high cost, has been the necessary proportion of nitrogen required to maintain an even balance in the soil.

I am surprised that Sir William Crookes should attribute so little importance to the recent discovery of the influence of bacteria, which living and dying in nodules attached to the stalks of the leguminous plants dissociate the nitrogen of the atmosphere, where the supply is unlimited, converting it to the nutrition of the plant, and thence to the renovation of the soil. Sir William deals only with the renovating qualities of clover, having apparently no comprehension of the existence of the cow-pea vine, the soya bean, the alfalfa, and many other types of legumes by which the partially exhausted soil, especially of the South, is now being renovated with great rapidity at a low cost. Sir William's hopes of nitrogen seem to be based on some method being found to save the sewage of cities, but mainly on the conversion of the water power of Niagara and other great falls to the generation of electricity and thence to the dissociation of the nitrogen of the atmosphere.

The point to which I wish to direct attention and inquiry is this alleged nearly complete taking up of the land of the United States capable of producing wheat in paying quantities. The question which Sir

William Crookes puts it this: He says there is a deficit in the wheat area of thirty-one thousand square miles which must be converted to wheat-growing in order to keep up with the increasing demand of the world to prevent wheat starvation in less than one generation. It will be observed that the present necessities of the world are computed by Sir William Crookes at 2,324,000,000 bushels, of which this country will supply 600,000,000 to 700,000,000 bushels from an area of land devoted to wheat of 71,000 square miles, a fraction over two per cent of the area of the United States, omitting Alaska.

The problem may then be stated in these terms: Given a demand of the wheat-consuming population of the world for this whole supply of 2,324,000,000 bushels, this country could supply it at the present average per acre by devoting two hundred and fifty thousand square miles to this crop, or less than ten per cent of the area, omitting Alaska. We could supply the world's present demand, but of course such computations are purely speculative.

I venture to say that if a contract could be entered into by the bread-eaters of the world with the farmers of the United States, giving them an assurance of a price equal to one dollar a bushel in London, or a fraction under thirty-three shillings per quarter of eight bushels of sixty pounds each, which would yield to the American farmer from sixty to eighty cents per bushel on the farm, the land now under cultivation in wheat and not required for any other crop or for pasture would be opened in the United States which would be devoted to this service year by year as fast as the consumption called for it. In fact, there are now fully one hundred thousand square miles of land, 64,000,000 acres, fully suitable to the production of wheat at fifteen bushels to the acre, practically unoccupied in any branch of agriculture, which would be devoted to wheat on an assured price of one dollar a bushel in Mark Lane, yielding 960,000,000 bushels. Or, to limit the question yet more: Sir William Crookes states the needs of the people of the United Kingdom at the present time to be 240,000,000 bushels, increasing at a rate of less than two per cent per annum, of which twenty-five per cent is derived from her own soil. If John Bull, in place of building granaries, could offer thirty-three shillings a quarter, or one dollar a bushel, in London as a permanent price for the next thirty years, would not Uncle Sam accept the offer? and if Uncle Sam should then ask for bids among the States, are there not several single States or Territories that would take the contract each for itself?

Having put that question, I now propose to submit an inquiry in due form in order to sustain my own belief that we can supply the whole present and the increasing demand of Great Britain for the next thirty years with six bushels of wheat per head at a dollar a bushel from land situated wholly in the Indian Territory, not yet open to private entry, but which may soon be open when the Indian titles have all been purchased. Or, again, I undertake to say that the State of Texas can meet this whole demand without impairing in the slightest degree its present products of grain, cotton, wool, and meats, and without appropriating the use of more than a small fraction of the area of that single State which has not yet been fenced in or subjected to the plow to the production of wheat.

Perhaps it would be better to put a more simple proposition in order to bring out what would be perfectly feasible. Let it be assumed that the British public should really become so alarmed as to be willing to put up the granaries which have been suggested for storing fourteen weeks' consumption, or 64,000,000 bushels. That would require a very large capital which would yield no income on which there would be a heavy loss of interest and a considerable risk of damage to the wheat during the period of storage. In place of this a feasible plan would be to put up the capital which would be required for building these granaries, invest it in consols, and pledge it as collateral security for the fulfillment of a contract running for thirty years for the annual purchase of 10,000,000 bushels of wheat per month, or say 128,000,000 bushels a year, or twice the quantity proposed to be stored.

There are several large dealers in grain and provisions in the United States who would be ready to take this contract and to put up a sufficient sum of capital invested in United States bonds to serve as security for prompt delivery.

An assured supply of 128,000,000 bushels in addition to the ordinary supply might allay the fear of scarcity and high price of bread. It may here be observed that the low average crop per acre of the United States has been due to the inclusion of wheat grown on land partially exhausted by cropping or not well adapted to this grain. The all-wheat as well as the all-cotton and all-tobacco methods of ignorant farming or cropping year after year are now very rapidly giving place to varied crops coupled with an increase of product per acre. No agency has been of such service in this matter as the Agricultural Experiment Stations, now established in almost every State under the supervision of men of the highest capacity. Under this system wheat, which requires a few days of machine work in the spring and autumn, occupying very little time of the farmer himself, is rapidly becoming the surplus or money crop of farms otherwise maintained on the alternate products. Under such cultivation an average crop of twenty bushels to the acre would be assured, in many sections much more. One hundred and twenty-eight million bushels at twenty bushels per acre would require 6,400,000 acres, or ten thousand square miles. As an alternate with other crops in a rotation of four, this would call for only forty thousand square miles in varied farming. In order to satisfy the anxieties of Sir William Crookes lest land should be taken from other necessary work, this area might be divided among several States and Territories, say five thousand square miles among eight. Oklahoma (38,719 square miles) was opened to settlement only seven years since, and has yet a great deal of unoccupied land. It will this year raise 13,000,000 bushels of wheat from 850 square miles devoted to the crop. Give Oklahoma five thousand square miles, the unoccupied Indian Territory (30,272 square miles) would take all the rest as soon as open; but we may only assign five thousand square miles to that area. Five thousand more might be assigned to the limestone section of Virginia, in the valley of the Shenandoah and its tributaries; five thousand each to Kentucky (40,400 square miles) and Tennessee (42,050 square miles), while the great wheat-growing States—Kansas (82,080 square miles), Nebraska (77,510 square miles), Minnesota (83,365 square miles), and the two Dakotas (148,445 square miles)—would compete for the contract each to open a little patch of five thousand square miles, not yet adjacent to railways. We should thus have exhausted the area called for without regard to the instant competition which would come from California (158,360 square miles), Oregon (96,030 square miles), and Washington (69,180 square miles), and probably from Pennsylvania (45,215 square miles) and other Eastern or Southern States. At a dollar per bushel in London no difficulty would be found in placing this contract even without resort to Texas (265,780 square miles), which could take the whole on but a small portion of its area not yet under the plow.

The only additional measure which would then be required would be one which must come in any event—namely, the neutralization of the ports of export and import of food in the United States and Great Britain and in such other countries as may choose to join, together with the neutralization of a ferry or sea way for the transportation of the food, wherein no hostile shot should be fired and no seizure of private property permitted on the part of any nation, the condition of this understanding being that if any other nation ventured to question or contest this dedication of a neutral way for the conveyance of food to the purposes of peace, the navies of Great Britain and of the United States would be united to force its acceptance, and to sweep from the ocean the fleet of every state or nation which ventured to contest this measure. That would be a suitable measure for beginning to make a right use of navies—for the protection of commerce and for the destruction of every fleet or vessel which did not accept the principle that private property not contraband of war should be exempt from seizure upon the high seas, coupled with a declaration limiting contraband of war so that it may never be made to include customary articles of commerce, especially food, not now contraband.

The foregoing text was set in type and one hundred advance proof sheets were supplied, which have been sent by the writer to the Secretaries of Agriculture and the chiefs of the Agricultural Experiment Stations in all the States to which we look for any considerable product of wheat. The replies are so complete and so numerous as to make it impossible to incorporate a full digest of the whole case within the limits of the present article. A supplement will be prepared for a later number of this journal, in which this information will be tabulated. For the present purpose I may avail myself only of a part of the data which have been sent to me.

1. The evidence suffices to prove that there is not a State named above which could not set apart five thousand square miles for the cultivation of wheat in a rotation of four without trenching in the slightest degree upon any other crop. 2. In previous essays, in which I have dealt with the potential of the agriculture of this country, I have very guardedly computed but one half our total area of three million square miles (omitting Alaska) as being arable land, suitable for the plow. The returns now in my hands would render it suitable to increase that area to two thirds, or two million square miles subject to cultivation. 3. The area now under the plow for the production of our principal crops for the year 1897 is given in the table below. If miscellaneous crops be added to these principal crops, the cultivated land of this country does not now exceed, and in fact does not reach, twenty per cent of the arable land, while from the cultivated portion a progressive increase in product may be expected under the impetus of improved methods of farming on lessening areas in each farm.

Acreage.	Yield.	Product.	Price.	Value.
Per acre.	Bushels.	Cents		
Maize 80,095,051	23.8	1,902,967,933	26.3	\$501,072,952
Wheat 39,465,066	13.4	530,149,168	80.8	428,547,121
Oats 25,730,375	27.2	698,767,809	21.2	147,974,719
Barley 2,719,116	24.5	66,685,127	37.7	25,142,139
Rye 1,703,561	16.1	27,363,324	44.7	12,239,647
Buckwheat 717,836		20.9	14,997,451	42.1 6,319,188
All grain 150,431,005		3,240,930,812		\$1,121,295,766
Hay 42,426,770	1.43	60,664,876	6.62	401,390,728
Cotton 23,273,209		8,532,705	6.78	291,811,564
216,130,984				\$1,814,498,058
Maize 125,150	square miles;			
Wheat 61,660	""			
Oats 40,200	""			
Barley 4,250	""			
Rye 2,660	""			
Buckwheat 1,120	""			

The area under wheat in 1897 was a fraction under forty million acres, or a little less than sixty-two thousand square miles. The high price secured for that crop has led to an increase in land under wheat in 1898 to a fraction under seventy-one thousand square miles (nine thousand square miles added), on which the largest crop ever known has doubtless been raised, variously computed at the present time from 620,000,000 to 700,000,000 bushels. The area now under wheat is therefore less-than four per cent of our arable land.

In order to develop our potential in wheat it will be best to limit our present consideration to three States only—namely, Minnesota, North and South Dakota—from which we derive the greater part of our spring wheat. The area of these three States is two hundred and thirty-two thousand square miles,

disregarding fractions. The land which is deemed to be suitable for wheat growing is estimated by the officials from whom I have derived reports at one hundred and sixty thousand square miles. The crop of 1898 is computed at 190,000,000 bushels, a quantity sufficient to supply Great Britain with all that she needs in addition to her domestic production. It has been grown on an area of less than twenty thousand square miles, or upon one eighth part of the land of these three States only; the rest of the wheat land can be as surely and profitably devoted to the production of wheat as that part already under that crop. The fact may be recalled that the territory which now constitutes the two States of North and South Dakota began to be computed separately from other States only in 1880, when a little under 3,000,000 bushels were credited to that territory. The minimum product of these two States this year will be 100,000,000 bushels.

One of the authorities upon whom I rested for absolute information is Mr. L. G. Powers, chief of the Bureau of Labor of the State of Minnesota, in whose Annual Report for 1896 is the most exhaustive study of the grain production of the Mississippi Valley that has ever been made. I therefore do not hesitate to incorporate in this article his comments upon the proof sheets sent to him:

"The probable product of wheat in a State like Minnesota, at a fixed price, such as Mr. Atkinson mentions, can be estimated, even approximately, only by taking account of a number of such factors as the present actual and relative profit of the wheat farmer, and the probable changes that will be made in the next few years in the cost of cultivating wheat and of transporting it to London. A few of the leading well-known facts relating to these subjects may with profit be noted in this connection, and first a few words with reference to the profits of wheat raising in Minnesota.

"Whatever may be true of wheat raising in Europe, or in the Atlantic coast States of America, it can be positively asserted that the average profit of the Minnesota wheat grower has been steadily though irregularly increasing since the admission of this State to the Union in 1858. This is evidenced by the relative number and amount of farm-mortgage foreclosures in the State, as a whole, and in its several sections at the present time and in the past. Properly to use those foreclosures as a measure of the increasing prosperity of the Minnesota wheat farmer, two facts should be kept in mind. In 1880, and prior to that time, the industry of wheat growing was most fully developed in those counties which now constitute the First Congressional District. The farmers of those counties at that time depended for their income largely upon their wheat crops. Later they have adopted a highly diversified system of agriculture in which wheat is only an incidental cash crop. The exclusive cultivation of wheat now finds its seat in the counties composing the Seventh Congressional District. The lands of this district are situated about two hundred miles on an average farther from the markets of Europe than those of the First District. Notwithstanding this fact and all changes in the selling price of wheat, and all allied changes affecting the wheat industry of the State, the farm-mortgage foreclosures in the Seventh District in the five years ending with December, 1897, were relatively twenty per cent less than they were in the First District in the five years 1880 to 1884, and were forty per cent less than in the five years 1869 to 1873. To the extent represented by these figures has the average cultivation of wheat as an exclusive crop become more profitable in Minnesota than it was twenty, thirty, or forty years ago. A much greater increase of farm prosperity has taken place in those counties which have adopted a diversified system of agriculture, and made wheat an incidental cash crop.

"The growing farm prosperity in Minnesota above noted finds its highest development in the past five years, during which the selling price of wheat in London has averaged approximately one dollar per bushel, or the amount called for by the conditions stated by Mr. Atkinson. This increasing farm prosperity in Minnesota, which lessens the mortgage foreclosures of the exclusive wheat growers forty per cent in thirty years, has been the main factor in the settlement of Minnesota and the two Dakotas. It

has caused the wheat grown in the territory of these three States to increase from 10,000,000 bushels in 1867 to 190,000,000 bushels in 1898. With no added profit in the business, the settlement of the vacant lands of these States and those of Montana and of the British Northwest will move on, and twenty-five years from now will find in the territory tributary to Minneapolis and Duluth not less than 400,000,000 bushels of wheat raised annually. Even then but a fraction of the possible wheat lands of the great Northwest will be under the plow. If a material increase should take place in the present average profits of the Northwestern wheat grower, the imagination of man could hardly picture the stimulus to wheat culture that would result.

"With a fixed price of one dollar per bushel in London, called for by Mr. Atkinson's conditions, the American farmers can find increased profit in two possible sources: decreased cost of transportation to London, and lessening cost of wheat production in Minnesota. A detailed analysis of the various charges that constitute the present cost of transporting wheat from the Red River Valley of Minnesota, the Dakotas, and of Manitoba to London gives reasonable assurance of a reduction in the next few years of at least five and possibly seven cents per bushel in such cost. Here is an almost certain addition, in the next few years, of from five to seven cents a bushel to the profit of American-grown wheat, providing only its average selling price in London remains practically unchanged.

"A careful study of farm methods among Minnesota farmers discloses this fact: Some wheat growers, with the best farm machinery, and employing the best methods of agriculture, make a profit in wheat raising of from ten to fifteen cents a bushel more than do their less intelligent and less progressive neighbors. Now, the tendency in the State and throughout the Northwest is to bring, by education and a general exchange of methods, the poorer farmers up to the level of the best. This change is rapidly taking place. It will not require fifteen years to realize its consummation. When the methods and facilities of the average farmer are brought up to the level of the best of the present time, this change, with the change above noted in transportation charges, will add to the average profit of Minnesota farmers in growing wheat a total of not less than fifteen and possibly of over twenty cents a bushel. Such a change would more than double the existing net profit of the wheat grower in the Northwest. Could it be maintained for a series of years, as is presupposed under Mr. Atkinson's supposition of London prices, it would furnish such an incentive to wheat growing in Minnesota and the surrounding territory as has as yet never been experienced. A million families of immigrants would pour into the great Northwest within the next twenty to twenty-five years. They would take up all the existing vacant lands of Minnesota and the Dakotas. The lands suitable for irrigation in these States and in Montana would beset to growing wheat. The wave of humanity anxious to raise wheat for a dollar a bushel in London would sweep past the boundaries of the four States mentioned, and carry the cultivation of that cereal all over Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. In these four British provinces and in the four American States, dollar wheat in London would in twenty years open more acres of good land to wheat than are now subject to the plow within their borders. Even then the beginning only would have been made to the possibilities of wheat culture in the British Northwest. Settlements would not have extended as far north as St. Petersburg in Russia; neither would settlers have trenched upon the lands with a climate as severe as that of the Russian metropolis.

"The foregoing is a brief statement of what dollar wheat in London would do for one section of North America in stimulating wheat cultivation. If that statement is based upon a true conception, as the writer believes it is, of the possibilities of the American Northwest, it demonstrates how impossible it will be to maintain dollar wheat in London for any great length of time in the future. It also shows that Mr. Atkinson is wrong in not asserting a sure continuation of that decline in wheat prices which he so fully predicted in 1880."

Cost of Shipping Wheat per Bushel from Moorhead, an Inferior Point in Minnesota, to Liverpool.

On May 27,
1898. On July 9,
1898. On August,
20, 1898. On September
17, 1888.

Cts. per bu.	Cts. per bu.	Cts. per bu.	Cts. per bu.	Cts. per bu.	Cts. per bu.
Rate, Moorhead to Duluth	9.30	9.30	8.70	8.70	
Duluth elevator and inspection charges			0.80	0.80	0.80
Lake freight, Duluth to Buffalo	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.75	
Elevator charges and commission at Buffalo	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Canal freight, Buffalo to New York	3.00	3.00	2.75	2.50	
Elevator charges, etc., in New York	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	
Ocean freight, New York to Liverpool.		8.00	3.50	4.50	6.00
Totals	25.50	20.85	21.00	22.75	

General average, 22.525 cents per bushel.

It will be remarked that Mr. Powers says I am wrong in not asserting a sure continuation of the decline in the price of wheat which I predicted in 18 SO. In setting up one dollar a bushel in London as the standard of this inquiry, I had no thought that our farmers could be made happy for the next thirty years by any hope of securing so high a price. In my predictions in 1880 I said that the time was not then far off when the farmers of the Mississippi Valley would secure as large a remuneration from their wheat at thirty-four shillings per quarter in London as they had been gaining from a previous average of fifty-two shillings. I might then have fixed the lessened price at twenty-eight shillings, and at the present time I have a greater expectation of a reduction in the price of wheat in Mark Lane to less than twenty-eight shillings a quarter, or eighty-five cents a bushel, than I had in 1880 that it would so soon reach thirty-four shillings. I merely adopted a dollar a bushel as an arbitrary standard on which an abundant supply of bread at low cost would be absolutely assured to the people of England.

In fact, as I stated before the Royal Commission on Depression of Agriculture, it is not probable that a reduction in the price of wheat to forty cents a bushel on "Western farms or sixty-five to seventy cents a bushel in England would stop the growth of this grain, although it might check an increase. When the price went down to a very low point on the last excessive crop it is probable that 100,000,000 bushels of wheat were fed to swine and to cattle. It proved to make better pork and beef than maize or Indian corn, and, as the price of meat did not decline in anything like the proportion to the price of wheat, the farmers who thus fed their excess secured a profit which the sale of the crude grain might not have given.

In this comment Mr. Powers deals with the reduction in the number of foreclosures in Minnesota. Attention should be called to the fact that the United States census investigation for which a million dollars was appropriated, for the purpose of recording farm mortgages in 1890, disclosed the fact that in the ten great grain-growing States of the middle West two thirds of the farms were then free of any mortgage of any kind, and were well stocked; the incumbrance on the remaining third being less than forty per cent of the computed value of the mortgaged farms. Since that date several State investigations have been made, leading to the conclusion that not exceeding twenty per cent of the farms in these States are now under any incumbrance of any kind. In the more prosperous parts of Minnesota and other wheat sections since the substitution of intelligent and varied agriculture for the single wheat crop, foreclosures have almost ceased, such as do occur being attributed to special causes; while such is the abundance of capital accumulated in this section that the rates of interest on safe

investments, which but a few years since were nearly double those prevailing in the seaboard commercial cities, are now about even. When certain causes lately produced a short stringency in the money markets of the East, remittances were made from these Western cities for investment in Eastern commercial paper.

In regard to wheat production at a fixed price in London, the Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor of North Dakota remarks: "Wheat at one dollar per bushel in London would net the North Dakota farmer on the average about seventy-five cents per bushel on the railroad track. At that price as a standard, every farmer in the State would utilize all the land he has, and buy up more of the land now lying idle and in the hands of speculators. It would increase immigration so that nearly all the vacant Government land would be taken up. We also have over one million acres of school and State land, of which at least eighty per cent is suitable for raising wheat. Such a price would give North Dakota a boom that never had its equal."

A few words may be given to the report from Texas. The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture states that "the area of arable land of fair quality, including pasture that might be put under the plow in this State, is two hundred thousand square miles; about one hundred thousand square miles suitable for wheat and other grains lying north of parallel 31°; about one hundred thousand square miles lying south of that line adapted to cotton, sugar, fruits, and vegetables of all kinds."

An unexpected reply comes from Idaho, as yet insignificant in wheat production, stating that the potential of that State under the conditions named might reach 400,000,000 bushels.

Again, from Arkansas, to which State we have looked more for excellent cotton than for grain, "there are fifteen million acres of good wheat land; wheat is fast becoming a cash crop, displacing cotton—the capacity of a considerable part of the land at the beginning being forty bushels to the acre, which, being much better than five-cent cotton, is leading the farmers to take advantage of existing prices."

Time has not sufficed since my questions were sent out for replies to reach me from Oregon, Washington, and Montana, where the potential in wheat production is probably equal to that of Minnesota, North and South Dakota combined.

Sir William Crookes makes reference to the future necessity of providing fertilizers, a matter to which the closest attention is now being given by the cultivation of renovating crops. But regard must be given to the fact that we have the most complete and adequate supply of phosphate of lime and phosphate of potash in the vast deposits of bone or mineral phosphates of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Florida, while again we may look to nitrate of soda as a very inexpensive source of nitrogen, of which the most adequate supply can be assured at very low cost. Known methods are also being applied to saving the enormous waste of nitrogen from our coke ovens and iron furnaces.

I almost feel it right to apologize to Sir William Crookes for the presentation of these facts. My function is that of the practical business man who deals with these economic problems wholly from that point of view, and not from the high standard of a complete mastery of the physical sciences.

As I have stated, I happen to have dealt with this question several times at meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and in other ways in Great Britain as well as in this country. I deem it of the utmost importance at the present time that the interdependence of the English-speaking people should be brought into view in the most conspicuous manner. In their relative production and conditions the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the United States are

the complement of each other. Their mutual relation or interdependence is now being recognized, and it can not be long before many of the legal obstructions to mutual service will be removed. The people of this country are now passing through a stage in their economic education closely corresponding to that through which Great Britain passed between 1840 and 1856 under the wise leadership of Sir Robert Peel, Richard Cobden, and William E. Gladstone. We move more quickly, not only in acts but in ideas, than we did fifty years ago. The revolution of ideas which has followed the revolution of institutions in the Southern States has made the people of this country into one homogeneous nation. A revolution of ideas in regard to the conditions of international commerce will presently bring the English-speaking people of the world into one homogeneous body governed by the same common law, the same common principles of action, and the same policy in the collection of revenue. When thus united, there can be no competition in the commerce of the world on the part of the continental states of Europe under their present burdens—the blood tax of standing armies and navies and the money tax of debts that can never be paid. There have been within a few months two witnesses to the growing influence and power of the English-speaking people when united for the maintenance of commerce and for the conduct of the works of peace, order, and industry: one is the warning of the Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, calling upon the states of middle Europe to unite their forces in order to remain capable of maintaining government by privilege and taxation by force of arms; the other, the recent manifesto of the enlightened ruler of Russia, calling upon the states of continental Europe to disarm, lest they should hereafter be incapable of competition with the English-speaking people of the world when they become bound together by a union of mutual service and by community of interest which without any formal alliance will give to them the chief control in rendering service by the exchange of product for product to all other states and nations, to the mutual benefit of all who are thus joined in the bonds of peace.

On my visit to Russia last year, to meet the leading economists and statisticians of Europe, it was stated to me by well-informed men that a plan had been considered by several continental states in the event of war to change the present international custom by making food products contraband of war, the purpose being to cripple England. To such desperate conditions have some of the European states been brought under the burden of the policy of blood and iron. My comment upon this insane proposal was that I hoped it might become a matter of public discussion, since nothing could so surely and quickly bring about a commercial union of the English-speaking people, to the end that, even if no other alliance were made, their navies might at any moment be combined for the protection of their commerce, and for the total cessation of any interference by war vessels or privateers with their traffic.

The prime motive of this article is to remove from the minds of our English friends many false impressions which I have constantly met in my intercourse even among men who hold important positions, of which the address of Sir William Crookes is but an extreme expression, and to bring into common view a comprehension of the resources of this country and of the mutual dependence of the United Kingdom and the United States in the supply and consumption not only of wheat, but of all the other necessities of life.

Encyclopædia Britannica, Ninth Edition, Volume III

Athens (1.) Athens (American towns)→

See also Athens on Wikipedia, Athens in the 11th edition, and the disclaimer.

ATHENS

ATHENS ([Greek], Athenæ) was the name of as many XJL as nine towns in various parts of the Grecian world, among which Athence Diades, in the N.W. of Eubcea, a town belonging to the Athenian

confederation, is worthy of mention. But it was the capital of Attica "which invested the name of Athens with an undying charm for the poet, the artist, the philosopher, the historian, for all time. It is situated in long. 23 44 K, lat. 37 58 N., towards the south of the central plain (TreoYov) of Attica, about 4¹ miles from the harbour of Piraeus, and nearly 4 from the Bay of Phalerum. The survey of Pausanias (i. 2-30), when compared with existing remains, and supplemented by the numerous incidental notices of ancient authors, enables us to form a more perfect conception of the topography of ancient Athens than of any other Greek city. Recent excavations have added greatly to our knowledge of it, and the literature of the subject is very extensive (see p. 11, *infra*). Our object in this article will be to treat of the topography of Athena from an historical point of view, and to show how the rise, the greatness, the decline of the city may be read in the history of its buildings.

There seems little reason to doubt that the earliest settlement on Athenian soil was upon the cliff afterwards famous as the Acropolis. Such is the express statement of Thucydides (ii. 15), who observes that the Acropolis was commonly termed at Athens *τὸ Πρυτανεῖον*, much as the oldest part of London is styled "The City." The earliest inhabitants appear to have been Pelasgians; and though it was the boast of the Athenians that they alone of all Greek states were indigenous (*αὐτοχθόνες*), yet their town would from the first have received accessions from various parts of the continent, the peaceful poverty of Attica affording a welcome refuge in those early and unsettled times (Thucyd., i. 2). The most accessible portion of the Acropolis is the western side, where it is joined by a neck of hill to the Areopagus. On this side there existed down to later times the remains of fortifications built by the earliest inhabitants, with nine doorways, one within the other, called *τὸ Πύλον*, or *τὸ Εὐειρήνιον*. This fort protected the only entrance to the citadel, which was surrounded by a wall, and artificially levelled for the reception of buildings. Within this fortified enclosure stood the shrine of Athena Polias (Homer, *Iliad*, ii. 449; *Odyssey*, 001 vii. 81), afterwards known as the Erechtheum, and an altar of Zeus Polieus, where the strange sacrifices of the Dipolia were celebrated. A Prytaneum, containing the hearth-fire of the state, and serving as the residence of the king, would be another indispensable feature in the primitive town. But while the king and some of the most sacred families probably had dwellings within the fortress itself, Thucydides (ii. 15) points out that a great part of the early population dwelt outside its walls, under the south side of the cliff, probably without fortification, but retiring to the citadel in times of peril. In this quarter, towards the Ilissus, stood the oldest Athenian sanctuary of Dionysus, in a region called *Ἀττικὸν*, from having been literally a marsh in early times. Not far off, and nearer the stream, stood the temple of Zeus Olympius, said to be founded by Deucalion (Pausan., i. 18), of which more will be said presently, the precinct of Gaea Olympia, and other sacred places. Here also was the fountain of Callirrhoe, afterwards ornamented by the Pisistratids, and called *Ἐννεακρουνός*, the water of which was sought for sacred purposes long after the city had outgrown these early limits (Thucyd., ii. 15). The region we have been describing formed the nucleus of the later city, and therefore, at the subdivision of all Attica into demes, this quarter was distinguished by the name *Κυσαῖον*. To the west of the Acropolis there extends from N. to S. a range of hills, the three most prominent heights of which are commonly known respectively as the Hill of the Nymphs, the Pnyx, and the Museum, the Nymphs Hill being separated from the Acropolis by the Areopagus, which intervenes between. Everywhere upon the slopes of the hills just mentioned traces have lately been discovered of ancient dwellings hewn out of the solid rock. But while all these rock-dwellings are extremely ancient, yet some appear less primitive than others; it is remarked that those which exist on the Areopagus and on the hill sides nearest to the Acropolis are of a smaller and ruder type, those more distant from the citadel being somewhat more convenient in plan and extent. Legend declares the Athenians to have originally dwelt in rock-hewn caves (Dyer's Athens, ch. i.), and it would seem that primitive Athens gradually extended itself from the Acropolis in this W. and S.W. direction. This quarter was afterwards known as the intramural deme of Melite, a name derived, perhaps, from the balm which then grew there (the *εἰωσῆς* of Theocr., iv. 25). The historian E. Curtius (*Attische Studien*, pt. i.) has, indeed, gone so far as to regard these rock-dwellings as earlier

than the occupation of the Acropolis itself. But the contrary opinion of Thucydides is worth something, and the natural strength of the Acropolis would make it the most obvious spot for primitive occupation. Accordingly, we shall not be giving too free a licence to our imagination if we conceive of primitive Athens as a twofold settlement, partly on the Acropolis and the low ground at its southern foot, and partly upon the eastern slopes of the hills on the west. It may even have been the consolidation of these two villages into one township that gave rise to the legend ascribing to Theseus the – consolidation of Attica. It would be natural for legend to assign to one definite time, and connect with one great mythical name, that process of unification which probably was as gradual as it was spontaneous. As the population of the early town continued to increase, two more districts seem to have been incorporated Collytus, extending from the east of Melite, between the Acropolis and Areopagus, and Cerameicus, or the "Potters quarter" ("Tuileries"), which extended from the same two hills towards the north and north-west. The regions we have now described appear to have made up the Athens of Solonian times. The earliest historical event which illustrates Athenian topography is the rising of Cylon (Herod., v. 71 ; Thucyd., i. 126 ; Pausan., i. 28). The narratives of that event imply that the Acropolis was already fortified by the Enneapylurn, that the Areopagus was already the seat of the court which bore its name (see AREOPAGUS), and that near the entrance of the citadel stood an altar of the Semnse, or Furies, at which Cylon and his partisans were slain. This altar has been immortalised by Jilschylus in the splendid conclusion of the *Leocoriuii*. Eumenides. Another sacred spot in early Athens must have been the Leocorium, where Hipparchus was assassinated (Thucyd., i. 20 ; vi. 57). This was a shrine erected in honour of the daughters of Leo, who were sacrificed by their father to Athena, in order to avert a pestilence. The nature of the legend testifies to the antiquity of the site. The words of Thucydides respecting Cylon imply that the early city was already surrounded by a ring-wall, and this probably remained intact until the invasion of the Persians, although the buildings within the walls underwent great alteration and improvements under the government of Pisistratus and his sons. The reign of the Pisistratids was recognised by the ancients as marking an important era in Athenian topography. We have already mentioned the fountain of Enneacrunus as being built by them. It was Pisistratus Olympiuni. who laid the foundations of the great temple of Zeus Olympius upon the ancient site above mentioned. His magnificent design had an eventful history : left unfinished by its author, the Athenians, perhaps from dislike to the "tyrant," made no effort to complete it. At length, after receiving additions from various foreign princes, it was completed by Hadrian (c. 130 A.D.), and formed the grandest edifice in the region of the city which, in acknowledgment of the imperial munificence, was called Hadrianopolis. The Olympiuni was one of the largest temples in the world ; but of its 124 Corinthian columns only 15 are Pythium. now standing. The Pythium, or sanctuary of the Pythian 1 Many of the names of the Attic demes, and indeed of Greek local names everywhere, were derived from plants and flowers ; see Tozer's *Lectures on the Geography of Greece*, p. 338: "The most plausible derivation that has been suggested for the name Afloat is from a.6-, the root of ☆os, a flower ; and Lobeck proposed to translate it by Florentia." (Hid., p. 161). Early city wall. The Pisistratids. Apollo near the Olympium, was also ascribed to Pisistratus, whose grandson and namesake dedicated an altar within it (Thucyd., vi. 54). To Pisistratus was ascribed the founding of the Lyceium, or temple of Apollo Lyceius, Lyceium which stood on the right bank of the Ilissus, a short distance from the city. The names both of Pericles and Lycurgus the orator are also associated with this building ; yet it is not known who added the gymnasium close by, which afterwards became famous as the favourite haunt of Aristotle, and the birthplace of the Peripatetic philosophy. The yet more famous seat of the rival philosophy seems also to have owed something to the Pisistratids, for Hipparchus was said to have enclosed the Academy with a wooden wall. This was a gymnasium surrounded by pleasant gardens lying to the N. of the city, about a mile from the Dipylum gate. It owes all its fame, of course, to its connection with Plato, who lived, taught, and was buried there. This site, so full of glorious memories, cannot now be identified with certainty. Its trees, like those of the Lyceium, were despoiled by Sulla to make implements of war. The name of

Pisistratus is connected with another The A<: important site. Professor E. Curtius (*Attische Studien*, pt. 2), supposes that the most ancient Athenian market lay on the S. of the Acropolis, and that the Pisistratids superseded it by a new market at the northern foot of the Areopagus. Be this as it may, we are sure that, as early as their times, this site formed the centre of Athenian commercial and civic life. The narrow valley between the Pnyx Hill and the Areopagus, where older topographers placed the Agora, is not a spacious enough site for the purpose. The obvious locality for an Agora would be the rectangular space enclosed by the Areopagus on the S., by the Acropolis on the E., and on the W. by the eminence occupied by the Theseium. To the N. and N.E. no barrier existed ; accordingly, the entrance was from the Dipylum gate on the N.W., and on the N.E. the market received extension in Roman times. The Agora thus stood in the region known as Cerameicus. But as the Cerameicus extended for some miles in a N.W. direction, it became divided by the city wall into the outer and the inner Outer a Cerameicus. The outer Cerameicus was an agreeable inner C suburb, lying on the road to the Academy and Colonus, meicus> the home of Sophocles ; and it was here that citizens who died in their country s wars received a public burial. Through gate Dipylum one passed into the inner Ceramei cus, the most important quarter of which was naturally the Agora itself ; and so it was common to speak of the Agora as " The Cerameicus." How much this market-place may have owed to the designs of the Pisistratids we cannot now determine. The statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton formed a conspicuous ornament of the south portion, and Thucydides (vi. 54) informs us that the grandson and namesake of Pisistratus adorned the Agora by building the altar of the twelve gods. If the Agora belongs to the age of Pisistratus, some of the civic build ings within it would also be coeval with him. Such were the Stoa Basileius, or Portico, where the archon basileius presided ; the Bouleuterium, where the senate of 500 held its sittings ; the Tholus close by it, where the Prytanes of the senate sacrificed a circular building with a dome of stone, from whence it gained its name ; and the Prytan- eium, said to be founded by Theseus (Thucyd., ii. 15), which contained the hearth-fire of the state, and where the Prytanes and public benefactors had the privilege of dining at the public expense. The statues of the ten heroes (eponymi), who gave their names to the Athenian tribes, decorated the Agora probably from the first ; against these statues were affixed public notices and proclamations. Other buildings in the Agora of later and ascertained dates will be enumerated in their proper place.

The revolution which expelled the Pisistratids (510 B.C.), and gave Athens a free government, left its mark upon the topography of the city. The old Pelasgic fortress (TO EvveaTTuAov), in which " the tyrants " had for a time held out, was now broken down, and the site occupied by its ruins was devoted by the Delphic oracle to eternal desolation. Only in the Peloponnesian war, when the country population was crowded within the city walls, do we read of this spot being occupied by dwellings (Thucyd., ii. 17). Another work which may probably be assigned to the age of Clisthenes is the first arrangement of the Pnyx, or place of public assembly. The hill that is commonly known as the Pnyx Hill contains one of the most remarkable ruins in Athens ; the silence, however, of Pausanias respecting what was probably in his day already a mere ruin has occasioned some doubt concerning its proper identification. The spot in question consists of two terraces sloping down the hill towards the Areopagus, from S.W. to N.E. The upper terrace, indeed, does not slope, but is levelled out of the solid rock near the summit of the hill, being about 65 yards in length (E. to "W.), and about 43 in breadth at its broadest part (N. to S.) It is bounded at the back (S.) by a rock-wall, and at the W. end there stands a cubical block, allowed to rise out of the solid rock when this upper terrace was levelled. There is good reason for considering this as the altar for the sacrifices (TO Trepurta) with which every assembly of the ecclesia was opened (Bursian, *Philologus*, 1854, p. 369, foil.; Dyer, *Athens*, p. 462). The lower and considerably larger terrace is separated from the upper terrace by another wall cut out of the solid rock. This wall, which is nearly 126 yards long, is not quite straight, but encroaches slightly upon the upper terrace, and forms at the centre a very obtuse angle. At this point there rises, projecting from the wall, a large cubical mass, cut out of the solid rock, resembling somewhat, though on a larger scale, the altar

described above. It is itself 11 feet square and 5 feet high, and stands on a platform consisting of three very massive steps. This remarkable monument has been recognised by tradition as the *a-KaXa TOV A^/Aoo-fleveos*, and almost every traveller since Chandler's time has regarded it as no other than the famous bema of the ancient Athenian assembly. The rock-wall from which it projects forms the chord of a vast semicircular space, the enclosure of its arc being a wall of "Cyclopean" masonry. The radius of the semicircle measures between 76 and 77 yards from this outer wall to the bema. Here, then, was the auditorium of the Pnyx. But several difficulties beset the identification. Towards the bottom of the lower bema Prof. E. Curtius (*Attische Studien*, pt. i.) has discovered another similar though smaller bema. Again, Plutarch asserts that the bema which had originally faced towards the sea was by the Thirty Tyrants turned round the other way, in their hatred of the maritime democracy. More over, if the block of marble above mentioned be rightly identified as the bema, then it would have the auditorium sloping downwards from it, an arrangement ill suited for addressing a tumultuous popular assembly. Dr Curtius accordingly pronounces the entire identification to be a mistake, and would regard this spot as a primitive precinct and rock-altar of the Most High Zeus. It would not be difficult, if space allowed, to disprove Dr Curtius's theory. Far more reasonable is the view of Dr Dyer (*Athens*, App. iil) He thinks that the lower and smaller bema discovered by Dr Curtius was the bema of Clisthenes, which did (however much Plutarch's statement is discredited by his own absurd explanation) face in the direction of the sea. The orator would thus speak from the arc of the semicircle, having the audience above him. The Thirty may well have defaced the Pnyx, and it would have been natural for Thrasybulus after the anarchy to restore it on a large scale, hewing out what is still known as the bema, giving the semicircular wall a wider sweep, and raising the tiers of seats at least to a level with the new bema, if not above it. For there is no reason to suppose that the surface of the lower terrace has undergone no change in the lapse of centuries, or that the "Cyclopean" wall surrounding it never exceeded its present height. A building of greater architectural importance and of the Dionysiac equal interest belongs to this same period. Dramatic performances at Athens originally took place in wooden theatres extemporised for the occasion; but the fall of one of these led, in the year 500 B.C., to the erection of the marble theatre on a site already consecrated to Dionysus as the *Lenasum*, upon the S.E. slope of the Acropolis. (Suidas, s. v. *Upo/rims*.) We may be sure that the first stone theatre was comparatively simple in construction, consisting of a *KotXov* or auditorium, with tiers of rock-hewn seats, and an *opxqo-Tpd*, or space for the chorus, while the stage itself and its furniture were of wood. The excavation of the Dionysiac theatre in 1862 has made every one familiar with the row of marble thrones for the various priests and officers of state, the elaborate masonry of the stage, the orchestra floor, and other features. But these and other interesting decorations of the theatre belong to a later age. It was under the administration of Lycurgus the orator (337 B.C.) that the building was first really completed; and many of the sculptures which have been lately brought to light belong to a restoration of the theatre in the 2d, or perhaps even in the 3d, century A.D. Enough has now been said of the condition of Athens before the Persian War. It was surrounded by a ring-wall Thesean of narrow circuit, some doubtful traces of which are supposed to remain. At its centre stood the Acropolis, already crowded with temples and sanctuaries, some upon the summit, some built at its foot, and others like the famous grotto of Pan, on the N.W. slope mere caves in its rocky Grotto of sides. Pan. The Persian invasion, which forced the Athenians to take refuge in their "wooden walls," and to leave their city at Persian the mercy of the barbarian, marked an important epoch in war - the annals of Athenian building. Upon the retreat of Mar-donius, the Athenians returned to Attica to find their city virtually in ruins. Its fortifications and public buildings had been destroyed or burnt, and the private dwellings had been wantonly defaced or ruined by neglect. Amid the enthusiasm of hope which followed upon the great deliverance of Greece, a natural impulse led the Athenians to rear their city more glorious from its ruins. Themistocles fanned their patriotism with the foresight of a statesman, and Athens rose again with marvellous rapidity. This haste, however, though creditable to their patriotism, and, indeed, necessary in order to forestall the jealous opposition of Sparta, was not without

its evils. The houses were rebuilt on their old sites, and the lines of the old streets, narrow and irregular as they had been, were too readily followed. A similar haste marked the rebuilding of the city walls, a work in which men and women, old and young, took zealous part, not scrupling to dismantle any building or monument, private or public, which could supply materials for the building. But in rebuilding the walls Themistocles gave them a wider circuit, especially towards the N. and N.E. (Thucyd., i. 90, 93). At the same time he determined to construct new harbours, and to fortify the Piraeus, regarding the navy of Athens as her principal source of strength. It is doubtful whether the " Long Walls " formed a distinct portion of his designs ; but he may certainly be regarded as the founder of the greatness of Athens. The best account yet given of the Dionysiac theatre is to be found in Dr Dyer's recent work on Athens.

of Athens, the works and embellishments carried out by Pericles being only a fulfilment of the far-sighted aims of Themistocles. Thucydides (ii. 13) makes the circuit of the city wall to be 43 stades (about 5 miles), exclusive of the unguarded space between walls ; this is found to correspond accurately enough with the existing remains. In tracing the circuit of the ancient walls, we may take our start from the N.W. side of the city, at the one gate whose site is absolutely certain, the Thriasian gate (called also the Sacred gate, as opening upon the sacred way to Eleusis, and also *TO ATTNAOJ*), as consisting of two gates, perhaps one within the other), which is marked by the modern church of the Holy Trinity, a little N. of the bottom of Hermes Street a spot attractive to the modern tourist through the beautiful " street of tombs " here laid bare by recent excavations. From the Thriasian gate the wall of Themistocles ran due E. for some distance ; thence, skirting the modern theatre, it ran N.E., parallel to the modern Piraeus Street as far as the Bank, when it returned in a S.E. direction across the site of the present Mint, as far as the Chamber of Deputies. Thence towards the S.E. it included nearly all the modern Royal Gardens, and then ran S.W., following the zig-zag of the hills above the north bank of the Ilissus, until westwards by a straight course parallel with the Acropolis it reached the Museum Hill. Thence it may be traced in a direction N.W. and N., following more or less the contour of the hills, until we return to our starting-point at the Dipylum gate. Eight other gates (exclusive of wickets, *TTUAISe*?, which must have existed) are mentioned by ancient authors the Piraeian, Hippades, Melitides, Itonian, Diomeian, Diocharis, Panopis, and Acharnian. Their exact sites cannot be certainly fixed, but some of them may be determined within narrow limits, such as the Piraeian gate, which led out of the Agora, and opened upon the long walls. Having completed the defences of the city proper, among which must be included the building of the north wall of the Acropolis (Dyer, p. 121), Themistocles proceeded to fortify the Piraeus. Athens, like most of the old Greek towns, was built, for greater security, at a distance from the coast, and only buildings when more settled times brought her greater prosperity was a harbour formed at the nearest bay of Phaleron, near the modern church of St George. It is said that Themistocles would gladly have transported the Athenian population bodily from the upper city to the coast, there to form a great maritime state. Though this was impossible, yet he could strengthen Athens on the seaward side. The isthmus of Piraeus, though somewhat more distant than Phaleron, presented obvious advantages as a sea port. It formed on its north side the spacious and secure basin of Piraeus (now Port Drako), the north and south shores of which towards the entrance fall back into two smaller bays harbours within the harbour known respectively as the *KO^OS AI/x^v* and *KavOapos*. The neck of the isthmus on the south is formed by Port Zea (now Phanari), the entrance of which was secured by Phreatty, the headland of Munychia. To the east of the district of Munychia, again, and facing Phaleron, was the harbour known anciently as Munychia, and now as Port Stratiotiki. Themistocles thus, in giving up Port Phaleron, gave Athens three harbours instead of one. The fortifications of Piraeus were conceived on a grand scale, and carried out with no sign of hurry. The whole circuit of Piraeus and of the town of Munychia was enclosed alike on the sea and land sides by walls of immense thickness and strength, which were carried up to a height of more than 60 feet this being only half the height intended by Themistocles! (see Grote, *Hist. Greece*, c. xlv.) The laying out

of the new seaport belonged rather to the regime of Pericles (Grote, c. xlvii.) It was then that Hippodamus, the eccentric architect, planned the Agora which bore his name ; and the various public buildings which adorned Piræus doubtless arose with growth of Athenian commerce. The harbour-basin was lined with porticoes, which served as warehouses and bazaars. Two theatres existed in the town, and numerous temples. The local deity was Artemis Munychia; but the large number of foreigners (/AC TOIKOI) who became naturalised at this port led to the introduction of many foreign forms of worship. Artemis herself came to be identified with the Thracian Bendis, and her festival (TO. Bev& Seta) is referred to in the immortal opening of Plato's Republic. If not a part of the original designs of Themistocles, it was at least a natural development of them, to carry " Long Walls " from the newly-fortified Piræus to the upper city, and thus combine them both into one grand system of fortification. The experiment of connecting a town by long walls with its port had been already tried between Megara and Nisæa (Grote, Hist. Greece, c. xlv.), and it was now repeated on a grander scale under Cimon. From the portion of the city wall between the Museum and the Nymphs Hill a sort of bastion was thrown out to S.W. so as to form an irregular triangle, from the apex of which a " long wall," about 4 miles long, was carried down to the N. portion of the Piræean fortifications ; this was termed TO /Sopetov Tet^os- Another "long wall" of somewhat shorter length ran down to the wall of Phalerum, which had hitherto served as the port of Athens ; this was TO QaXypikov Ti^o?. A third wall, between the two, parallel to the first, and but a few yards from it (TO VOTIOV ret^o?, TO 8ia fj.ea-ov TCI^OS), was afterwards added by Pericles, and the maritime fortifications of Athens became complete. But the city owed still more to the munificence of Cimon. Out of the spoils of his Persian campaign he fortified the S. side of the Acropolis with a remarkably solid wall, which terminated in a sort of bastion at the W. end. Here he reared a little temple of Athena Nike (otherwise called the Wingless Victory), although the existing sculptures of the frieze are pronounced on account of their style to belong to a somewhat later date (Pausan., i. 28, 3 ; Corn. Nep., Cimon, ii; Plutarch, Cimon, xiii.) It was Cimon who first set the example of providing the citizens with agreeable places for promenade (Plutarch, *ibid.*), by planting the Agora with plane trees, and laying out the Academy with trees and walks. It is probable that some of the porticoes in the Agora were built by Cimon ; at all events, the most beautiful one amongst them was reared by Pisianax, his brother-in-law, and the paintings with which Polygnotus, his sister's lover, adorned it (representing scenes from the military history of Athens, legendary and historical) made it ever famous as the Troia Troika??. One more building, the most perfect existing relic of ancient Athens, was also built by Cimon. The Theseion (as we still may venture to call it, in spite of the doubts lately cast upon its identification) is a hexastyle Doric temple standing on an eminence due N. of the Areopagus, and is the first object which meets the eye of the tourist who approaches the city from the Piræus. Having served in Byzantine times for a Christian church, it is now a museum of antiquities, and contains some of the choicest treasures discovered by recent excavations. We have now brought this sketch of Athenian topography down to the most distinguished period of Athenian history and Athenian architecture the era of Pericles. As the champion of Hellenic freedom against the Persians, as the head of the Ionic confederation, Athens had suddenly grown to be the foremost city in Greece. But when one by one the confederate states sank into the position of subject- 1 See Dyer, Athens, p. 230, foil., who thinks it is really the temple of the Amazons. Long v Wingless Victory. Stoa Peecile. Thesciui Periclea era.

allies; when the ^ye/xovta of Athens passed insensibly into a Tvpawk (Thucyd., ii. 63); when the contribution of ships and men was commuted in most cases for a money payment, and the funds of the confederation were transferred from the Apollonium at Delos to the Athenian Acropolis, an enormous revenue became at the disposal of the Athenian Government. It is to their credit that so little of it found its way into private pockets. It was natural for the thoughts of a Greek, especially of an Athenian, to turn to the decoration of his city ; it was politic that the central city of the Ionian confederacy should be adorned with a beauty equal to her prestige. The buildings connected with the name of Cimon had been

chiefly for utility or defence ; those of Pericles were mainly ornamental. The first edifice completed by him seems to have been the Odeion, on the E. of the Dionysiac theatre, to serve as a place for recitations by rhapsodists, and for musical performances. It was burnt by Aristion during Sulla's siege of Athens, but afterwards rebuilt. Mention has already been made of the building of the Long Walls and the laying out of the Piræus by Pericles ; but it was the Acropolis itself which witnessed the greatest splendours of his administration. Within its limited area arose buildings and statues, on which the genius of Phidias the sculptor, of Ictinus and Mnesicles the architects, were employed for years; while multitudes of artists and craftsmen of all kinds were busied in carrying out their grand designs. 1 The spoils of the Persian War had already been consecrated under Cimon to the honour of the national goddess, in the view of erection of a colossal statue of Athena by Phidias between the entrance of the Acropolis and the Erechtheion ; her martial attitude gained her the title of *ITpo/Aa^o?*, and the gleam of her helmet's plume and uplifted spear was hailed by the homeward seaman as he doubled Cape Sunium (Pausan., i. 28). But the national deity was to receive yet greater honours at the hand of Pericles. That an old temple stood on the site afterwards occupied by the Parthenon is proved, less by the doubtful expressions of Herodotus (viii. 51, 55), and the testimony of later compilers like Hesychius, than by recent excavations, which reveal that a large temple must have been at least begun upon this spot when the Persian invaders destroyed the old buildings of the Acropolis by fire. Here, then, Pericles proceeded to rear what has ever since been known as the Parthenon. The designer of this masterpiece of architecture then was Ictinus ; the foundations of the old temple were at his suggestion extended in length and breadth, and thus arose upon the S. side of the Acropolis a magnificent temple of the virgin goddess. It was completed in the year 438 B.C. It stood upon the highest platform of the Acropolis, so that the pavement of the peristyle of the Parthenon was on a level with the capitals of the columns of the east portico of the Propylæa. The temple was built entirely of white marble from the quarries of Mount Pentelicus. Ascending a flight of three steps, you passed through the great east entrance into the Pronaos, wherein was stored a large collection of sacred objects, chiefly of silver. From the Pronaos a massive door led into the cella, called Hecatompedos (view 6 Ekro /xTreSo?), because it measured in length 100 Attic feet. The (treasure here bestowed consisted chiefly of chaplets and other objects of gold. The west portion of the cella was railed off (by Kty^X/ Ses), and formed the Parthenon proper, i.e., the adytum occupied by the chryselephantine statue by Phidias of Athena Parthenos, a work which yielded the pre-eminence only to one other statue by the same artist, viz., the Zeus at Olympia. In this adytum were stored a number of silver bowls and other articles employed at the Panathenaic festival. 1 See the animated description in Plutarch, Pericles, 12, foils. The westernmost compartment at the rear of the cella was the Opisthodomus, which served as the national treasury; hither poured in the tribute of the Athenian allies. It is important to remember that the Parthenon was never intended as a temple of worship ; for this purpose there already existed another temple, presently to be described as the Erechtheion, standing upon the primeval site of that contest between Athena and Poseidon which established the claim of the goddess to the Attic citadel and soil. The Parthenon was simply designed to be the central point of the Panathenaic festival, and the storehouse for the sacred treasure. The entire temple should be regarded as one vast *dvaOrjfm* to the national deity, not as a place for her worship. Thus directly in front of her statue in the cella there stood an erection, which has been mistaken for an altar, but which is more probably to be regarded as the platform which the victorious competitors in the Panathenaic contests ascended to receive, as it were from the hand of the goddess, the golden chaplets and vases of olive oil that formed the prizes (see Michaelis's Parthenon, p. 31). This consideration lends significance to the decorations of the building, which were the work of Phidias. Within the outer portico, along the outside of the top of the wall of the building, ran a frieze 3 feet 4 inches in height, and 520 feet in total length, on which were sculptured figures in low relief 2 , representing the Panathenaic procession. Nearly all of these sculptures are in the British Museum, and the entire series has been recently made complete by casts from the other fragments, and arranged in the order of the original design. The marvellous beauty of these reliefs,

which was heightened originally by colour, has been long familiar to all the world from numerous illustrated descriptions. The procession of youths and maidens, of priests and magistrates, of oxen for sacrifice, of flute-players and singers, followed by the youthful chivalry of Athens on prancing steeds is represented as wending its way from the west towards the eastern entrance. 3 Outside of the building, on the N. and S. sides, the metopes between the Doric triglyphs were filled with sculptures representing scenes from the mythical history of Athens. But the glory of the Parthenon were the sculptures of the E. and W. pediments. Unhappily but a few figures remain, and none are wholly perfect, of the statues which formed these groups ; and Pausanias appears to have thought it superfluous to give a minute description of objects so familiar to every connoisseur and traveller. The sculptures on the eastern pediment related to the birth of Athena ; the central group was early destroyed by the Byzantine Christians in converting the Parthenon into a church, with the Pronaos for its apse. But nearly all the subordinate figures are preserved in a more or less injured condition in the British Museum. The noble head of the horse of the chariot of Night, the seated female figures of " The Fates," and the grand torso commonly known as the " Theseus," are familiar to us all. It would be out of place here even to enumerate the many attempts that have been made to reconstruct the groups of either pediment. The sculptures on the W. represented the contest between Athena and Poseidon for the possession of Attica; and although scarcely any portions of these figures are now existing, yet they are better known to us than the E. pediment by means of the faithful (if clumsy) sketches made by the Frenchman Carrey in 1674, when they were in a comparatively perfect state. Those who desire to know all that is to be known concerning the sculptures of the Parthenon should consult the beautiful work of Michaelis, *Der Parthenon*, v.iii. See the remarks of Mr Ruskin, *Aratra Pentelica*, p. 174. 3 Those who desire to enjoy these sculptures, should come from a perusal of Michaelis's eloquent work *Der Parthenon*, and spend a day in the British Museum with the guide-book in his hand. measurements and architectural details of the edifice have never been so splendidly given as by our countryman Penrose, in his *Principles of Athenian Architecture*. We will turn now to the other buildings of the Acropolis, none of which, however, are so full of significance as the Parthenon itself. For, indeed, standing as it does on the highest point of Athenian soil, its erection marked the culminating point of Athenian history, literature, politics, and art. The " Birth of Athena," over the eastern entrance, may symbolise to us the sudden growth of Athenian greatness, while in the contest between the armed goddess of peaceful wisdom and the violent god of sea, which adorned the western front, we may see an allegory of the long struggle between the agricultural and the maritime interests which forms the central thread of Athenian history. Erechtheum. Opposite to the Parthenon, on the northern edge of the Acropolis, stands another remarkable temple, far smaller in size, and built in the most graceful forms of the Ionic order. The Erechtheum appears to be designed expressly to contrast with the severe sublimity of the Parthenon ; and on the side which confronts those mighty Doric shafts, the columns of the smaller building are allowed to transform themselves into Caryatids. The temple of Athena Polias, which contained the ancient wooden image of the goddess, and formed the centre of her worship, suffered from fire in the Persian War (479 B.C.) A building so sacred would hardly have been allowed to remain for long in ruins ; but it was reserved for Pericles to set about a complete restoration of it. However, the Peloponnesian War seems to have interrupted his designs, and in the year 409 B.C. the edifice was still unfinished, 1 and soon after this it was totally destroyed by fire. But soon afterwards it must have been rebuilt, without doubt retaining all

its original features. The temple in its present state consists of an oblong cella extending from E. to W. From each side of the W. end of the cella projects a portico, forming a sort of transept. The eastern portico formed the temple of Athena Polias, upon the site of her ancient contest with Poseidon. The west portion was the Pandroseum, dedicated to Athena Pandrosus. The building thus formed two temples in one, and is styled by Pausanias a *Snrxovv ouc^/m*. It seems at a later time to have been commonly called the Erechtheum, because of a tradition that Erechtheus was buried on this site. Propylaea. Among the many glories of the Acropolis, the Propylaea are described by Pausanias as being

exceptionally magnificent (i. 22). They rivalled even the Parthenon, and were the most splendid of all the buildings of Pericles. The western end of the Acropolis, which furnished, and still furnishes, the only access to the summit of the hill, was about 160 feet in breadth, a frontage so narrow, that to the artists of Pericles it appeared practicable to fill up the space with a single building, which, in serving the main purpose of a gateway, should contribute to adorn as well as to guard the citadel. This work, which rivalled the Parthenon in felicity of execution, and surpassed it in boldness and originality of design, was begun in the archonship of Euthymenes, in the year 437 B.C., and completed in five years, under the directions of the architect Mnesicles. Of the space which formed the natural entrance to the Acropolis, 58 feet near the centre were left for the grand entrance, and the remainder on either side was occupied by wings projecting 32 feet in front of the central colonnade. The entire building received the name of Propylaea from its forming the vestibule to the five doors. 1 An important inscription in the British Museum gives a survey of the works as they stood in that year, drawn up by a commission appointed for the purpose. See Greek Inscriptions in the British Museum, vol. i. No. 35. ways, still in existence, by which the citadel was entered. The wall in which these doors were pierced was thrown back about 50 feet from the front of the artificial opening of the hill, and the whole may therefore be said to have resembled a modern fortification, although, in fact, the Propylaea was designed, not for defence, but for decoration. The whole building was of Pentelic marble. The Megaron or great vestibule in the centre consisted of a front of six fluted Doric columns, mounted upon four steps, which supported a pediment, and measured 5 feet in diameter and nearly 29 in height, with an intercolumniation of 7 feet, except between the two central columns, which were 13 feet apart, in order to furnish space for a carriage-way. Behind this Doric colonnade was a vestibule 43 feet in depth, the roof of which was sustained by six inner columns in a double row, so as to divide the vestibule into three aisles or compartments ; and these columns, although only three feet and a half in diameter at the base, were, including the capitals, nearly 34 feet in height, their architraves being on the same level with the frieze of the Doric colonnade. The ceiling was laid upon marble beams, resting upon the lateral walls and the architraves of the two rows of Ionic columns, those covering the side aisles being 22 feet in length, and those covering the central aisles 17 feet, with a proportional breadth and thickness. Enormous masses like these, raised to the roof of a building, standing upon a steep hill, and covered with a ceiling which all the resources of art had been employed to beautify, might well overcome the reserve of a matter-of-fact topographer like Pausanias, and at once account for and justify the unusual warmth of his language when he is speaking of the roof of the Propylaea (i. 22). Of the five doors at the extremity of the vestibule, the width of the central and largest was equal to the space between the two central columns of the Doric portico in front, and the same also as that between the two rows of Ionic columns in the vestibule ; but the doors on either side of the principal one were of diminished height and breadth, and the two beyond these again were still smaller in both dimensions. These five gates or doors led from the vestibule into a back portico 18 feet in depth, which was fronted with a Doric colonnade and pediment of the same dimensions as those of the western or outer portico, but placed on a higher level, there being five steps of ascent from the western to the level of the eastern portico. From the latter or inner portico there was a descent of one step into the adjacent part of the platform of the Acropolis. The wings of the Propylaea were nearly symmetrical in front, each presenting on this side a wall adorned only with a frieze of triglyphs, and with antae at the extremities. The inner or southernmost column of each wing stood in a line with the great Doric columns of the Megaron ; and as both these columns and those of the wings were upon the same level, the three porticoes were all connected together, and the four steps which ascended to the Megaron were continued also along the porticoes of the two wings. But here the symmetry of the building ended ; for, in regard to interior size and distribution of parts, the wings were exceedingly dissimilar. In the northern or left wing, a porch of 12 feet in depth conducted by three doors into a chamber of 34 feet by 26, the porch and chamber thus occupying the entire space behind the western wall of that wing ; whereas the southern or right wing consisted only of a porch or gallery of 26 feet by 16, which, on the S. and E. sides, was formed by a

wall connected with and of the same thickness as the lateral wall of the Megaron, and, on the W. side, had its roof supported by a narrow pilaster, standing between the N.W. column of the wing and an anta, which terminated its southern wall. In front of the southern or right wing of the Propylaea there stood, so late as the year 1676, the small Ionic temple dedicated to Athena Nike, and commonly known by the ancients as the temple of the Wingless Victory (Nt/oy a-m-epos), which has already been mentioned as probably one of the buildings of Cimon. Perhaps before the 18th century this building was pulled down by the Turks, and the only remains of its parts of the frieze built into a wall which were known in his day were carried off by Lord Elgin, and are now in the British Museum. In 1835 careful excavations were made under the directions of Professor Ross, when not only were the remains of the Propylaea opened up far more clearly than before, but also nearly all the fragments of this little temple of Victory were discovered; they had been used for building a Turkish battery, and so preserved. Thus the temple was at once restored by a reconstruction of the original fragments. Few quarters of ancient Athens have received more advantage from judicious excavation in recent years than this western end of the Acropolis. From the disastrous termination of the Peloponnesian war to the yet more fatal defeat at Chseroneia, the architectural history of Athens is a blank, only interrupted by the restoration of the Long Walls and the rebuilding of the fortifications of Pirseus by Conon, both of which had been destroyed by Lysander. The financial genius of the orator Lycurgus, whose administration lasted from 338 to 325 B.C., replenished to some extent the exhausted resources of his country. He reorganised her finance, he catalogued and rearranged the sacred and national treasures, and brought order and efficiency into every department of state. This new impulse made itself felt in building activity. The Dionysiac theatre was now first completed; and though, as we have already seen, many of the sculptures and other marbles recently uncovered on its site are the restorations of a very much later age, yet we may confidently assume that in all material points the theatre as we are now able to view it represents the condition of the building as it originally stood in the time of Lycurgus. Another remarkable work which signalled his administration was the Panathenaic Stadium. On the southern side of the Ilissus, at right angles to the stream, a hollow space was scooped out of the soil, some 680 feet in length and 130 in breadth. It is possible that the site had been used for gymnastic contests before the orator's time; it was he, however, who first undertook to level it properly and lay it out. But it was reserved for the munificence of Herodes Atticus finally to complete it. He furnished the place with magnificent seats of Pentelic marble, tier upon tier, capable of accommodating, at the very least, 40,000 spectators. An attempt was recently made to excavate the Stadium, but it was found that every trace of antiquity had been destroyed, the marble having been used as a quarry for building purposes. The administration of Lycurgus is an important era in Athenian architecture; for after his time we never seem to hear of any more buildings having been reared by the Athenian Government. The best-known extant edifices of the period immediately following were the work of wealthy private persons. Round the eastern end of the Acropolis, starting from the eastern entrance of the Dionysiac theatre, then leaving the Odeum of Pericles to the left, and thence sweeping westward to the Agora, there ran a street which formed a favourite promenade in ancient Athens, commonly known as the "Street of Tripods." It gained this name from the small votive shrines which adorned it, supporting upon their summit the bronze tripods which had been obtained as prizes in the choragic contests. The tripods thus mounted often themselves served as a frame to some masterpiece of sculpture, such, for example, as the famous satyr of Praxiteles.

It had early become the custom to dedicate the prize tripods within the sacred precincts of the theatre; but when this space was filled, they gradually extended all along this street, and their erection was made more and more a matter of private display. One of these shrines still stands, and is well known as the monument of Lysicrates. It bears the following inscription upon its architrave: "Lysicrates, son of Lysitheides, of the deme of Cicynna, was choragus; the tribe Acarnantis gained the prize with a chorus of boys; Theon accompanied them upon the flute; Lysiades of Athens taught them; Euaenetus was archon." In other words, the date of this monument was 335 B.C. Fifteen years after that

a somewhat similar shrine was reared at the topmost summit of the back of the great theatre, where an ancient grotto was by Thrasyllus Monument converted into a choragic monument. The Byzantine of Thra- Christians transformed the building into a chapel of the s i llus - Virgin, under the title of Panaghia Spiliotissa, or Our Lady of the Grotto. Early travellers describe this little shrine as consisting of three pilasters engaged in a plain wall, surmounted by an inscribed architrave ; above was supported a figure of Dionysus, now preserved, but in a much injured state, in the British Museum. On the top of the statue originally rested the tripod that formed the prize of Thrasyllus. The Macedonian period again marks a new epoch in the Mace- history of Athenian topography. Henceforward almost (Ionian every embellishment Athens received was at the hands of period, the various foreign princes, whose tastes inclined them to patronise a city so rich in historical associations, and so ready to reward each new admirer with an equal tribute of servile adulation. But whatever decoration the city might owe to royal vanity or munificence, her connection with these foreign potentates brought her far more of injury than advantage. She became entangled in their wars, and usually found herself upon the losing side. Upon the death of Alexander the Athenians claimed their liberty, but they at once had to submit to Antipater (322 B.C.), who placed a garrison in Munychia. It perhaps was he who defaced the ancient Pnyx ; at all events, from this time forward the political oratory of Athens became silent for ever. In 318 B.C. Demetrius the Phalerean was made governor of Athens by Cassander, and received every kind of homage from his servile subjects. But as soon as the other Demetrius, surnamed Poliorcetes, appeared in the Piraeus, the Athenians welcomed him with open arms. For restoring to them the forms of democracy he was extolled with abject adulation, and had assigned to him a residence in the Opisthodomus of the Parthenon itself, where he profaned the sanctuary of the virgin goddess with unbridled sensuality. Upon the defeat of Antigonos at Ipsus (301 B.C.), Demetrius fled from Athens, and under Lachares, the leading demagogue of the time, the city enjoyed the shadow of independence. But the demagogue soon developed into a tyrant, and when Demetrius reappeared in 296 B.C. and besieged the city, Lachares had to fly from the indignation of the citizens, taking with him the golden shields that adorned the eastern front of the Acropolis, and having rifled the chryselephan tine statue itself. Again, in 268 B.C., Athens endured a long siege from Antigonos Gonatas, who laid waste the surrounding country. Still more disastrous was the in effectual siege by Philip V. in 200 B.C., who, pitching his camp at Cynosarges, destroyed everything that lay around the temple of Heracles, the gymnasium there, and the Lyceium as well. At length, in 146 B.C., Greece became a Roman province, and Athens succumbed peacefully to the Roman yoke. During the inglorious period of Athenian history which has just been sketched, several new buildings were reared by the munificence of foreign princes. Ptolemy Philadelphia gave his name to a large gymnasium the Ptolemseum built by him near the Theseium. Attalus I., king of Pergamus, erected a stoa on the north-east of the Agora, and laid out a garden in the Academy. His successor, Eumenes II. (197-159 B.C.), built another stoa near the . great theatre. Antiochus Epiphanes designed the comple tion of the Olympian!, a work which was interrupted by his death. Roman Under the rule of the Komans Athens enjoyed the period. privileges of a libera civitas, i.e., no garrison was intro duced into the town, no tribute was levied upon it, and the constitution was nominally left unaltered. The Areopagus, indeed, under Roman influence, recovered some of its ancient power, and was made to take pre cedence of the more democratic assemblies of the Boule and Ecclesia. The revision also of the laws by Hadrian would, of course, introduce some changes. Yet it may surely be maintained that Athens under the Roman dominion was in a far better position than in the days be fore the taking of Corinth by Slummus, when she had been at the mercy of each successive Macedonian pretender. The Romans appear to have shown a remarkable respect for the feelings of the Athenian people. It would be superfluous here to recall the warm expressions of admira tion which fall from Cicero and Horace when speaking of Athens. A visit to Athens was regarded by the educated Sulla at Roman as a kind of pilgrimage. 1 One great disaster Athens Athens did indeed undergo at the hands of Rome ; this was the siege and plunder of the city by Sulla in the Mithridatic War. Yielding to the threats of the king and the representations of the villainous Aristion, the Athenians

had joined the cause of the king of Pontus, and Sulla deliberately resolved to gratify his revenge (Athenseus, v. 47, foil.; Plut., Sulla, 12). After a protracted siege, in which the inhabitants suffered the extreme of famine, mocked at once by the insolence of Aristion within, and pressed by a remorseless foe without, Athens at length was taken on March 1, 86 B.C. Many of the public buildings (happily not the most important) were overthrown, much of the sacred treasure was rifled by the soldiers, and many works of art, together with the library of Apellicon, containing the collections of Aristotle and Theophrastus, were carried off by the cultivated Sulla. The loss of life was also great : large numbers were butchered by the soldiery, and the Agora of Cerameicus flowed with blood. We are told that Sulla was wont to take credit for having "spared Athens." He did not indeed destroy it, but his conduct on this occasion alone would suffice to fix an indelible stain upon his memory. With this disastrous exception, Athens prospered under the Roman rule, and students from all parts of the Grseco- Roman world flocked thither to attend the lectures of the philosophers and rhetoricians, or to view the countless works of art that adorned the city. Athenian society grew more and more academic. ^ The current tone of educated circles was antiquarian even to pedantry. 2 The inscriptions relating to the Roman period clearly reveal to us the chief interests of contemporary Athenian life. Epitaphs in abundance testify to the SetcrtSat/iovτ a which delighted in proper names derived from deities and religious ceremonies, 3 and the pride of genealogical pedantry. Honorary decrees abound to justify the charge of adulation which was the reproach of the later Athenians. But the commonest class of monuments are the gymnastic inscriptions, which give 1 The beautiful elegy of Propertius, beginning "Magnum Her ad doctas proficisci cogor Athenas" (iv. 21), is worth referring to. 2 See note in No. 81 of Greek Inscriptions in the British Museum, also No. 93. 8 Cf. *ibid.*, No. 47 ; and Cumanudes, Eiriypaupal A.TTIKTJS tTriTvτj.- /3ici, *passim.* us lists of the students from all quarters who, while pursu ing their studies at Athens, enrolled themselves at a gymnasium, and there had the advantage of a social life and regular discipline, which reminds one somewhat of the college system in the English universities. 4 But enough has now been said of the condition of Athenian society under the Roman rule ; it is time to enumerate the embellishments which the city received during this period. It is uncertain at what exact date the Horologium of Andronicus of Cyrrhus was erected, which Horo- is generally known as the Tower of the Winds. It is first logium mentioned by Varro (*De Re Rust.*, iii. 5, 17), and is there- Allclr01 fore older than 35 B.C., though certainly not earlier than 0113 the Roman conquest. This monument, so familiar to every scholar, is described by Vitruvius (i. 6, 4) as an octagonal tower of marble. It stands at what anciently formed the eastern extremity of the Roman Agora, presently to be described. On each face, beneath the cornice, is sculptured the figure of the wind which blew from the corresponding quarter ; on the top of the roof was a pedestal supporting a bronze triton (now destroyed), which was constructed to turn with the wind, and to point out the wind s quarter with a wand which he held in his hand. The sculptured figures of the winds are in good preservation, though of a declining period of art. They represent the four cardinal points and the intermediate quarters between these. Each has his emblems : Boreas, the north wind, blows his noisy conch ; Notus, the rainy south wind, bears his water-jar ; Zephyrus, the west wind, has his lap full of flowers, and so on. Under each figure are the remains of a sun-dial ; and besides all these external features, the interior was constructed to form a water-clock, supplied with water from the spring at the Acropolis called Clepsydra. Thus in cloudy weather a substitute was pro vided for the dial and the sun. The Agora in Cerameicus has already been described, and it was there noticed that the name Cerameicus often appears to be employed alone to denote the Agora.

This may be easily accounted for. By the munificence of Julius Caesar and of Augustus, a propylaeum of four Doric columns, which still exist, was reared at the N.E. extremity of the Cerameicus Agora. The space between the central columns is about 12 feet, between the side columns not quite 5 feet. Over the pediment is a pedestal, with an inscription in honour of Lucius Caesar, the grandson of Augustus, whose equestrian statue it appears to have supported. This propylaeum has by some archaeologists been regarded as a portico of a temple to Athena Archegetis, to whom we learn, from an inscrip tion on

the architrave, that the building was dedicated out of the moneys given by Julius and Augustus. But there can be no reasonable doubt that these columns formed the entrance into a new Agora, dedicated to Athena New 01 Archegeti?, just as it was customary with the Romans Roman to dedicate; a forum to some deity, and intended chiefly, A g ra - it would seem, for the sale of the olive oil which formed so large and characteristic an export from Athens. This appears to be proved by the lengthy inscription (see Bockh, Corp. Inscr. Græc., No. 355) which exists immediately within the entrance, and contains an edict of the Emperor Hadrian regulating the sale of oil and the duties payable upon it. It is easy to understand how, after the erection of the Roman Agora, the old market would be styled *Ῥωμαῖα* or simply *Cerameicus*, while the new oil-market would be distinguished as the 4 See Greek Inscriptions in the British Museum, No. 39, and foil. The best account of the condition of Athens under the Romans may be found in a dissertation by H. L. Ahrens, *De Athenarum statu politico*, &c., and another by Professor Dittenberger, *De Epheci Un Attica*.

Agora, 1 The " Tower of the Winds," which had previously been erected, formed, with its useful timepieces, an appropriate embellishment at the north-eastern extremity. The market was enclosed by a wall, and it was reserved for Hadrian to complete its decoration by building a magnificent stoa on its northern side. Augustus himself received the honour of a small circular shrine upon the Acropolis, dedicated to Augustus and Roma. His son-in-law Agrippa was honoured by an equestrian statue in front of the *Pro-pylæa*, the pedestal of which still exists. The *Agrippæum* was a theatre erected by Agrippa in the *Cerameicus*. It is possible, moreover, that the *Diogeneum* the only gymnasium mentioned in the *Ephebic* inscriptions of the imperial period was built about this time. Its site has recently been thought to have been discovered about 200 yards east of the Tower of the Winds. Whatever licentiousness and misgovernment might mark the reign of succeeding emperors, they at all events refrained from doing injury to Athens. It had been proposed to finish the great temple of Zeus Olympius in honour of Augustus, but the design fell through, and it was reserved for Hadrian to finally complete the building of this magnificent temple, some six centuries from the time when the first stone was laid. Irian at The reign of Hadrian made literally a new era in the ens. history of Athens. 2 For Greece, and especially for Athens, this emperor entertained a passionate admiration. He condescended to hold the office of archon eponymus ; in his honour a thirteenth tribe, *Hadrianis*, was instituted ; and the emperor shared with Zeus the title of Olympius, and the honours of the newly-finished temple. While, however, many portions of the city bore witness to his munificence, it was in the south-eastern quarter that most of his new buildings arose, in the neighbourhood of the Olympium. This suburb was accordingly styled *Hadrianopolis*, or *New Athens*, to distinguish it from the old city of Theseus and of Themistocles. The arch of Hadrian still stands in a fairly perfect state, and marks the boundary between the ancient town and the new suburb embellished by Hadrian. On the north-western front of the architrave is the inscription *cu8 eio- A^vat T/CTCWS ῤ-irplv TroAis* , on the other front, atS etcr ASptavou KO.I ovi ^cricos TroAis. At the same time many of the older buildings underwent restoration at his command. Nor was his bounty shown in works of building alone. He ceded to the Athenians the island of Cephallenia, and bestowed upon them large presents of money, and an annual largess of corn. The immediate successors of Hadrian were guided by his example. Antoninus Pius completed an aqueduct which Hadrian had commenced for bringing water into the town from the Cephissus. Marcus Aurelius visited Athens for the purpose of initiation at the Eleusinian mysteries, odes The list of distinguished persons who made themselves icus - famous as benefactors of Athens may be said to close with the name of Herodes Atticus the rhetorician. Herodes had counted Marcus Aurelius amongst his pupils, and was sure of a distinguished career at Rome ; but, like the friend of Cicero, he preferred the more peaceful atmosphere of Greece and took the surname of Atticus. His ambition was to excel as a sophist, but he owed his fame yet more to the enormous wealth he inherited from his father, which he spent in works of public munificence. Various towns of Greece and even of Italy were enriched by his bounty, but Athens most of all. In addition to his many other benefactions, two architectural works in parti- 1 The name

Cerameicus is never used by writers of pre-Roman times for the old market; they always speak of " the Agora." Pausanias uses both words in their more modern meanings respectively. Many inscribed documents are found, dated " from Hadrian s first visit." See Dittenberger in the *Hermes*, 1872, p. 213. cular immortalised his name. One was the Stadium, which he adorned with magnificent marble seats. The other was the Odeium (see Pausan., vii. 20), the ruins of which are still to be seen under the south-west of the Acropolis. An odeium resembled a theatre in its general plan and the purposes it served : it differed apparently in being roofed in. The ancient theatres were open to the sky ; but the most remarkable feature of this odeium, built by Herodes in honour of his deceased wife Regilla, was its roof of cedar, fragments of which were actually discovered in the excavations made upon this site in 1857. It is a fortunate circumstance that the best and only Tour of extant account of ancient Athens came from the pen of a Pausanias. traveller who visited the city just at the time when the munificence of Hadrian and of Herodes had left nothing more to be added to its embellishment. The Odeium of Regilla, indeed, had not been commenced when Pausanias visited Athens, and he describes it later on in his seventh book. We may place his tour through Athens about the year 170 A.D. His manner of description is as methodical as a modern guide-book, and his very knowledge and appreciation of the endless masterpieces of Grecian art prevent him from covering his pages, like some modern tourists, with rapturous word-painting and expressions of delight. He begins his account of Athens (bk. i. ch. i.-ii. 1) with a description of the Pirseus and the harbours, and his first tour is along the road from Phalerum to the city, where he enters by the Itonian gate, within which he finds a monument to the Amazon Antiope. In his next tour (ch. ii. 2-ch. v.) he supposes us to start again from Piraeus, and approach the city along the remains of the Long Walls. Thus entering the city by the Pirsean gate, 3 he conducts us along the southern side of the old Agora (which he styles the Cerameicus), describing all the buildings that occur upon the way, from the Stoa Basileus and another stoa near it, adorned with a statue of Zeus Eleutherius. in an eastward direction past the temple of Apollo Patrons, the Metroum, the Bouleuterium, and Tholus, and other buildings, which lay at the northern and north-eastern foot of the Areopagus. This walk ends with the mention of the temple Eucleia and the Eleusinium. It is not easy to see why Pausanias here introduces an account of the fountain Enneacrunus and the temple of Demeter and Core, which every archaeologist hitherto has placed near the Ilissus, in the south-eastern extremity of the city. 4 In his next walk (ch. xiv. 5-xviii. 3), having already described the south side of the Cerameicus Agora, he starts again from the Stoa Basileus, describes the buildings on the west and north of the Agora, and then enters the new or Roman Agora. In this tour he mentions the altar of Mercy, the gymnasium of Ptolemy, the Theseium, the temple of Aglaurus, and the Prytaneium. In his next walk he starts from the Prytaneium, and proceeding east ward (ch. xviii. 4, xix.), he mentions the temples of Sarapis and of Ileithuia, until, leaving the eastern end of the Acropolis at some distance on his right hand, he passes through the arch of Hadrian, and describes the Olympium and the other buildings of that emperor. This tour included the temple of Aphrodite $\iota\upsilon\kappa\alpha\tau\omicron\tau\omicron\iota\varsigma$, the Cynosarges, the Stadium, and other buildings on both sides of the Ilissus. For his next walk he returns again to the Prytaneium (ch. xx.-xxviii. 3), and enters the Street of Tripods, which leads him to the temple and theatre of Dionysus, which he describes. Thus he at length reaches the western extremity 3 Curtius and others are probably mistaken in supposing the Dipylum to be the gate intended by Pausanias. 4 Dr Dyer, in his recent work on Athens, Appendix i.. endeavours to explain this difficulty by assuming the existence of two fountains called Callirrhoe, one of which (Enneacrunus) he places on the north west of the Acropolis. III. 2 of the Acropolis, and entering through the Propyloea, he describes in order each object which adorned the summit, with an accuracy fully borne out by recent excavations. His last walk in Athens (ch. xxviii. 4, xxix. 1) conducts us through the various buildings at the western base of the Acropolis. From the temple of the Semnns he passes to the court of the Areopagus, and the mention of this leads him to speak of the other judicial courts of Athens. The rest of his first book is occupied with an account of the suburbs of Athens the Academy, the sacred way to Eleusis, &c., and the topography of Attica in general. Subsequent A few words may suffice to describe the ultimate fate of

history of Athens. In the reign of Valerian the northern barbarians first appeared in the north of Greece, where they laid siege to Thessalonica. This extraordinary apparition having alarmed all Greece, the Athenians restored their city wall, which Sulla had dismantled, and otherwise placed the town in a state of defence sufficient to secure it against a coup- de-main. But under Gallienus, the next emperor, Athens was besieged, and the archonship abolished, upon which the strategos or general, who had previously acted as inspector of the Agora, became the chief magistrate. Under Claudius the city was taken, but recovered soon afterwards. Constantino the Great gloried in the title of General of Athens, which had been conferred upon him, and expressed high satisfaction on obtaining from the people the honour of a statue with an inscription, a distinction which he acknowledged by sending to the city a yearly gratuity of grain. He also conferred on the governor of Attica and Athens the title of Megas Aou, or Grand Duke, which soon became hereditary ; and his son Constans bestowed several islands on the city, in order to supply it with corn. In the time of Theodosius I., that is, towards the end of the 4th century, the Goths laid waste Thessaly and Epirus ; but Theodorus, general of the Greeks, acted with so much prudence, that he saved the Greek cities from pillage and the inhabitants from captivity, a service which was most gratefully acknowledged. But this deliverance proved only temporary. The fatal period was now fast approaching, and, in a real barbarian, Athens was doomed to experience a conqueror yet more remorseless than Sulla. This was Alaric, king of the Goths, who, under the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius, overran both Italy and Greece, sacking, pillaging, and destroying. Never, indeed, did the fury even of barbarian conquest discharge itself in a fiercer or more desolating tempest. The Peloponnesian cities were overturned ; Arcadia and Lacedaemon were both laid waste ; the gulfs of Lepanto and ^Egina were illuminated with the flames of Corinth ; and the Athenian matrons were dragged in chains to satisfy the brutal desires of the barbarians. The invaluable treasures of antiquity were removed ; stately and magnificent structures were reduced to heaps of ruin ; and Athens, stripped of the monuments of her ancient splendour, was compared by Synesius, a writer of that age, to a victim of which the body had been consumed, and the skin only remained. After this dreadful visitation Athens sank into insignificance, and became as obscure as it had once been illustrious. We are indeed informed that the cities of Hellas were put in a state of defence by Justinian, who repaired the walls of Corinth, which had been overturned by an earthquake, and those of Athens, which had fallen into decay through age. But from the time of this emperor a chasm of nearly seven centuries ensues in its history ; except that, about the year 1130, it furnished Roger, the first king of Sicily, with a number of artificers, who there introduced the culture of silk, which afterwards passed into Italy. The worms, it seems, had been brought from India to Constantinople in the reign of Justinian. Doomed, apparently, to become the prey of every spoiler, Athens again emerges from oblivion in the 13th century, under Baldwin and his crusaders, at a time when it was besieged by a general of Theodorus Lascaris, the Greek emperor. In 1427 it was taken by Sultan Amurath II. ; but some time afterwards it was recovered from the infidels by another body of crusaders under the marquis of Montferrat, a powerful baron of the West, who bestowed it, along with Thebes, on Otho de la Roche, one of his principal followers. For a considerable time both cities were governed by Otho and his descendants, with the title of dukes ; but being unable to maintain themselves in their Greek principality, they were at length succeeded by Walter of Brienne, who, soon after his succession, was expelled by his new subjects, aided by the Spaniards of Catalonia. The next rulers of Athens were the Acciajuoli, an opulent family of Florence, in whose possession it remained until 1455, when it was taken by Omar, a general of Mahomet II., and thus fell a second time into the hands of the barbarians. The victorious sultan settled a Mahometan colony in his new conquest, which he incorporated with the Ottoman empire ; and Athens, as well as Greece, continued to form an integral part of the Turkish dominions, until the treaty of Adrianople in 1829, following up the provisions and stipulations of the treaty of London, 7th July 1827, established within certain limits the new state of Greece, of which Athens is now the capital. From the period of the Ottoman conquest to the commencement of the insurrection in 1821, Athens was only known in history by two attempts, on the part of the Venetians,

to expel the Turks and make themselves masters of the city. The first of these took place in 1464, only nine years after its capture by the Osmanlis, and proved an entire failure. But the second, which was undertaken in 1687, more than two centuries later, was crowned with a temporary and fatal success. In the month of September of that year, Count Konigsmark, a Swede in the service of Venice, having disembarked at the Piraeus a force of 8000 foot and 870 horse, forming part of the armament under Francesco Morosini, afterwards doge, marched to Athens, and having summoned the citadel without effect, he erected a battery of heavy ordnance on the hill of the Pnyx, and placing two mortars near the Latin convent at the western foot of the Acropolis, bombarded it for several days. The fire of the cannon was chiefly directed against the Propyloea, and the modern defences below that edifice, whilst the mortars continued, without intermission, to throw shells into the citadel. The consequence was, that the beautiful little temple of Nike Apteros, the frieze of which is now in the British Museum, was completely destroyed by the breaching battery ; and the Parthenon, besides being greatly injured by the bursting of the shells, was, towards the close of the attack, almost rent in pieces by the explosion of a powder magazine, which reduced the middle of the temple to a heap of ruins, threw down the whole of the wall at the eastern extremity, and precipitated to the ground every statue on the eastern pediment. The western extremity was fortunately less injured, and a part of the Opisthodomos was still left standing, together with some of the lateral columns of the peristyle adjoining to the cell. But the shock was nevertheless abundantly disastrous ; and when the Turks afterwards regained possession of the citadel (from which, on this occasion, they were expelled), they did all in their power to complete the destruction which the Venetians had so vigorously begun, by defacing, mutilating, or burning for lime every fragment of the edifice within their reach. In the course of the revolutionary war Athens sustained three sieges. The first was laid by the Greeks in 1822. Having carried the town by storm, and driven the Turks into the citadel, they established a strict blockade of the fortress, which was continued until the advance of the Pasha at the head of 4000 men induced them to abandon their enterprise, and fly, with the Athenians, to Salamis and JEGina. Two months afterwards, the Pasha having left Athens to the defence of 1500 men, the Greeks again ventured to attack the town, and succeeded in obliging the Turks to seek refuge in the citadel, which they forthwith determined to besiege ; but, from ignorance and want of means, no progress whatever was made in the operation until they obtained possession of the well which supplied the garrison with water, when the Turks agreed to capitulate upon condition of being immediately embarked with their families and sent to Asia Minor. On various pretences, however, embarkation was delayed from time to time ; and when intelligence at length arrived that a large Turkish force was advancing upon Athens, the Palicari, instead of manning the walls and preparing for a vigorous defence, rushed in a body to the houses where the prisoners were confined, and commenced an indiscriminate massacre. For this atrocity it is no palliation to remember that the Greek character had morally suffered from centuries of servitude, and that they had terrible arrears of vengeance to exact. The third siege was laid by the Turks in 1826. The Greeks had left a strong garrison in the Acropolis, with provisions for several months; and a spring of water having been discovered in the cave of Pan, and enclosed by Odysseus within the defences of the citadel, there was no danger of its being starved into a surrender. But the Turks having established batteries near the Pnyx and on the hill of the Museum, and having drawn a line of trenches round the citadel, with the view of intercepting all communication between the besieged and the Greek army, the garrison was hard pressed ; and although Colonel Fabvier succeeded in forcing his way through the Turkish lines with 500 men and a supply of ammunition, and thus affording immediate relief, yet the total defeat of the Greek army under General Church at the battle of Athens, fought in the hope of raising the siege, led soon afterwards to the surrender of the Acropolis, which remained in the hands of the Turks until the termination of the revolutionary war. .esent In 1812 Athens could boast of a population of 12,000 ndition. souls, but during the war the greater part of the city was laid in ruins, and most of the inhabitants were dispersed. In 1834 it was declared the capital of the new kingdom of Greece. Great exertions have been made since then to restore the city ; streets have been opened, levelled, widened ; the ancient sewers have

been cleared and repaired, and the marshes of Cephissus drained. Excavations of ancient sites and buildings have been carried out, chiefly through the efforts of the Archaeological Society of Athens, but the antiquaries and scholars of all Europe have anxiously watched their endeavours, and France and Prussia have vied with Great Britain in the prosecution of Athenian discovery. The Theseium has become a treasury of ancient sculpture, and a new archaeological museum has been also erected to contain the ever-increasing stores of ancient inscriptions and sculptures. The royal palace is a large building of Pentelic marble, situated in the eastern quarter of the city, on the highest part of the gentle eminence which rises from the level of the Ilissus and Cephissus towards Lycabettus. The University (Τραβερίκιον) was founded in 1837, and numbers over 1200 students, while its staff of 52 professors includes the names of some of the most learned Greek archaeologists in Europe. In fact, the schools and other educational institutions of Athens are very numerous, and thoroughly efficient. The archaeological journals of Athens are full of information concerning the progress of excavations, and publish the texts of newly-discovered inscriptions. The population in 1871 was over 48,000, exclusive of the population of

the Piraeus. which would bring the total up to about 60,000. The harbour is visited by ships of all nations. A railway connects the Piraeus with the city, and enters the ancient town about half-way between the site of the Dipylum and Pirsean gates. The terminus stands in the midst of what once was the Agora in Cerameicus. The principal street is Hermes Street, running from west to east, a little north of the terminus, until it reaches the royal palace. Two other good streets, Athena Street and ^Eolus Street, traverse this at right angles. The other streets, with the exception of Stadium Street on the N.E., between the chamber of deputies and the University, are generally narrow and winding. Altogether, Athens, like the rest of Greece, is in a condition of increasing prosperity, and reaps the blessings of free;! cm. It is true that in our own country the ardent philhellenism of forty years ago has cooled down, and Greece is no longer an object of popular and sentimental admiration. Yet never did the scholars of Europe turn with keener zest to the study of her ancient monuments ; and if Attica were cleared for ever of I brigands, and furnished with satisfactory roads, then in numbers tenfold greater than now would reverent travellers from the west of Europe delight to make their pilgrimage to the birthplace of philosophy, literature, and art. The following are some of the most important works on the subject : Leake's Topography of Athens ; Wordsworth's Athens and Attica; Bursian's Geographic von Griechenland, and article "Athense" in Pauly's Real-Encyclopadie, 2d ed. ; E. Curtius's Attische Studien; Dyer's Ancient Athens ; Wachsmuth's Die Stadt Athen in Alterthum. (E. L. H.)

The Eclogues of Virgil (1908)

by Virgil, translated by John William Mackail

Eclogue II Eclogue III→

ECLOGUE II.

ALEXIS.

The Shepherd Corydon felt truest love
For fair Alexis, but found no return
Of his fond friendship, for the youth had gained
His master's favour; still the faithful swain
Would tell his sorrow to the hills and woods
Wand'ring beneath the beech trees' kindly shade.
"Cruel Alexis, dost not love my songs?
No pity hast thou? Must I now expire?"

Even the cattle seek the coolest shade
And spiny thickets hide the lizards green.
For the tired reapers, spent with ardent heat
Thestylis crushes garlic, fragrant herbs
And sweet wild thyme: but I, companionless,
Under the blazing sun, thy footsteps track,
Whilst with shrill crickets' chirp the grove resounds.
Were it not better to endure the scorn
Of Amaryllis, and her gloomy ire?
Or dark Menalcas, dark as thou art fair?
O charming boy, trust not too much thy looks.
See the white privet blossom quickly shed,
And the dark hyacinths, so gladly plucked.
Thou dost neglect me, nor dost even stoop
To ask who I may be, nor what my wealth
In white-fleeced flocks—or in abundant milk.
My thousand lambs wander on Sicily's hills:
Fresh milk I lack not all the rolling year.
The airs Amphion loved, I often sing,
Calling the herds together, and, indeed
My looks are pleasant: lately on the shore
In the still mirror of the sea I saw
My image, truly now I do not fear
The rivalry of Daphnis—be thou judge.
Oh that thou wouldst be pleased to dwell with me
In humble cot, to chase the graceful stags
Or drive the kids, where the green mallows grow.
Then in the woods thou mightest sing me songs
To rival Pan himself. He first taught men
With wax to join together several reeds.
Pan guards our sheep, and faithful Shepherds too.
Scorn not to put thy lips to pastoral pipes
Whose art Amqutas gained with toil and pain.
Damœtas, dying, gave to me his pipe
Formed of seven reeds, all of unequal length—
Saying, "Its second master now thou art."
Foolish Amqutas envies me the gift.
Besides these treasures, I possess two fawns.
In a steep-sided valley they were found
Already showing coats of dappled white—
Twice daily do they drain a she-goat's milk
These I could give thee—they were coveted
By Thestylis long since—and thou dost scorn
My gifts—so she shall have them for her own.
Come hither boy; look at the Nymph's rich gifts—
The baskets full of lilies, and the pale
Violets that water-nymphs for thee have plucked
With poppy-heads, and scented anise flowers,
Narcissus too; twining them with the blooms

Of Cassia, and fragrant herbs, as well—
 Spangling the clustered hyacinths with gold
 Of yellow Caltha. While for fruits, myself
 Will pluck for thee the downy quince, and too,
 The chestnuts which my Amaryllis loved.
 These wax-like plums shall also honoured be.
 To mingle all the sweets, I'll gather next
 The scented laurels, and the myrtles rich.
 Corydon, rustic boor, the gentle swain
 Alexis scorns thy presents—not to say
 That Iolas bears off the palm in gifts.
 Alas! alas! what madness seizes me?
 How I have wrecked the garden of my soul
 And on my fountains clear, loosed savage swine?
 From whom dost flee, thou madman, knowst thou not
 Gods dwell in woods, and Trojan Paris too.
 Pallas may hold the towers herself has built;
 For us, the woods shall be our chief delight.
 Wolves are pursued by lions, goats by wolves,
 Whilst in their turn, the goats devour the thyme.
 And so, Alexis, Corydon seeks thee—
 To please his fancy. See the evening comes—
 The oxen draw the ploughs, hung from the yoke,
 Their labour o'er, and now the sinking sun
 Lengthens the shadows—yet I still must love.
 And who would bound the power of faithful love?
 Still, I am foolish, wasting hours that should
 Be spent in training vines to leafy elms,
 Or weaving rushes soft and osiers strong
 Into things useful for my daily work.
 —Alexis scorns—I'll seek another friend.

The Eclogues of Virgil (1908) by Virgil, translated by John William Mackail
 Eclogue III Eclogue IV→
 ECLOGUE III.

PALÆMON.

Menalcas. Damœtas. Palæmon.

Men.Damœtas, I would know of thee; to whom
 Belongs this flock of sheep?—to Melibœus?

Dam.Not so! 'tis Ægon's flock—lately he gave
 His sheep unto my care.

Men.A luckless flock!

While with Neæra does their owner play,
 Fearing lest she prefer my love to his,
 This hireling robs his sheep, for hour by hour,
 Twice does he milk the ewes, so cheats their lambs.

Dam. Nay, be not hasty to accuse thy kin;
All know of thee, that thou lett'st Virtue slip
While easy-going Nymphs smiled pleasantly,
But all thy he-goats turned their heads aside.

Men. That was when I stood hacking Micon's grove
With envious hand-bill.

Dam. Yes, or it might be
When thou, amongst the beeches old, did'st break
The bows and shafts of Daphnis: thou didst grieve,
Envious Menalcas, when thou saw'st the gift
Daphnis received, and forthwith thou didst yearn
To do the boy some harm, or die of spite.

Men. We masters must outwit yon thieving knaves—
Ah! rascal! whom I saw catch Damon's goat
Loud tho' the sheep-dog barked! loud though I cried
To Tityrus to guard his flock, but thou didst hide
Among the sedges.

Dam. Nay, but I had won
That goat in rivalry of tuneful pipes—
You might not know it, but that goat was mine,
As Damon did confess, although indeed
He swore he could not give it up to me.

Men. Thou vanquished him in song? Not so, I ween;
When didst thou ever own a wax-joined pipe?
Didst thou not use, poor dunce, to squeak through straws
Murdering a wretched tune, on the cross-roads?

Dam. Well, shall we try, by turns, what each can do?
This heifer young my stake shall be, and lest
Thou should'st refuse, I'll tell thee of her worth.
Twice in the day the milking pail she fills,
Suckling two calves besides! Say now, what stake
Canst thou on thy side show when we contend?

Men. Ah! from our flock I dare not bring thee aught
Fearing the wrath of step-mother and sire;
Each day a careful reckoning they make
Of the whole flock, one of them counts the kids.

But if thou needst must fool, I'll lay a stake
Of greater value far, as thou wilt own,
Even the beechwood bowls, with carving rich
Of god-like Alcimedon: round the edge
Clusters a vine, formed by light graver's tool,
Clothing pale ivy with its scattered fruit.

Two figures in the midst—Conon is one,
The other—who was he who with his staff
Unto the nations of the globe marked out
The various seasons—for the reaper glad,
And bending ploughman. Not yet with my lips
Have I approached them, for I laid them by.

Dam. Yes, for us also Alcimedon carved

Two goblets with the soft acanthus wreathed
 Around their handles—Orpheus in the midst
 In his own woods, and I have kept them safe
 Untouched by any lip. This heifer—see,
 Thy cups in worth will not compare with her.
 Men. Think not thou canst escape me so, this day,
 When thou shalt challenge, then will I appear.
 Let but one hear us—ah, Palæmon comes!
 No challenge shall be thine, in future days.
 Dam. No longer then delay—sing what thou canst.
 No hearers do I fear, but, neighbour mine,
 Palæmon, give thy utmost mind to this,
 For 'tis no trifling matter. Now begin.
 Pal. Sing on; whilst on the soft grass we may rest.
 Now is the fairest time of all the year,
 For now the fields and trees bring forth their buds
 And leafy are the woods. Damœtas first—
 Menalcas follow—in alternate verse,
 For so the Muses love.
 Dam. From Jove the Muse begins;
 All things are full of him: he guards the earth,
 He listens to my songs.
 Men. Phœbus loves me,
 My gifts he welcomes—bays and hyacinths red.
 Dam. Gay Galatea with an apple pelts,
 Then flies to hide 'mongst willows, all the while
 Desiring to be seen.
 Men. Ah, but hear!
 Amyntas, of his own accord, to me
 Offers his friendship—so our household dogs
 Know him as well as Delia.
 Dam. For my love
 Are plenteous gifts provided; I have marked
 The spot where the doves build their lofty nest.
 Men. And I have done my utmost; from the tree
 Ten golden apples gathered for my boy
 And on the morrow, more I mean to send.
 Dam. How often did my Galatea whisper words
 To my quick ear? Ye winds, I pray you waft
 Some portion of them to the listening gods.
 Men. Amyntas, though thou do not me despise
 What boots it if I needs must guard the nets
 Whilst thou canst gaily chase the rushing boar?
 Dam. Send Phyllis to me, Iolas—it is
 My birthday—come yourself and see
 When the young heifer for the crops I slay.
 Men. Phyllis I love above all women—she
 Wept at my leaving, crying, "Now farewell,
 A long farewell to thee, thou charming one!"

Dam. The wolf is fatal in the fold, and so
Are hailstones to ripe corn, wind blasts to trees—
Or—Amaryllis' anger to us all.
Men. How sweet is gentle rain! and to the kids
From mother weaned, the arbutus is good,
So pliant willows to the pregnant kine—
But to my mind, Amyntas reigns alone.
Dam. Our Muse is rustic, yet by Pollio loved
Pierian maid, a heifer feed for him.
Men. Pollio himself makes freshest songs, so feed
For him a bull that can already gore
And spurn the sand beneath his furious feet.
Dam. Where thou dost love to be, O Pollio, there
Let him who loves thee come, and for his joy
Let honey flow amain, let brambles balsam yield.
Men. Who hates not Bavius' songs, he may love thine,
O, Mævius; may yoke foxes, he-goats milk!
Dam. Ye children, picking flowers and low-grown fruit,
Flee hence, for in the grass lurks a cold snake!
Men. My sheep, go carefully—it is not safe
To trust the bank—the ram himself was forced
To dry his fleece.
Dam. Now, Tityrus, keep back
The grazing kids from river-bed, and I
In due time, in the pool will wash them all.
Men. Come, boys, we'll fold the sheep, if the fierce heat
Should, as of late, dry up the flow of milk,
Then vainly would our hands their udders press.
Dam. Alas, how lean of flesh, amidst the tares
My bull has grown! well, love has wrought the same
Ruin, alike to herd and herdsmen both.
Men. Nay, but love certainly is not the cause
With these—why, to their bones they scarcely cling,
What evil eye is cast on my young lambs?
Dam. If thou canst tell me in what lands the sky
Seems but three ells in width, thou shalt to me
Be as the great Apollo oracle.
Men. Rather tell me where I can find the lands
In which flowers bloom, printed with names of kings,
Then Phyllis shalt thou claim, as all thine own.
Palæmon. Such rivalry as yours, I cannot judge
The heifer both of you deserve, and so,
Whoever fears sweet love, or tasted has
Love's bitterness, that one is worthy too.
Lads! it is time to turn the streams aside
The thirsty meadows now have drunk their fill.

Dear March — Come in —

by Emily Dickinson

1320 (1321) Elizabeth told Essex→

Sister Projects.sister projects: Wikidata item.

Dear March — Come in —

How glad I am —

I hoped for you before —

Put down your Hat —

You must have walked —

How out of Breath you are —

Dear March, Come right up the stairs with me —

I have so much to tell —

I got your Letter, and the Birds —

The Maples never knew that you were coming — till I called

I declare — how Red their Faces grew —

But March, forgive me — and

All those Hills you left for me to Hue —

There was no Purple suitable —

You took it all with you —

Who knocks? That April.

Lock the Door —

I will not be pursued —

He stayed away a Year to call

When I am occupied —

But trifles look so trivial

As soon as you have come

That Blame is just as dear as Praise

And Praise as mere as Blame —

Freedom (1911)

by Lola Ridge

Originally published in Mother Earth, Vol. VI, no. 4, June 1911.

Let men be free!

All violence is but the agony

Of caged things fighting blindly for the right

To be and breathe and burn their little hour.

Bare spirits--not debight

In smooth-set garments of philosophy;

But near earth forces, elemental, crude,

Scarce knowing their invincible, rude power;

Within the close of their primeval servitude

Half comatose.

Who, ravening for their depleted dower
Of so much sun and air and warmth and food,
And the same right to procreate and love
As the beasts have and the birds,
Strike wild--not having words
To parry with---at the cold force above.

Let men be free!
Hate is the price
Of servitude, paid covertly; and vice
But the unclean recoil of tortured flesh
Whipped through the centuries within a mesh
Spun out of priestly art.
Oh men, arise, be free!--Who breaks one bar
Of tyranny in this so bitter star
Has cleansed its bitterness in part.

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Introduction

Little Red Riding-Hood→

The fairy tales of Charles Perrault (Clarke, 1922)

INTRODUCTION

"Avec ardeur il aime les beaux arts."

Griselidis

CHARLES PERRAULT must have been as charming a fellow as a man could meet. He was one of the best-liked personages of his own great age, and he has remained ever since a prime favourite of mankind. We are fortunate in knowing a great deal about his varied life, deriving our knowledge mainly from D'Alembert's history of the French Academy and from his own memoirs, which were written for his grandchildren, but not published till sixty-six years after his death. We should, I think, be more fortunate still if the memoirs had not ceased in mid-career, or if their author had permitted himself to write of his family affairs without reserve or restraint, in the approved manner of modern autobiography. We should like, for example, to know much more than we do about the wife and the two sons to whom he was so devoted.

Perrault was born in Paris in 1628, the fifth son of Pierre Perrault, a prosperous parliamentary lawyer; and, at the age of nine, was sent to a day-school—the College de Beauvais. His father helped him with his lessons at home, as he himself, later on, was accustomed to help his own children. He can never have been a model schoolboy, though he was always first in his class, and he ended his school career prematurely by quarrelling with his master and bidding him a formal farewell.

The cause of this quarrel throws a bright light on Perrault's subsequent career. He refused to accept his teacher's philosophical tenets on the mere ground of their traditional authority. He claimed that novelty was in itself a merit, and on this they parted. He did not go alone. One of his friends, a boy called Beaurain, espoused his cause, and for the next three or four years the two read together, haphazard, in the Luxembourg Gardens. This plan of study had almost certainly a bad effect on Beaurain, for we hear no more of him. It certainly prevented Perrault from being a thorough scholar, though it made him a man of taste, a sincere independent, and an undaunted amateur.

In 1651 he took his degree at the University of Orléans, where degrees were given with scandalous readiness, payment of fees being the only essential preliminary. In the meantime he had walked the hospitals with some vague notion of following his brother Claude into the profession of medicine, and had played a small part as a theological controversialist in the quarrel then raging, about the nature of grace, between the Jesuits and the Jansenists. Having abandoned medicine and theology he got called to the Bar, practised for a while with distinct success, and coquetted with a notion of codifying the laws of the realm. The Bar proved too arid a profession to engage for long his attention; so he next sought and found a place in the office of another brother, Pierre, who was Chief Commissioner of Taxes in Paris. Here Perrault had little to do save to read at large in the excellent library which his brother had formed.

For want of further occupation he returned to the writing of verse, one of the chief pleasures of his boyhood. His first sustained literary effort had been a parody of the sixth book of the "Æneid"; which, perhaps fortunately for his reputation, was never published and has not survived. Beaurain and his brother Nicholas, a doctor of the Sorbonne, assisted him in this perpetration, and Claude made the pen-and-ink sketches with which it was illustrated. In the few years that had elapsed since the writing of this burlesque Perrault had acquired no sense (Did taste, and his new poems—in particular the "Portrait d'Iris" and the "Dialogue entre l'Amour et l'Amitié"—were found charming by his contemporaries. They were issued anonymously, and Quinault, himself a poet of established reputation, used some of them to forward his suit with a young lady, allowing her to think that they were his own. Perrault, when told of Quinault's pretensions, deemed it necessary to disclose his authorship; but, on hearing of the use to which his work had been put, he gallantly remained in the background, forgave the fraud, and made a friend of the culprit.

Architecture next engaged his attention, and in 1657 he designed a house at Viry for his brother and supervised its construction. Colbert approved so much of this performance that he employed him in the superintendence of the royal buildings and put him in special charge of Versailles, which was then in process of erection. Perrault flung himself with ardour into this work, though not to the exclusion of his other activities. He wrote odes in honour of the King; he planned designs for Gobelin tapestries and decorative paintings; he became a member of the select little Academy of Medals and Inscriptions which Colbert brought into being to devise suitable legends for the royal palaces and monuments; he encouraged musicians and fought the cause of Lulli; he joined with Claude in a successful effort to found the Academy of Science.

Claude Perrault had something of his brother's versatility and shared his love for architecture, and the

two now became deeply interested in the various schemes which were mooted for the completion of the Louvre. Bernini was summoned by the King from Rome, and entrusted with the task; but the brothers Perrault intervened. Charles conceived the idea of the great east front and communicated it to Claude, who drew the plans and was commissioned to carry them out. The work was finished in 1671, and is still popularly known as Perrault's Colonnade.

In the same year Charles was elected to the Academy without any personal canvas on his part for the honour. His inaugural address was heard with such approval that he ventured to suggest that the inauguration of future members should be a public function. The suggestion was adopted, and these addresses became the most famous feature of the Academy's proceedings and are so to the present day. This was not his only service to the Academy, for he carried a motion to the effect that future elections should be by ballot; and invented and provided, at his own expense, a ballot-box which, though he does not describe it, was probably the model of those in use in all modern clubs and societies.

The novelty of his views did not always commend them to his brother 'Immortals.' Those expressed in his poem "Le Siècle de Louis XIV" which he read as an Academician of sixteen years' standing, initiated one of the most famous and lasting literary quarrels of the era. Perrault, in praising the writers of his own age, ventured to disparage some of the great authors of the ancient classics. Boileau lashed himself into a fury of opposition and hurled strident insults against the heretic. Racine, more adroit, pretended to think that the poem was a piece of ingenious irony. Most men of letters hastened to participate in the battle. No doubt Perrault's position was untenable, but he conducted his defence with perfect temper and much wit; and Boileau made himself not a little absurd by his violence and his obvious longing to display the extent of his learning. Perrault's case is finally stated in his four volumes, "Le Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes," which were published in 1688-1696. He evidently took vastly more pride in this dull and now almost forgotten work than in the matchless stories which have made him famous for ever.

After twenty years in the service of Colbert, the sun of Perrault's fortunes passed its zenith. His brother, the Commissioner of Taxes, had a dispute with the Minister and was disgraced. Then Perrault got married to a young lady of whom we know nothing except that her marriage was the subject of some opposition from his powerful employer. In a matter of the sort Perrault, though a courtier, could be relied on to consider no wishes save those of his future wife and himself. Colbert's own influence with the King became shaky, and this affected his temper. So Perrault, then just fifty-five, slid quietly from his service in the year 1683.

Before he went, he succeeded in frustrating a project for closing the Tuileries Gardens against the people of Paris and their children. Colbert proposed to reserve them to the royal use, but Perrault persuaded him to come there one day for a walk, showed him the citizens taking the air and playing with their children; got the gardeners to testify that these privileges were never abused, and carried his point by declaring, finally, that the King's pleasure was so spacious that there was room for all his children to walk there."

Sainte-Beuve, seventy years ago, pleaded that this service to the children of Paris should be commemorated by a statue of Perrault in the centre of the Tuileries. The statue has never been erected; and, to the present day, Paris, so plentifully provided with statues and pictures of the great men of France, has neither the one nor the other to show that she appreciates the genius of Perrault. Indeed, there is no statue of him in existence; and the only painting of him with which I am acquainted is a doubtful one hung far away in an obscure corner of the palace of Versailles.

The close of Perrault's official career marked the beginning of his period of greatest literary activity. In 1686 he published his long narrative poem "Saint Paulin Evesque de Nole" with "a Christian Epistle upon Penitence" and "an Ode to the Newly-converted" which he dedicated to Bossuet. Between the years 1688 and 1696 appeared the "Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes" to which I have already referred. In 1693 he brought out his "Cabinet des Beaux Arts," beautifully illustrated by engravings, and containing a poem on painting which even Boileau condescended to admire. In 1694 he published his "Apologie des Femmes." He wrote two comedies—"L'Oublieux" in 1691, and "Les Fontanges." These were not printed till 1868. They added nothing to his reputation. Between 1691 and 1697 were composed the immortal "Histoires ou Contes du Temps Passé" and the "Contes en Vers!" Toward the end of his life he busied himself with the "Éloges des Hommes Illustres du Siècle de Louis XIV." The first of these two stately volumes came out in 1696 and the second in 1700. They were illustrated by a hundred and two excellent engravings, including one, by Edelinck, of Perrault himself and another of his brother Claude. These biographies are written with kindly justice, and form a valuable contribution to the history of the reign of the Roi Soleil. I have not exhausted the list of Perrault's writings, but, to speak frankly, the rest are not worth mentioning.

He died, aged seventy-five, in 1703, deservedly admired and regretted by all who knew him. This was not strange. For he was clever, honest, courteous, and witty. He did his duty to his family, his employer, his friends, and to the public at large. In an age of great men, but also of great prejudices, he fought his own way to fame and fortune. He served all the arts, and practised most of them. Painters, writers, sculptors, musicians, and men of science all gladly made him free of their company. As a good Civil Servant he was no politician, and he showed no leaning whatever toward what was regarded in his time as the greatest of all professions—that of arms. These two deficiencies, if deficiencies they be, only endear him the more to us. Every one likes a man who deserves to enjoy life and does, in fact, enjoy it. Perrault was such a man. He was more. He was the cause of enjoyment to countless of his fellows, and his stories still promise enjoyment to countless others to come.

It is amazing to remember that Perrault was rather ashamed of his "Histoires ou Contes du Temps Passé"—perhaps better known as "Les Contes de ma Mère l'Oye" or "Mother Goose's Tales," from the rough print which was inserted as a frontispiece to the first collected edition in 1697. He would not even publish them in his own name. They were declared to be by P. Darmancour, Perrault's young son. In order that the secret might be well kept, Perrault abandoned his usual publisher, Coignard, and went to Barbin. The stories had previously appeared from time to time, anonymously, in Moetjens' little magazine the "Recueil," which was published from The Hague. "La Belle au Bois Dormant" ("Sleeping Beauty") was the first: and in rapid succession followed "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge" ("Red Riding-Hood"), "Le Maître Chat, ou le Chat Botté" ("Puss in Boots"), "Les Fees" ("The Fairy"), "Cendrillon, ou la Petite Pantoufle de Verre" ("Cinderella"), "Riquet à la Houppe" ("Riquet of the Tuft"), and "Le Petit Poucet" ("Tom Thumb").

Perrault was not so shy in admitting the authorship of his three verse stories—"Griselidis," "Les Souhais Ridicules" and "Peau d'Asne." The first appeared, anonymously it is true, in 1691; but, when it came to be reprinted with "Les Souhais Ridicules" and "Peau d'Asne" in 1695, they were entrusted to the firm of Coignard and described as being by "Mr Perrault, de l'Académie Française." La Fontaine had made a fashion of this sort of exercise.

It would not be fair to assume that P. Darmancour had no connection whatever with the composition of the stories which bore his name. The best of Perrault's critics, Paul de St Victor and Andrew Lang among others, see in the book a marvellous collaboration of crabbed age and youth. The boy, probably, gathered the stories from his nurse and brought them to his father, who touched them up, and toned

them down, and wrote them out. Paul Lacroix, in his fine edition of 1886, goes as far as to attribute the entire authorship of the prose tales to Perrault's son. He deferred, however, to universal usage when he entitled his volume "Les Contes en prose de Charles Perrault"

"Les Contes du Temps Passé had an immediate success. Imitators sprung up at once by the dozen, and still persist; but none of them has ever rivalled, much less surpassed, the inimitable originals. Every few years a new and sumptuous edition appears in France. The best are probably those by Paul Lacroix and André le Fèvre.

The stories soon crossed the Channel; and a translation "by Mr Samber, printed for J. Pote" was advertised in the "Monthly Chronicle" of 1729. "Mr Samber" was presumably one Robert Samber of New Inn, who translated other tales from the French, for Edmond Curl the bookseller, about this time. No copy of the first edition of his Perrault is known to exist. Yet it won a wide popularity, as is shown by the fact that there was a seventh edition published in 1795, for J. Rivington, a bookseller, of Pearl Street, New York.

No English translation of Perrault's fairy tales has attained unquestioned literary pre-eminence. So the publishers of the present book have thought it best to use Samber's translation, which has a special interest of its own in being almost contemporary with the original. The text has been thoroughly revised and corrected by Mr J. E. Mansion, who has purged it of many errors without detracting from its old-fashioned quality. To Mr Mansion also is due the credit for the translation of the "Les Souhairs Ridicules" and for the adaptation of "Peau d' Asne." "Griselidis" is excluded from this book for two good reasons; firstly, because it is an admitted borrowing by Perrault from Boccaccio; secondly, because it is not a 'fairy' tale in the true sense of the word.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to add anything about Mr Clarke's illustrations. Many of the readers of this book will be already familiar with his work. Besides, I always feel that it is an impertinence to describe pictures in their presence. Mr Clarke's speak for themselves. They speak for Perrault too. It is seldom, indeed, that an illustrator enters so thoroughly into the spirit of his text. The grace, delicacy, urbanity, tenderness, and humour which went to the making of Perrault's stories must, it seems, have also gone in somewhat similar proportions to the making of these delightful drawings. I am sure that they would have given pleasure to Perrault himself.

THOMAS BODKIN

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Little · Red · Riding-Hood

ONCE upon a time, there lived in a certain village, a little country girl, the prettiest creature was ever

seen. Her mother was excessively fond of her; and her grand-mother doated on her much more. This good woman got made for her a little red riding-hood; which became the girl so extremely well, that every body called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day, her mother, having made some girdle-cakes, said to her:

"Go, my dear, and see how thy grand-mamma does, for I hear she has been very ill, carry her a girdle-cake, and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding-Hood set out immediately to go to her grand-mother, who lived in another village. As she was going thro' the wood, she met with Gaffer Wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but he durst not, because of some faggot-makers hard by in the forest.

He asked her whither she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and hear a Wolf talk, said to him:

"I am going to see my grand-mamma, and carry her a girdle-cake, and a little pot of butter, from my mamma."

"Does she live far off?" said the Wolf.

"Oh! ay," answered Little Red Riding-Hood, "it is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village."

"Well," said the Wolf, "and I'll go and see her too: I'll go this way, and you go that, and we shall see who will be there soonest."

The Wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest way; and the little girl went by that farthest about, diverting herself in gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays of such little flowers as she met with. The Wolf was not long before he got to the old woman's house: he knocked at the door, tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

"Your grand-child. Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the Wolf, counterfeiting her voice, "who has brought you a girdle-cake, and a little pot of butter, sent you by mamma."

The good grand-mother, who was in bed, because she found herself somewhat ill, cry'd out:

"Pull the peg, and the bolt will fall."

The Wolf pull'd the peg, and the door opened, and then presently he fell upon the good woman, and ate her up in a moment; for it was above three days that he had not touched a bit. He then shut the door, and went into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding-Hood, who came some time afterwards, and knock'd at the door, tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

Little Red Riding-Hood, hearing the big voice of the

"HE ASKED HER WHITHER SHE WAS GOING"

Wolf, was at first afraid; but believing her grand-mother had got a cold, and was hoarse, answered:

"Tis your grand-child, Little Red Riding-Hood, who has brought you a girdle-cake, and a little pot of butter, mamma sends you."

The Wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could, "Pull the peg, and the bolt will fall."

Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the peg, and the door opened. The Wolf seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bedclothes:

"Put the cake, and the little pot of butter upon the bread-bin, and come and lye down with me."

Little Red Riding-Hood undressed herself, and went into bed; where, being greatly amazed to see how her grand-mother looked in her night-cloaths, she said to her:

"Grand-mamma, what great arms you have got!"

"That is the better to hug thee, my dear."

"Grand-mamma, what great legs you have got!"

"That is to run the better, my child."

"Grand-mamma, what great ears you have got!"

"That is to hear the better, my child."

"Grand-mamma, what great eyes you have got!"

"It is to see the better, my child."

"Grand-mamma, what great teeth you have got!"

"That is to eat thee up."

And, saying these words, this wicked Wolf fell upon poor Little Red Riding-Hood, and ate her all up.

The Moral

From this short story easy we discern
What conduct all young people ought to learn.
But above all, young, growing misses fair,
Whose orient rosy blooms begin t'appear:
Who, beauties in the fragrant spring of age.
With pretty airs young hearts are apt t'engage.
Ill do they listen to all sorts of tongues,
Since some inchant and lure like Syrens' songs.

No wonder therefore 'tis, if over-power'd,
So many of them has the Wolf devour'd.
The Wolf, I say, for Wolves too sure there are
Of every sort, and every character.
Some of them mild and gentle-humour'd be.
Of noise and gall, and rancour wholly free;
Who tame, familiar, full of complaisance
Ogle and leer, languish, cajole and glance;
With luring tongues, and language wond'rous sweet.
Follow young ladies as they walk the street,
Ev'n to their very houses, nay, bedside,
And, artful, tho' their true designs they hide;
Yet ah I these simpering Wolves! Who does not see
Most dangerous of Wolves indeed they be?

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

By Prof. S. P. LANGLEY,
OF THE ALLEGHANY OBSERVATORY.
Popular Science Monthly Volume 6 December 1874 (1874)

ON the 8th day of the present month, at a little before nine in the evening of our time, the planet Venus will be first seen entering upon the face of the sun, from that side of the earth on which it is then day, and to observe the event astronomers will have made their way from all the principal countries of the civilized world. The spectacle in itself offers nothing that is imposing; to the naked eye, indeed, nothing of it will be visible, and all that the best telescope can discern will be a small, black, circular spot moving across the upper part of the solar disk, during some four and a half hours. The interest of the occasion, as all know, lies in the rare opportunity it offers for obtaining the sun's distance from the earth; but, as it is not so well understood why this distance is wanted, why it has not been found before, and what Venus has to do with determining it now, it is proposed here to attempt to answer such questions, as fully as it can be done in general and untechnical terms, and in a single article.

The exact object to be obtained can be better understood after considering what we know about the relations of the sun and planets, and what we have yet to learn. We know already, then, with almost entire exactness, the relative distances from the sun of every planet (the earth included), so that, if we wished to make a map of the solar system, on which the position of each member should be laid down with great precision, we have already all the means at hand to do it. Let us suppose such a map to be drawn, in which circles around a central point represent the planetary orbits. Then the planets being ranged in a line from the sun, and the distance of Venus from it being let us say five inches, that of the earth will be seven, and that of Mars over ten, whence we observe that Venus is our nearest neighbor, and her distance from the sun two and a half times ours from her.

As round numbers are given only for simplicity, and as we could in fact draw such a map, with the actual elliptic orbits, in which no error would exist which a microscope could detect, it may be asked, "What more can be wanted?"

But there is a most important want unsupplied: our map has no scale, and we do not know how much

an inch on it represents in actual distance. Our case, then, is like that of a person with an accurate chart of his country before him, from which he wants to find his distance from the capital. If it have no scale attached, or an erroneous one (and the latter is our own case), he cannot measure a single distance upon it.

If, however, he can ascertain the actual number of miles between any two points of the map, he will plainly know what an inch on it stands for, and thus be able to construct the lacking scale; and so we, if we can measure the distance between any two primary planets, or between any one of them (such as the earth) and the sun, have got at the same time the means of determining all the dimensions of the solar system.

A determination of the distance of any remote object, which we can see but cannot reach, whether celestial or terrestrial, the sun or a mountain-top, requires that we should know either its size and the angle it fills to the eye, or else how much the direction in which we see it changes, as we change our own position by a known amount. Thus, in the latter case, a surveyor, who wishes to determine his distance from an inaccessible object of unknown size, sends an assistant to hold up a staff at the end of a line measured on the ground by a chain. First he notes, with an instrument for the purpose, the direction in which the object is seen as compared with that of the staff, and then, the assistant and observer changing places, the latter notes again the direction from the second point of view, and this will enable him to calculate the distance desired. That first found by direct measurement with the chain is called the "base-line," and it ought to be considerable when the object is far away, since in that case its direction will not, evidently, be much altered, without a corresponding alteration in the observer's position. This difference of direction, caused by a changed point of view, is called by astronomers parallax; nearly the only professional term with which the reader need be troubled, but one which should be clearly understood.

The principle involved in the method is probably familiar to him already, but it is here recalled, to point out how its application must be modified in finding the distance of the sun. As the earth sweeps round that far-distant controller of her path, we can send no messenger in advance along our orbit to distinguish the place we shall move to later; we can leave no mark behind to denote the point in the void of space the earth has quitted. Our motion round the sun is therefore no help in finding its distance, and we may, in fact, for the sake of simplicity in illustration, treat the earth as standing still in its orbit, since the essential difficulty is thus nowise heightened. This difficulty, arising from the want of a proper base-line, is similar in degree and kind to that a surveyor would labor under, if he were called on to measure the distance of an object of unknown size at least half a mile away, without moving from his place. Success under such circumstances may well seem, not so much difficult as impossible; yet this is a fair simile of the apparent impracticability of measuring the distance of the sun without stepping beyond the limits of our little earth, a body so small by comparison with the sun's remoteness that, to an observer at that distance, a three-cent piece, held one hundred and fifty yards from the eye, would completely cover our globe and hide it from his view.

Within such narrow bounds we must work, or not work at all, and the reader, if he have not, from what he has just read, gained a definite conception of the principle on which all such distance measurement rests, may find aid in a very simple experiment. If any small object, such as a pencil, be held in front of the eyes as near as it can be conveniently seen, we may easily note the point on the opposite side of the room which it appears to cover, as viewed first by the right eye and then by the left. Though itself unmoved, it will appear to shift its place on the wall, when the latter is distant, in a notable degree, owing both to the difference of direction under which either eye views it, and the remoteness of the background, and the amount of this shifting will diminish progressively as it is carried directly away

from the eyes, owing to its being now seen more nearly in the same direction by both, and to its approach to the wall. The change of direction due to the distance from the eyes only, but, this being constant, the amount of its displacement on the wall is due only to the distance of the latter, as is easily proved by walking toward it.

The distance of the wall might conceivably be reckoned without going to it, by preparing tables which should show how this distance was proportioned to the apparent motion of the pencil on it, since one of these things evidently depends on the other, or which should tell the distance of the pencil, by the difference of direction under which we saw it. Such are the trigonometrical tables in common use, which give the distance when this change of direction and place is known. But this change as viewed by one eye or the other is the parallax of the pencil, the known distance between the eyes being a little "baseline," which plays the same part as the surveyor's longer one; and now, if we suppose ourselves in possession of tables which give the distance of any object, directly its parallax is known, we may substitute the earth for the head, two observers as far apart on it as they can get for the eyes, the sun's face for the wall, and Venus for the pencil, with a better idea of the way in which her coming between us and the sun will help to find how far off it is.

By the sun's horizontal parallax is meant that particular amount of change in its direction which would be noted by our two observers if they were half the diameter of the earth apart (as in Fig. 1, where the observer at A sees V in the direction A B, the one at C in the direction C D, and where the difference of these directions is A V C, the angle under which the earth's radius would be seen from V). At the

PSM V06 D229 Horizontal parallax.png

Fig. 1.—Horizontal Parallax.

risk of needless repetition, the reader is again asked to keep in mind that, finding an object's distance and finding its parallax are convertible terms: that when the latter is large it is easily got, and implies a short distance; that when small, it is found with difficulty, and implies great distance, and that the solar horizontal parallax is almost immeasurably small—less, whatever it is, than an angle of 9', or than that which would be filled by a human hair over five feet from the eye. It was an error of one-thirtieth part of this last—an error less, that is, than a literal hair's-breadth seen fifty yards off—which caused the mistake of 3,000,000 miles, now known to have been made in measuring the sun's distance in 1769; and, if the reader has heard such a mistake cited to the discredit of astronomy, he is now in a position to judge of the justice of the reproach. It may be added, in the words of Sir John Herschel: "Moreover, this error has been detected, and the correction applied, and the detection and correction have originated with the friends, and not the enemies, of science."

If we briefly review the history of human effort at this problem, we find it occupying the mind of the ancient philosophy as well as the modern. Ptolemy, following Hipparchus, estimated, by an unreliable method, the solar parallax at 3', or its distance at 1,210 semi-diameters of the earth; and this grossly erroneous value remained unimproved to the time of Kepler, with whose age modern astronomy begins. Kepler having, by life-long study, discovered a means of obtaining the proportionate distances of the planets from the sun, saw clearly that this led to a new method of finding its absolute distance; since, whatever it is, it stands in a known relation to that of Venus and Mars, either of which is easier found, owing to the comparative nearness of these planets, when in a line with the earth and sun. Venus, at this time, commonly passes above or below the sun, and in either case is lost in the surrounding brightness. Kepler left the suggestion, therefore, of the use of the latter's transit, for the benefit of the future generation in which it should occur. The parallax even of Mars turned out to be, with the means of that day, immeasurably small; but he reached from this the conclusion that the sun's still unknown distance was, at any rate, not less than 13,000,000 miles.

To see how it is that transits are so rare, we may consider the annexed diagram (Fig. 2), where the outer circle shows the orbit of the earth, and her positions in March, June, September, and December. The orbit of Venus, lying within this, would need to be represented by a ring, inclined to the plane in which the earth moves; that part of Venus's path nearest to the earth in March being above the surface of the paper, that nearest to our place in September being below it. If the planet passed in line with us and the sun between December and June, then it would appear to go above it; if between June and the following December, below it. There are two days in each year when we are crossing the line in which the planes of the two orbits cut each other. At these times the path of Venus, if it were a visible ring, would be seen like a slanting line on the sun; but, as the planet may be anywhere else on her path (as, for instance, at V2), it is evidently only under a rare conjunction of favoring circumstances that we see her passage across the sun's face (at V1), as a black circle on a brilliant background. This phenomenon, which can only, as appears from what has been said, occur in June and December, is known as the Transit of Venus.

PSM V06 D230 Orbits of venus and the earth.jpg

Fig. 2.—Orbits of Venus and the Earth.

Owing to the fact that Venus makes about thirteen revolutions in eight years, her transits frequently come in pairs eight years apart, though with an interval of over a century from one pair to the next; and thus transits have occurred in December, 1631 and 1639, in June, 1761 and 1769, and will occur in December, 1874 and 1882. That of 1631, though predicted by Kepler, passed unobserved; that of 1639 was the first known to have been seen by any one, and the circumstances of this epoch in the history of our subject deserve mention.

Jeremiah Horrocks, a young man, devoted to astronomical studies, though without counsel or support, had found from his own computations that a transit was likely to occur, though none had been looked for by others. He had time only to warn a friend of the expected event, then close at hand, and prepared himself to observe it, by forming, through a small aperture in a darkened room, an image of the sun upon a sheet of paper. This he watched continuously on the important day, a Sunday, till the time came for church. Though knowing that the opportunity, which would not occur again to any one then living, might pass in his absence, he left it for what he deemed a religious duty, and did not resume his observation till late in the afternoon. "At this time," said he, "an opening in the clouds, which rendered the sun distinctly visible, seemed as if Divine Providence encouraged my aspirations, when, oh, most gratifying spectacle! the object of so many earnest wishes! I perceived a new spot of unusual magnitude and perfectly round, which had just entered on the left limb of the sun." His friend had been equally fortunate, "and thus," says Mr. Grant, in his "History of Physical Astronomy," whence this account is taken, "did two young men, cultivating astronomy together in a state of complete seclusion in one of the northern counties of England, enjoy the privilege of witnessing a phenomenon which human eyes had never before beheld, and which no one was destined again to see till more than a hundred years had passed away." Horrocks attempted to obtain the sun's parallax, but without much success; good results from such observations requiring, as will be inferred from what has been said, to be made by a pair of observers removed from each other, nearly as far as the limits of the earth will allow.

In 1761 and 1769 astronomers were fully aware of the importance of the occasion. Special preparations were made by different European governments, especially for the latter year, when parties were sent, as now, to various portions of the illuminated hemisphere of the globe. Among the names of those employed are the familiar ones of Captain Cook, who made his first voyage to Tahiti for this purpose, and of Mason and Dixon, the surveyors of the "line" which bore their name, and which was once so

frequently heard of in our own affairs.

One, who is less known, but whose singularly bad luck deserves sympathy, was Le Gentil. Sailing for Pondicherry, where he expected to observe the transit of 1761, he was unable to land, and got no other observations than such as could be made at sea. A voyage from Europe to the Indies in those days was something so formidable, that Le Gentil, who was resolved to see the transit of 1769, decided on waiting for it abroad through eight years of voluntary exile, but, by a cruelly hard fortune, when the long-expected day came, the sun was shut out from his view by clouds which had left the sky clear till the eventful occasion.

It is perhaps worth while to recall such a disappointment, to remind us that all the skill, means, and labor, which have gone to fit out the expeditions now absent, are equally liable to frustration by causes beyond human control; a contingency very remote, however, as affecting the entirety of the observers, and from which it is to be heartily hoped all will be exempted.

The results of the transit of 1769 were rendered uncertain, to some extent, by a curious attendant phenomenon called "the black drop," consisting in an apparent clinging of the planet to the limb, to which it is seemingly attached by a black ligament. The exact cause of this illusion is not quite agreed on, but there can be little doubt that it is in part a product of bad definition and inferior telescopes, and, as such, need be expected to give less trouble in our present observations of the times when the planet is really in contact with the edge. It may, however, cause an error of some seconds in noting the time, and in this particular seconds are all-important. Encke, who discussed these results, found from them that the parallax was $8''.56$, a value always known to be questionable; but whence the sun's distance of "95,000,000 miles," which found a place in our schoolbooks, was derived.

Within a few years past, it has become certain, by evidence from various quarters, that this is too much. Till toward the close of the last century, astronomers had no other means of finding the sun's distance than by observations on Venus and Mars; though, from those of the latter planet, indeed, a much closer approximation to the solar parallax than Kepler's value had long been obtained. Chiefly during the present century, other methods have been added, of which the most remarkable is that due to the French academician, Foucault.

Though the speed of the earth in its orbit, and that of light, were both unknown, yet the ratio of these two velocities had long been ascertained. From the assumed distance of the sun above given (95,000,000 miles), it was evidently possible to tell the circumference of the earth's orbit, and thence to say how many miles it went in a year, or a second, and, by a simple multiplication, a value for the velocity of light was obtained; since, as has just been said, the latter velocity bore a known proportion to the former. In this way, the value of 192,000 miles per second for the speed of light was found—a quantity which, being derived from an assumed distance of the sun, could not, of course, be used in turn to determine it. When, however, Foucault actually measured the velocity of light by a direct physical experiment, it became possible, by a reversal of the above process, to say how far the earth moved in a second; whence we learn how far it moves in a year, or, in other words, the length of its annual path; whence, again, the distance across it and the sun's distance obviously follow, the latter being thus found to be 92,260,000 miles, instead of 95,000,000.

From a discussion of all the different methods, Prof. Newcomb has concluded that the solar parallax cannot be far from $8''.85$; while Mr. Stone, from a rediscussion of the results of the transit of 1769, believes that it is nearer $8''.91$. The first value corresponds to a distance of 92,380,000 miles, the second to one of 91,730,000. It follows that we have heretofore made an error of about three per cent, in

estimating the distances, and about ten per cent, in estimating the masses of the solar system. Neither authority regards his result as more than approximative, Prof. Newcomb, for instance, considering that his own may, as likely as not, be over a hundred thousand miles from the truth.

We get no idea from these large-sounding numbers of the all but inconceivable minuteness of the error of observation which would cause them; and such a measure of uncertainty, far from casting any discredit on the exactness of modern astronomy, is an evidence of its surprising advance toward absolute truth. Modern astronomy began with the age of Kepler; but, while the angle which represents the error in the parallax Kepler found, would correspond to that filled by the width of one of the pages of this magazine at a distance of 2,000 feet from the eye, the error now admitted as probable by Prof. Newcomb is represented by a less angle than that filled at the same distance by the same leaf turned edgewise.

Now that we have considered the delicacy of the measurements which have already been made, we are prepared to appreciate the task of those who, on the 8th of this month, are about to try to better them, and to examine the principles underlying the methods which will be actually used in the trial. To do this, we may, perhaps, here recur to a former illustration. If we suppose a person looking at a remote object—let us say a lighted window—from a distance which is quite half a mile, the distance between his eyes bears nearly the same relation to that of the light, that the distance between any two stations practically usable on the earth does to that of the sun. Accordingly, the difficulty of obtaining the sun's parallax, without moving: from off the earth, is the same in degree that the observer would experience in measuring the distance of the light without moving from his place, and by means of the small virtual change of his point of view, obtained by looking at it with either eye; and it is under such all but insuperably hard conditions that astronomers will actually be working this month.

To see how Venus comes to their aid, we may represent her motion by a car moving at a uniform rate on a circular track, between the light and the observer. If the car pass across the light from left to right (as Venus crosses the sun), it will of course cut off the observer's view of the left side of the window from the left eye first, and, if the motion be slow enough, we may suppose him to note the exact time before the sight of the same point by the right eye is intercepted.

If he know from previous watching how long it takes the car to make its whole circuit of 360° , he knows from his watch, by an obviously simple computation, just what part of a degree it went over in passing, or in its shadow's passing, from one eye to the other; the angle in other words, that the distance between his eyes would appear under as seen from the light. But this is the parallax of the light, and it gives him its distance at once (that between the eyes—the base-line—being known).

This suggests the principle of a method of obtaining the sun's parallax, on which the English astronomers will largely rely.

For, neglecting matters of detail, and supposing Venus to pass centrally across the sun, since she completes her revolution of 360° in 225 days, nearly, we find, on dividing 360° by the number of minutes in that period, that in one minute she moves through an arc of 4", and dividing 360° by the number of minutes in our year, that the earth moves through $2''.46$ in the same time. Hence, as Venus is gaining $1''.54$ every minute, the case is the same as though the earth stood still, and the shadow of Venus (could she throw one so far) passed over the earth at that rate as seen from the sun.

Suppose an observer on the left or eastern side of the globe had his view of part of the left side of the sun intercepted by the interior planet at nine o'clock, and one placed opposite the centre of the globe (at

half the earth's diameter west of the first), five and three-quarter minutes later, then, since $5\frac{3}{4}$ times $1''.54$ is $8''.85$, this angle $8''.85$ represents the difference of directions in which the sun would be seen by the two observers, or, what is the same thing, the angle the earth's semi-diameter would fill to an eye at the sun. This is the solar parallax, and on reference to our tables we should find that such a difference of direction could only be caused by an object nearly 92,000,000 miles off. In practice, observers are not stationed at the extreme edge of the earth (as seen from the sun), because from such a station the sun itself would be seen in the horizon, where vision of it is obscured and rendered unsteady by the vapors of our atmosphere. Neither is it needful to place observers just half a diameter of the earth apart, since it is easy to allow for the effect of greater or less

PSM V06 D234 Showing the displacement of venus.jpg

Fig. 3.—Showing the Displacement of Venus.

distance, and, in reality, the time would be longer than that supposed, because Venus's path lies aslant to the sun's edge, and it takes her longer to cross it. But it will, of course, be understood that such matters as these, and such complications as arise from the elliptical form of the orbits, the real inequality of the motion, the fact of the earth's being constantly turning and changing the observers' positions whether they will or no—that such things as these, and many more, need not occupy us here, except as they suggest how excessively intricate the actual details are with which the astronomer deals.

Quite another method might be used by our imaginary observer, if we suppose him to incline his head so that one eye is higher than the other, and to be able to see over the passing car. In this case, if the lower eye had the view of the lower part of the window hidden, the other, seeing more over the car, would see somewhat farther down—how much farther down would be easily calculated if the proportionate distances of the car from the eyes and the window were known. This suggests a very important method for actual use in the transit; for, if we now have two stations, one in the north or upper side of the earth (upper to us, that is), the other in the south or lower side, it is clear that the upper observer, seeing more over Venus, so to speak, will see it as it crosses the sun at V2, nearer the centre than the observer who is in the south, and who sees it at V1. (Fig. 3).

If the northern station is 6,000 miles higher than the other, since Venus is two and a half times as far from the sun as from us, it will appear to cross nearer the centre by two and a half times 6,000, or 15,000 miles. Knowing how large an angle this 15,000 miles on the sun's face fills, we have, as it will readily be seen, the knowledge of how large an angle a line any given part of its length (such as the earth's radius) would fill as seen from this distance.

PSM V06 D235 Path of venus across the sun by different observers.jpg

Fig 4.—Path of Venus across the Sun as seen by different Observers.

But it is immaterial whether we see such a length as the earth's radius from here, when it is supposed to be laid down on the sun, or from the sun when it is here. In either case we have got the same parallax and hence the same distance.

This apparent displacement of Venus will give us two chords of a circle (Fig. 3), the shorter one being her track to the southern observer, the longer to the northern. In Fig. 4, a b is her apparent path in the first case, c d in the second. This figure shows the direction of the planet's motion, and, with approximate truth, its apparent size as compared with the sun and the decree of actual displacement. Its first appearance, touching the outside of the sun as at a, is what is called "first external contact." This is shortly followed by "first internal contact," when the planet has moved wholly on to the sun's face, and is just quitting the edge. After some four hours it touches the edge again ("second internal contact"), crosses it and disappears ("second external contact"). The external contacts have not hitherto been

much relied on, but, now that with the spectroscope we can see the planet a little way off the sun, they can be better observed. The internal contacts are the important ones, and these have heretofore been rendered more or less uncertain, by the phenomenon called the "black drop," already referred to, as consisting in an optical illusion, by which the planet seems to cling to the limb and pull out of shape, like a drop of ink just about falling from the pen. (Fig. 5.)

PSM V06 D236 Portion of the sun at first internal contact of venus.jpg

Fig. 5.—A Portion of the Sun at First Internal Contact of Venus, showing the "Black-Drop."

Since there is no actual track left to reckon the distance between the chords from, the northern and southern observers time the planet across, very accurately, and, from the times, the lengths of these chords, and hence the distance between them, may plainly be found, since we know just how long the planet would take to go over the sun's diameter. There is another way, by measuring the distance, from the sun's centre, of Venus at different stages of her progress, as seen by a pair or any number of pairs of observers; but probably best of all is photography, which is to be used by nearly every station, and which will give us almost any number of pictures (as many as 150 or 200 to a station), showing exactly how the planet looked from minute to minute to the photographer's lens—an observer which does not get flurried, is perfectly impartial, and whose observations take the form of an instantaneous but permanent record.

Preparations of the most elaborate kind have been made by the leading nations of the world for this event for years beforehand; and the side of our globe, turned sunward on the important day, will be occupied by over seventy astronomical stations. As an amicable interchange of results is to be counted on, the means for trying every method here alluded to, as well as others, will be of the amplest kind; and there is every reason to hope that they will give us a value of the sun's distance, accurate in proportion to the knowledge, energy, and skill, which have gone to furnish them.

From what has been already said, it must be abundantly plain that, unlike an eclipse of the sun, which is total over a very small area, the transit of Venus will be visible over a whole hemisphere of the earth—over more, in fact, since the rotation of our globe brings new countries into the sunlight during the hours the passage lasts, and some will see it begin who will not see it close; others see it close

PSM V06 D237 Earth as seen from the sun in two consecutive days.jpg

Fig. 6.—Earth, as seen from the Sun, December 8th, at 9h.10m., p.m. New York Time. (First Internal Contact.)

Fig. 7.—Earth, as seen from the Sun, December 9th. at 1h.13m., a m. New York Time. (Second Internal Contact.)

Names of American stations, as seen located in the above diagrams:

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| No. 1. Wladiwostock. | No. 5. Bluff Harbor. |
| 2. Pekin. | 6. Chatham Island. |
| 3. Nagasaki. | 7. Kerguelen" |
| 4. Hobarttown. | 8. Possession" |

who do not see it begin. While the transit continues, wherever the sun can be seen, there Venus will be seen on it, with the exception of the few minutes of entry, when those on the extreme left of the earth will see her before the rest, and the corresponding time of exit.

We do not see the phenomena at all in the United States, because all America is on the night side of the earth at the time, a fact made plainer by the accompanying diagrams, showing the earth as it is poised in space, viewed from the sun; first at the beginning of the transit (to the whole earth), and again at its close, with the effects of the earth's rotation in the interval. These diagrams are made from those

prepared by Mr. Proctor (to whose admirably lucid illustrations the writer is otherwise indebted), and by Mr. Hill, under the charge of Prof. Coffin, of our own "Nautical Almanac" office; and on them have been marked the eight stations occupied by American parties. The next transit, in December, 1882, will be visible, it may be observed, from beginning to end, in the United States.

On the whole, it will appear, from what has been stated, that a transit of Venus, though not the only means of determining the sun's distance, and not possessing the relative importance it once did, remains probably the best, as it is the best known, and, if it may be so called, the most classic method.

Judging from what appears to be the probable error of our best independent determinations of the solar parallax (those from Mars), and the presumption that the majority of astronomers regard those obtainable by modern methods from Venus as still better, it is no unreasonable anticipation that the probable error of the coming result will not exceed one-hundredth of a second. In other words, it may be expected to be at least an even wager that the error of angular measurement in the final result—made up, let us remember, from the independent results of observers working in distant parts of the globe—will not exceed that which would be represented by the breadth of a hair, seen at the distance of one mile. So slight is that error, which will seem so large when carried out in the enormous numbers which represent the distance of the sun, and those numbers still more inconceivable which represent his own distance from his brother stars.

In one of the most remarkable writings which have descended to us from ancient philosophy, the "Arenaria" of Archimedes, that geometer undertakes to show his contemporaries that it is in the power of number to reckon not only every grain of sand upon the sea-shore or even in the whole earth, but more than would fill a solid sphere extending beyond the sun; and, in the course of his demonstration, he describes to us how he attempted to find its diameter by measurements carried on with a staff and a rod, when the morning and evening mists rendered its light bearable to the eye. If the striking picture of this "Newton of the ancient world" gazing at the setting sun, to attempt, with such rude means, a portion of the task which remains unsolved after two thousand years, be recalled here, it is because it seems fittingly to remind us of the early steps of that ascent on which man's long effort has raised him to the power of questioning Nature with means of the wonderful exactness just described, and to remind us also how long human thought has rested on the great problem to which we hope this present month may bring an answer.

https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Popular_Science_Monthly/Volume_6/December_1874/The_Transit_of_Venus
for illustrations

MESSER GUIDO CAVALCANTI

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Well of Saint Clare*, by Anatole France

Guido, di Messer Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti, fu un de' migliori loici che avesse il mondo, et ottimo filosofo naturale.... E perciò che egli alquanto tenea della opinione degli Epicuri, si diceva tra la gente volgare che queste sue speculazioni eran solo in cercare se trovar si potesse che Iddio non fosse. I

(The Decameron of Messer Giovanni

Boccaccio, Sixth Day, Novella IX.)

DIM

NON. FVI. ME.

MINI. NON. SVM.

NON. CVRO. DO.

NNIA. ITALIA. AN.

NORVM. XX. HIC.

QVIESCO.2

(Inscription from the Cippus of Donnia
Italia as read by M. Jean-François
Bladé.)

[Pg 52]

Messer Guido Cavalcanti was, in the twentieth year of his age, the most agreeable and the best-built man of all the Florentine nobles. Beneath his long, dark locks, which escaping from under his cap, fell in jetty curls over his white brow, his eyes, that had a golden gleam in them, shone out with a dazzling brilliance. He possessed the arms of Hercules and the hands of a Nymph. His shoulders were broad, and his figure slim and supple. He was well skilled in breaking difficult horses and wielding heavy weapons, and a peerless rider at the ring. Whenever he passed along the city streets to hear Mass at San Giovanni or San Michele, or walked by Arno side in the water-meadows, that were pranked with flowers like a beautiful picture, if any fair ladies, going in a troop together, met him in the way, they never failed to say the one to the other with a blush: "See, yonder is Messer Guido, son of the Lord Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti. 'Tis a very St. George for comeliness, pardi!" And men report that Madonna Gemma, wife of Sandro Bujamonte, one day sent her Nurse to let him know how she loved him [Pg 53] with all her soul, and was like to die of longing. Nor less ardently was he invited to join the Companies the young Florentine lords were used in those days to form among themselves, feasting, supping, gaming and hunting together, and sometimes so dearly loving each other that one and all would wear garments of a like cut and colour. But with equal disdain he shunned the society of Florentine ladies and the assemblages of her young Nobles; for so proud and fierce was his humour, he took no pleasure but in solitude.

He would often stay all the day shut up in his chamber, then forth to wander solitary beneath the holm-oaks that bordered the Ema road at the hour when the first stars are a-tremble in the pale evening sky. If by chance he encountered riders of his own age, he never laughed, and said little—and that little was not always comprehensible. His strange bearing and ambiguous words were a grief and a grievance to his comrades—and above all to Messer Betto Brunelleschi, for he dearly loved Messer Guido, and had no fonder wish than to make him one of the Brotherhood which embraced the richest and the handsomest young noblemen of Florence, and of which he was himself the glory and the delight. For indeed Messer Betto Brunelleschi was reputed the fine flower of chivalry and the most perfect knight of all Tuscany—after Messer Guido. [Pg 54]

One day as the latter was just entering the Porch of Santa Maria Novella, where the Monks of the Order of Saint Dominic kept at that time a number of books that had been brought to Italy by the Greeks, Messer Betto, who was crossing the Piazza at the moment, loudly hailed his friend:

"Hola! Guido mine," he shouted, "whither away now, this bright day, that invites you, methinks, to go fowling in the hills rather than hide in the gloom of the Cloister yonder? Do me a favour, and come to my house at Arezzo, where I will play the flute to you, for the pleasure of seeing you smile."

"Grammercy!" replied Messer Guido, without so much as deigning to turn his head. "I am away to see my Lady."

And so saying, he entered the Church, which he crossed with a rapid step, recking as little of the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the Altar as of Messer Betto, sitting stiff on his horse outside the door, astounded at the words he had just heard. Guido pushed open a low portal leading to the Cloisters, followed the Cloister wall, and arrived in the Library, where Fra Sisto was painting the figures of angels. There, after saluting the good Brother, he drew out from a great painted chest one of the books newly come from Constantinople, laid it on a desk and began to turn over the leaves. [Pg 55] It was a Treatise on Love, writ in Greek by the divine Plato. Messer Guido sighed; his hands began to tremble and his eyes filled with tears.

"Alas!" he muttered; "hid beneath these signs is the Light, and I cannot see it."

He said thus to himself, because the knowledge of the Greek tongue was then altogether lost in the West. After many a long-drawn groan, he took the book, and kissing it, laid it in the iron chest like a beautiful dead woman in her coffin. Then he asked the good Fra Sisto to give him the Manuscript of the Speeches of Cicero, which he read, till the shades of evening, glooming down on the cypresses in the Cloister garden, spread their batlike wings over the pages of his book. For you must know Messer Guido Cavalcanti was a searcher after truth in the writings of the Ancients, and was for treading the arduous ways that lead mankind to immortality. Devoured by the noble longing of discovery, he would set out in canzones the doctrines of the old-world Sages concerning Love which is the path to Virtue.

A few days later, Messer Betto Brunelleschi came to visit him at his own house on the promenade of the Adimari, at the peep of day, the hour when the lark sings in the corn. He found him still abed, and after kissing him, said tenderly:

"My Guido, my Guido lad! put me out of my [Pg 56] pain. Last week you told me you were on your way to visit your Lady in the Church and Cloister of Santa Maria Novella. Ever since I have been turning, turning your words in my head, without fathoming their meaning. I shall have no peace till you have given me an explanation of them. I beseech you, tell me what you meant—so far, that is, as your discretion shall suffer you, seeing the matter doth concern a lady."

Messer Guido burst out a-laughing. Raising himself on his elbow in bed, he looked Messer Betto in the eyes.

"Friend!" said he, "the Lady I spoke to you of hath more than one habitation. The day you saw me going to visit her, I found her in the Library of Santa Maria Novella. But alack! I heard but the one half of her discourse, for she spoke to me in both of the two languages that flow like honey from her adorable lips. First she delivered me a discourse in the tongue of the Greeks, which I could not comprehend, then she addressed me in the dialect of the Latins with a wondrous wisdom. And so well pleased was I with her conversation that I am right fain to marry her."

"Tis at the least," said Messer Betto, "a niece of the Emperor of Constantinople, or his natural daughter.... How name you her?"

"If needs be," answered Messer Guido, "we [Pg 57] must give her a love name, such as every poet gives to his mistress. I will call her Diotima, in memory of Diotima of Megara, who showed the way to the lovers of Virtue. But her public and avowed name is Philosophy, and 'tis the most excellent bride a man can find. I want no other, and I swear by the gods to be faithful unto death, which doth put an end to life and thought."

When he heard these sentiments, Messer Betto struck his forehead with his hand and cried:

"Per Bacco! but I never guessed the riddle! Friend Guido, you have the subtlest wit under the red lily of Florence. I heartily commend your taking to wife so high a dame. Of a surety, will spring of this union a numerous progeny of canzones, sonnets and ballades. I promise to baptize you these pretty babes to the sound of my flute, with dainty mottoes galore and gallant devices. I am the more rejoiced at this spiritual wedlock, seeing it will never hinder you, when the time comes, to marry according to the flesh some fair and goodly lady of the city."

"Nay! you are out," returned Messer Guido. "They that celebrate the espousals of the mind should leave carnal marriage to the profane vulgar, which includes the great Lords, the Merchants and the Handicraftsmen. If like me you had known my Diotima, you would have learned, friend Betto, [Pg 58] that she doth distinguish two sorts of men, on the one hand such as, being fruitful only by the body, strive but for that coarse and commonplace immortality that is won by the generation of children, on the other they whose soul conceives and engenders what is meet for the soul to produce, to wit the Good and Beautiful. My Diotima hath willed I should be of the second sort, and I will not go against her good pleasure, and copy the mere brutes that breed and procreate."

Messer Betto Brunelleschi by no means approved of this resolution. He pointed out to his friend that in life we must adapt ourselves to the different conditions and modes of existence suitable to the different ages, that after the epoch of pleasures comes that of ambition, and that it was good and prudent, as youth waned, to contract alliance with some rich and noble family, affording access to the great offices of the Republic, such as Prior of the Arts and Liberty, Captain of the People, or Gonfalonier of Justice.

Seeing however that his friend only received his advice with a lip of disgust, as if it were some bitter drug, he said no more on the point, for fear of angering him, deeming it wise to trust to time, which will change men's hearts and reverse the strongest resolutions.

"Sweet Guido," he interposed gaily, "tell me [Pg 59] this much at any rate. Doth your lady suffer you to have delight with pretty maids and to take part in our diversions?"

"For that matter," replied Messer Guido, "she hath no more care of such things than of the encounters that small dog you see asleep yonder at the foot of my bed may make in the street. And in very deed they are of no account, provided a man doth himself attach no value to them."

Messer Betto left the room a trifle piqued at his friend's scornful bearing. He continued to feel the liveliest affection for his friend, but thought it unbecoming to press him overmuch to attend the fêtes and entertainments he gave all the Winter long with an admirable liberality. At the same time the gentlemen of his Company resented hotly the slight the son of the Signor Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti did them by refusing to share their society. They began to rally him on, his studies and poring over books, declaring that by dint of so feeding on parchment, like the Monks and the rats, he would end up by growing to resemble these, and would anon have nothing to show but a pointed snout and three long

hairs for beard, peeping out from under a black hood, and that Madonna Gemma herself would cry out at sight of him: [Pg 60]

"Venus, my Patroness! what a pass have his books brought my handsome St. George to! He is good for naught now but to throw away his lance and hold a writing-reed in hand instead." So they mis-called him sore, saying he toyed only with the bookworms and spiders, and was tied to the apron-strings of Mistress Philosophia. Nor did they stop short at such-like light raillery, but let it be understood he was too learned by far to be a good Christian, that he was given over to Magic Arts, and held converse with the Devils of Hell.

"Folk do not lurk in hiding like that," they said to each other, "for any reason but to foregather with the Devils, male and female, and get gold of them as the price of revolting and shameful acts."

To crown all, they charged him with sharing those false and pernicious doctrines of Epicurus which had already seduced an Emperor at Naples and a Pope in Rome, and threatened to turn the peoples of Europe into a herd of swine, without a thought of God and their own immortal souls. "A mighty fine gain," they ended up, "when his studies have brought him to forswear the Holy Trinity!" This last charge they bruited abroad was the most formidable of all, and might easily work ruin on Messer Guido. [Pg 61]

Now Messer Guido Cavalcanti was well aware of the mockery they made of him in the Companies by reason of the careful heed he had of eternal things; and this was why he shunned the society of living men and sought rather to the dead.

In those days the Church of San Giovanni was surrounded with Roman tombs. Thither would Messer Guido often come at Ave Maria and meditate far into the silent night. He believed, as the Chronicles reported, that this fair Church of San Giovanni had been a Pagan Temple before it was a Christian Church, and the thought pleased his soul, which was enamoured of the old-world mysteries. Especially he loved to look on these tombs, where the sign of the Cross found no place, but which bore Latin inscriptions and were adorned with carven figures of men and gods. They were long cubes of white marble, on the sides of which could be made out representations of banquets and hunting parties, the death of Adonis, the fight of Lapithæ and Centaurs, the refusal of the chaste Hippolytus, the Amazons. Messer Guido would read the lettering with anxious care, and try hard to penetrate the meaning of these fables. One tomb in particular occupied him more than all the rest, for it showed him two Loves, each holding a torch, and he was curious to discover the nature of these two Loves. Well! one night that he was [Pg 62] pondering on these things more deeply than ever, a shadow rose up above the lid of the tomb—a luminous shadow, as when you see, or fancy you see, the moon shining faintly through a cloud. Gradually it took the shape of a beautiful virgin, and said thus in a voice softer than the reeds waving in the wind:

"I am she that sleeps within this tomb, and I am called Julia Læta. I lost the light on my marriage-day, at the age of sixteen years, three months and nine days. Since then, whether I am, or am not, I cannot tell. Never question the dead, stranger, for they see naught, and a thick night environs them. 'Tis said that such as in life knew the cruel joys of Venus roam the glades of a dense forest of myrtles. For me who died a virgin, I sleep a dreamless sleep. They have graven two Loves on the stone of my sepulchre. One gives mortals the light of day; the other quenches it in their tender eyes for ever. The countenance of both is the same, a smiling countenance, for birth and death are two twin brothers, and all is joy to the Immortal Gods. I have spoken."

The voice fell silent, like the rustling of leaves when the wind drops. The transparent shadow vanished away in the light of dawn, which descended clear and white on the hills; and the tombs of San Giovanni grew wan and silent once [Pg 63] again in the morning air. And Messer Guido pondered:

"The truth I foresaw, hath been made manifest to me. Is it not writ in the Book the Priests use, 'Shall the dead praise Thee, O Lord?' The dead are without thought or knowledge, and the divine Epicurus was well advised when he enfranchised the living from the vain terrors of the life to come."

A troop of horsemen pricking across the Piazza abruptly broke up his meditations. It was Messer Betto and his Company away to hunt the cranes along the brookside of Peretola.

"So ho!" cried one of them, whose name was Bocca, "see yonder, Messer Guido the Philosopher, who scorns us for our good life and gentle ways and merry doings. He seems half frozen."

"And well he may be," put in Messer Doria, who was reputed a wag. "His lady, the Moon, whom he kisses tenderly all night, hath hied her behind the hills to sleep with some shepherd swain. He is eat up with jealousy; look you, how green he is!"

They spurred their horses among the tombs, and drew up in a ring about Messer Guido.

"Nay! nay! Messer Doria," returned Bocca, "the lady Moon is too round and bright for so [Pg 64] black a gallant. If you would know his mistresses, they be here. Here he comes to find them in their bed, where he is less like to be stung of fleas than of scorpions."

"Fie! Out upon the vile necromancer!" exclaimed Messer Giordano, crossing himself; "see what learning leads to! Folk disown God, and go fornicating in Pagan graveyards."

Leaning against the Church wall, Messer Guido let the riders have their say. When he judged they had voided all the froth of their shallow brains over him:

"Gentle cavaliers," he answered, smiling, "you are at home. I am your host, and courtesy constrains me to receive your insults without reply."

So saying, he bounded over the tombs and walked quietly away. The horsemen looked at one another in amazement; then bursting out laughing, they gave spur to their steeds. As they were galloping along the Peretola Road, Messer Bocca said to Messer Betto:

"Who can doubt now but this Guido is gone mad? He told us we were at home in the graveyard. And to say such a thing, he must needs have lost his wits."

"True it is," replied Messer Betto, "I cannot imagine what he meant to have us understand by talking in such a sort. But he is used to [Pg 65] expressing himself in dark sayings and subtle parables. He hath tossed us a bone this time must be opened to find the marrow."

"Pardi!" ejaculated Messer Giordano; "my dog may have this bone to gnaw, and the Pagan that threw it to boot."

They soon reached the banks of the Peretola brook, whence the cranes may be seen rising in flocks at daybreak. During the chase, which was abundantly successful, Messer Betto Brunelleschi never ceased

pondering the words Guido had used. And by dint of much thinking, he discovered their signification. Hailing Messer Bocca with loud cries, he said to him:

"Come hither, Messer Bocca! I have just guessed what it was Messer Guido meant us to understand. He told us we were at home in a graveyard, because the ignorant be for all the world like dead men, who, according to the Epicurean doctrine, have no faculty of thought or knowledge."

Messer Bocca replied, shrugging his shoulders, he understood better than most how to fly a Flanders hawk, to make knife-play with his enemies, and to upset a girl, and this was knowledge sufficient for his state in life.

Messer Guido continued for several years more to study the science of Love. He embodied his [Pg 66] reflexions in canzones, which it is not given to all men to interpret, composing a book of these verses that was borne in triumph through the streets, garlanded with laurel. Then, seeing the purest souls are not without alloy of terrestrial passions, and life bears us one and all along in its sinuous and stormy course, it fell out that at the turning-point of youth and age, Messer Guido was seduced by the ambitions of the flesh and the powers of this world. He wedded, to further his projects of aggrandizement, the daughter of the Lord Farinata degli Uberti, the same who one time reddened the Arbia with the blood of the Florentines. He threw himself into the quarrels of the citizens with all the pride and impetuosity of his nature. And he took for mistresses the Lady Mandetta and the Lady Giovanna, who represented the one the Albigenians, the other the Ghibellines. It was the time when Messer Dante Alighieri was Prior of the Arts and Liberty. The city was divided into two hostile camps, those of the Bianchi and the Neri. One day when the principal citizens were assembled in the Piazza of the Frescobaldi, the Bianchi on one side the square and the Neri on the other, to assist at the obsequies of a noble lady of Florence, the Doctors and the Knights were seated as the custom was, on raised benches, while in front of them the younger men sat on the ground on [Pg 67] rush mats. One of the latter standing up to settle his cloak, those who were opposite thought he was for defying them. They started to their feet in turn, and bared their swords. Instantly every one unsheathed, and the kinsmen of the dead lady had all the difficulty in the world to separate the combatants.

From that day, Florence ceased to be a town gladdened by the work of its handicraftsmen, and became a forest full of wolves ravening for each other's blood. Messer Guido shared these savage passions, and grew gloomy, restless and sullen. Never a day passed but he exchanged sword-thrusts with the Neri in the streets of Florence, where in old days he had meditated on the nature and constitution of the soul. More than once he had felt the assassin's dagger on his flesh, before he was banished with the rest of his faction and confined in the plague-stricken town of Sarzana. For six months he languished there, sick with fever and hate. And when eventually the Bianchi were recalled, he came back to his native city a dying man.

In the year 1300, on the third day after the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, he found strength enough to drag himself as far as his own fair Church of San Giovanni. Worn out with fatigue and grief, he lay down on the tomb of [Pg 68] Julia Læta, who in the old days had revealed to him the mysteries the profane know nothing of. It was the hour when the Church bells ring out through the quivering air of evening a long-drawn farewell to the setting sun. Messer Betto Brunelleschi, who was crossing the Piazza on his way home from his country house, saw amid the tombs two haggard falcon's eyes burning in a fleshless face, and recognizing the friend of his youth, was seized with wonder and pity.

He approached him, and kissing him as he used in former days, said with a sigh:

"Ah! Guido mine! what fire is it hath consumed you away thus? You burned up your life in science first, and then in public affairs. I beseech you, quench somewhat the ardour of your spirit; comrade, let us husband our strength, and, as Riccardo the blacksmith says, make up a fire to last."

But Guido Cavalcanti put his hand on his lips.

"Hush!" he whispered, "hush! not a word more, friend Betto. I wait my lady, her who shall console me for so many vain loves that in this world have betrayed me and that I have betrayed. It is equally cruel and useless to think and to act. This I know. The curse is not so much to live, for I see you are well and hearty, friend Betto, and many another man is the same. The curse is not [Pg 69] to live, but to know we live. The curse is to be conscious and to will. Happily there is a remedy for these evils. Let us say no more; I await the lady whom I have never wronged, for never have I doubted but she was gentle and true-hearted, and I have learned by much pondering how peaceful and secure it is to slumber on her bosom. Many fables have been told of her bed and dwelling-places. But I have not believed the lies of the ignorant crowd. So it is, she cometh to me as a mistress to her lover, her brow garlanded with flowers and her lips smiling."

He broke off with these words, and fell dead over the ancient tomb. His body was buried without any great pomp in the Cloister of Santa Maria Novella.

1 "Guido, son of Messer Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti, was one of the best Logicians the world held, and a most finished Natural Philosopher.... And forasmuch as in some degree he held by the opinion of the Epicureans, it was therefore said among the vulgar folk how that these his speculations were only pursued for to discover if it might be there was no God."

2 "To the Gods of the Lower World.—I was not. I remember. I am not and I heed not. I, Donnia Italia, a maid of twenty, rest here."

Sonnets and ballate of Guido Cavalcanti

by Cavalcanti, Guido, d. 1300; Pound, Ezra, 1885-1972 tr

<https://archive.org/details/sonnetsandballa00cavagoog/page/n7>

SONETTO VII

Cm è questa che vien, eh* ogni uom la mira.
Che fa di clarià V aer tremare !
E mena seco Amor, sì che parlare
Nuir nom nepuote, ma ciascun sospira.
Ahi, Dio, che sembra quando gli occhi gira?
Dicalo Amor, eh' io noi saprei contare:
Cotanto d' umiltà donna mi pare,
Che ciascun altra in vèr di lei chiam ira.
Nonsipotria contar la sua piacenza,
CK a lei s inchina ogni gentil viriate.
Eia beliate per sua Dea la mostra.
Non fu sì alta già la mente nostra,
E non si è posta in voi tanta salute.
Che propriamente n abbiām conoscenza.

SONNET VII

WHO is she coming, drawing all men's gaze,
Who makes the air one trembling clarity
Till none can speak but each sighs piteously
Where she leads Love adown her trodden ways ?
Ah God I The thing she *s like when her glance strays,
Let Amor tell . 'T is no fit speech for me .
Mistress she seems of such great modesty
That every other woman were called • 'Wrath.'*

No one could ever tell the charm she hath
For toward her all the noble Powers incline,
She being beauty's godhead manifest.
Our daringne'er before held such high quest ;
But ye t There is not in you so much grace
That we can understand her rightfully.
For all the noble powers bend toward her
She being beauty s godhead manifest.
Our daringne'er before held such high quest.
But ye I There is not so much grace astir
In you that we may rightfully regard her.

SONETTO VIII

PERCHE non faro a me gli occhi miei spenti,
tolto sì , che de la lor veduta
Non fosse ne la mente mia venata
A dire : Ascolta se nel cor mi senti ?
Unapaara di nuovi tormenti
AT apparve attor sì crudele ed acuta,
Chel anima chiamò: Donna, or ci aiata.
Che gli occhi, ed io non rimagniam dolenti.
Tu gli hai lasciati sì, che venne Amore
A pianger sovra lor pietosamente
Tanto, che s' ode una profonda hoce,
Laqualdàsuon: Chi graoe pena sente
Guardi costui, e vederh 7 suo core
Che Morte 'l porta in man tagliato in croce.

SONNET VIII

H why ! why were mine eyes not quenched for me,
Or stricken so that from their vision none
Had ever come within my mind to say
* * Listen, dost thou not hear me in thine heart ? *'
Fear of new torments was then so displayed

To me, so cruel and so sharp of edge
That my soul cried, * * Ah mistress , bring us aid,
Lest th' eyes and I remain in grief always. "
But thou hast left them so that Amor cometh
And weepethover them so piteously
That there 's a deep voice heard whose sound in part
Turned unto woras, is this : * * Whoever knpweth
Pain's depth, let him look on this man whose heart
Death beareth in his hand cut cruciform."

SONETTO IX

À ME stesso di me gran pietà viene
ÀM Per la dolente angoscia, eh' io mi veggio
Di mMa debolezza : quand' io seggio,
U anima senio ricoprir di pene :
Tanto mi struggo, perch' io sento bene.

Che la mia vita a ogni angoscia ha 'l peggio :
La nova donna, a cui mercede io chieggio.
Questa battaglia di dolor mantiene :
Però che quand' io guardo verso lei.
Drizzami gli occhi de lo suo disdegno
Si fieramente che distrugge il core :
Attor si parte ogni verta da miei;
Il cor si ferma per veduto segno.
Dove si lancia crudeltà d' Amore.

SONNET IX

I AM reduced at last to self compassion,
For the sore anguish that I see me in ;
At my great weakness ; that my soul hath heen
Concealed beneath her wounds in such a fashion :
Such mine oppression that I know, in brief,
That to my hfe ill's worst starred ills befall ;
And this strange lady on whose grace I caU
Maintains continuous mv stour of grief.
For when I look in her direction.
She turns upon me her disdeigning eyen
So harshly tnat my waiting heart is rent
And all my powers and properties are spent.
Till that heart lieth for a sign ill-seen,
Where Amor's cruelty hath hurled him down.

